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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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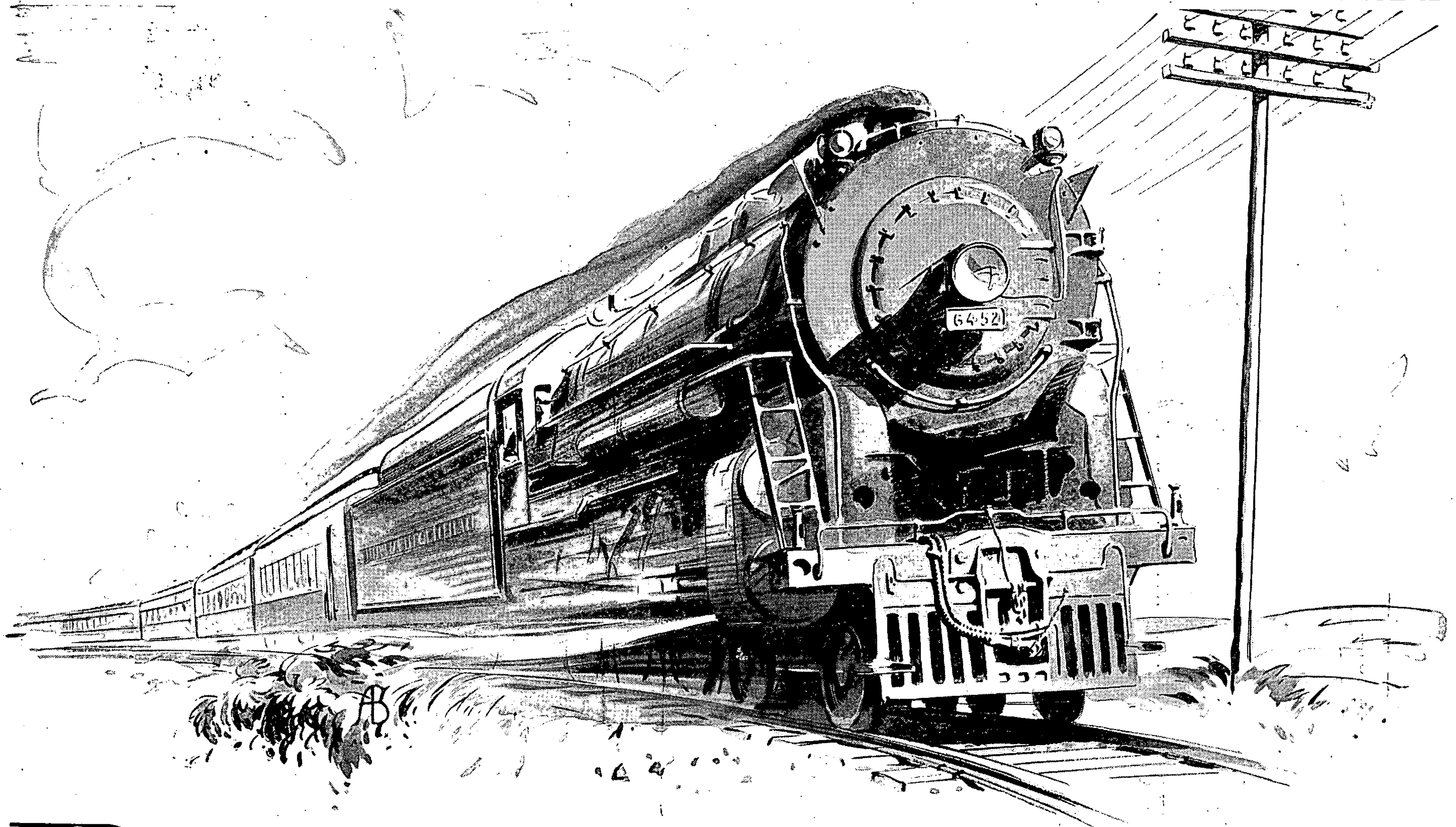

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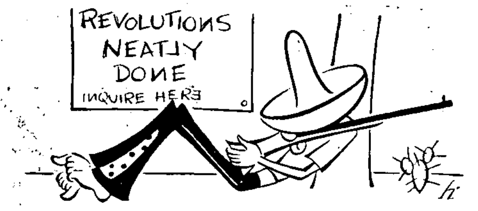
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

YOU may or may not need it, but we offer you surcease from today's cares with romance in the grand manner by its grand master, Jeffery Farnol. Linger for a while with dashing but dignified ladies whose true hearts beat beneath the laces and furbelows of an earlier day; with noble, stiff-backed heroes, like Sir Peter Vibart, who know how to fight and woo; with curled and perfumed villains whose graces belie their black hearts. All are here, just as you would have them, in a judicious mixture of high purpose and unspeakable villainy that will stir your blood. "Silent Weapons" is the title of Mr. Farnol's new short novel which is all too short to suit us; but, after all, you don't want to leave your motor car and radio *too* long.

BACK to the present and to Mexico City while Walter Davenport introduces you to the adventurous and restless gentlemen who would like to have a revolution. You will have to buy the refreshments because they are still waiting for money. And pleasant policemen will interrupt your conversation to tell your new acquaintances to go to Vera Cruz, but the experience on the whole will be delightful. "Bandits Unemployed" is the title.



THEN to Florida for a modern love story. True, it is very early in the season but not too early, as anyone in Florida will tell you. Tommy Dick is our young man and Marjorie Manning is our heroine. No, wait a minute. It isn't Marjorie at all. She insisted on a honeymoon at the Florida-Majestic or no marriage. Knowing as much about love as we do, that sounded like the phonus bollonus, as D. Runyon calls it. So we're glad Marjorie gets out, but she remains in the story long enough to start Tommy in the right direction and he finishes where all romantic heroes finish if they are any good at all—with money in the pocket and a pretty girl waiting for the fade-out clinch. It's all in Jerome Beatty's gay story, "Millionaires' Playground."

FRANK BUCK, whose business is capturing wild animals for zoos and private collectors, tells you what he knows about tigers and thus makes a trip to the zoo unnecessary. Mr. Buck modestly says he doesn't know much because no one on earth can tell what a tiger is going to do next, but he has seen them do many unexpected and inexplicable things and writes about them in "Tiger Tales."

GLENN S. WARNER tells more about his Indian athletes in "Red Menaces;" William MacHarg writes a reporter-detective story that would make the front pages if it weren't fiction; T. R. Ybarra acquaints you with Premier Laval of France; the Short Short Story, Grantland Rice, J. P. McEvoy, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others make more work for the newsdealers.

THIS WEEK

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How Would You Play It? South once more goes to bat.

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It's Time for a New Deal.

Any Week

EARLY the other morning, Mr. J. G. Turner left his home in Abilene, Texas, hoping that some amusing would come his way. He had scarcely reached the sidewalk when an east-bound motor car shuddered past. On its rear he read, in large brazen letters:

California for vacation,
Arizona for irrigation,
Texas for starvation,
To hell with the Administration
I'm Arkansas bound!

Whereat Mr. Turner turned right around, reëntered his home, sat down and wrote to us. A very, very helpful reader.

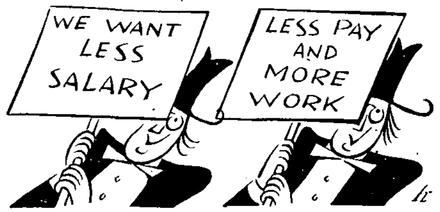
MRS. LYDIA STRAWN of Roanoke, Virginia, drove twenty-nine miles to a bank and was fully prepared to tell the officials there of the plight she and her husband were in.

"Sir," said she to the president, "my husband is a farmer—"

Mrs. Strawn reports that the president arose, grasped her hand and shook it warmly, saying:

"Let me congratulate you, Madam. Thank God that he isn't a banker."

"I HAVE not heard," writes Mr. Clinton G. Jones of College Hill, North Carolina, "of any of these congressmen with patent cures for our national deficit suggesting that their own salaries be cut. But then, I may not have been listening."



OUR desk looks like a mail-order political convention. Both the Republicans and the Democrats, to say nothing of the dissenters from both, are nominating without regard for logic or party expediency. However, out of it we salvage two tickets which should set your imaginations rolling anyway—Hoover and Morrow versus Newton Baker and Alfalfa Bill Murray.

"THE world depression will not end," observes Mr. G. Blum of Chicago, "until we all start buying again the large number of things the depression has taught us to get along without."

ONE of these days there isn't going to be any economic depression and that's going to be hard on conversation. In the meantime our desk will continue to be piled high with cures. For example, here's one that comes from Arkansas—the product of a dozen intellects:

"The cotton problem is no worse than the school situation. So, through uniform legislation, let's change the planting season from spring to fall. Children would have to be kept out of school to work in the fields, crop work would provide for the unemployed during the winter and when spring arrived there would, of course, be no cotton. Yet everybody would have been employed, many of the schools empty and no cotton surplus. The idea is foolproof."

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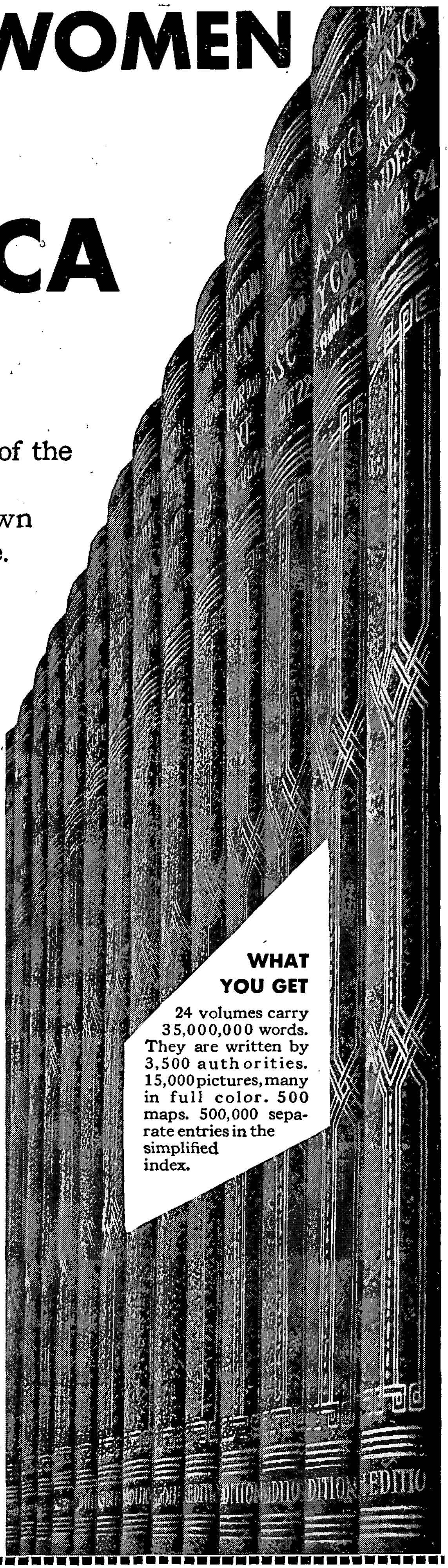

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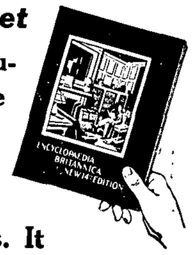

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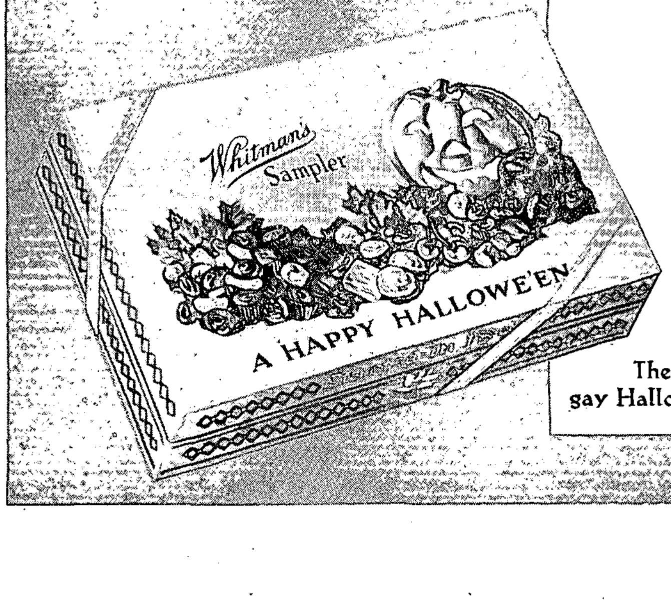
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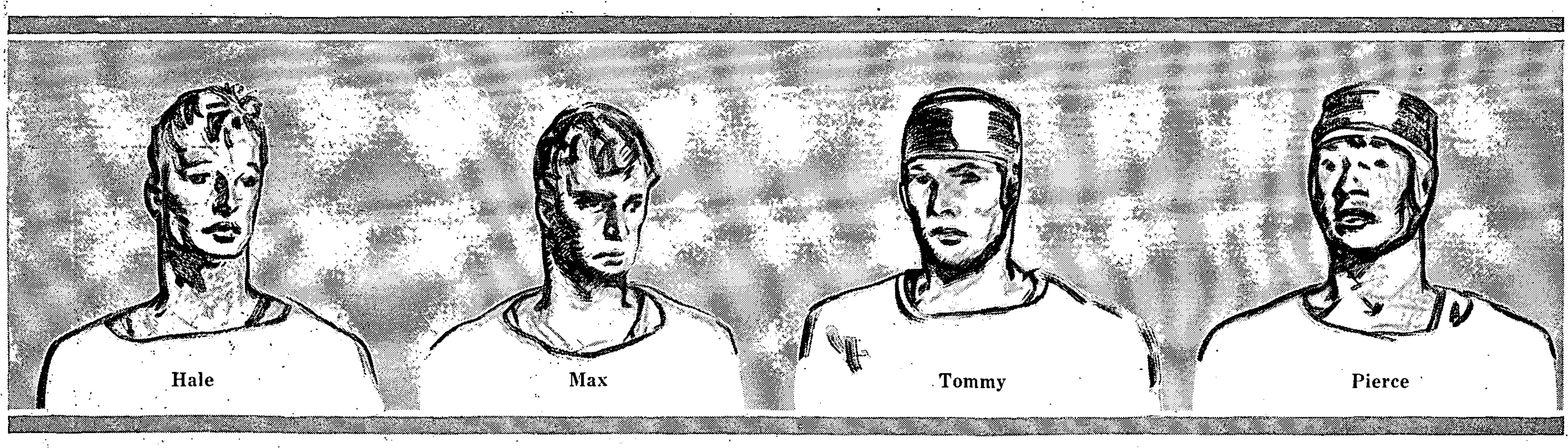


Beyond the Goal Line

Eleven players never made a football team. There's more to the game than bone and sinew

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

IN CHOICE seats on the fifty-yard line, a blasé sophomore was explaining casually to his girl: "They lost their coach, you know. Yeh—Skipper Mallory. Got killed in an auto accident first of the week." The girl said: "Oooh . . . no wonder they're getting beat. I shouldn't think they'd feel like playing football at all."

High above them in the press box, Griggs of the Tribune was saying to Lawrence of the Post: "Skipper was a great guy. He never went in for this grandstanding, high-pressure stuff. Too bad . . . the way it had to happen." Lawrence said: "Yes . . . tough. Did you get that last substitution for Fremson? I can't quite get his number."

It was a blank moment for Radio Announcer Digges. Play had stopped and he was obliged to make talk in this wise: "... Nothing doing for the present, folks, while the teams change goals for the fourth quarter. I just wish you could see the hectic color of this crowd. Blues, reds, pinks . . . uh . . . there goes a Fremson cheer . . . not much life over there in the Harkness section. I guess they don't feel very much like cheering, at that. Fremson has the ball on the Harkness eleven-yard line and with three downs to go it looks like another touchdown. Besides, I guess the Harkness team is thinking about the sad tragedy which caused them to be deprived of their coach just a few days ago . . . Sk—Mr. Malloy . . . pardon me . . . my error. . . . Mr. Mallory. . . ."

Over in the one-dollar section, Mr. Alfred Spingle, Fremson '20, was wishing he hadn't brought Junior to the game. Junior was demanding: "But they must be talking about somepin, Pop. Lookit. Ain't they talking? What are they talking about?" Mr. Spingle answered wearily: "That's the Harkness backfield. They're talking about the game—what plays they're going to use and so forth."

Twenty rows below Mr. Spingle and Junior, Miss Clarice Walker—instructor in English, Mobridge School for Girls—had a pair of field glasses focussed on four white-jerseyed figures who sat together in a clump of players near the fifteen-yard line.

"Poor boys," she reported to Miss Mary Todd, at her elbow. "They look so tired and discouraged. I just wonder what it feels like to be losing an important game like this. I understand one of their professors or trainers or somebody got killed just before the game and they feel bad about it."

TOMMY, the Harkness quarterback, was worried. His father and mother were up there in the stands. They had come all the way from Des Moines to watch Tommy play. Tommy's father had offered him one thousand dollars for every touchdown he scored against Fremson. And Tommy hadn't scored one yet. Harkness had been fighting on the defensive all afternoon. That Fremson team was plenty hot. They had a fullback who came through the line every time like a runaway load of brick.

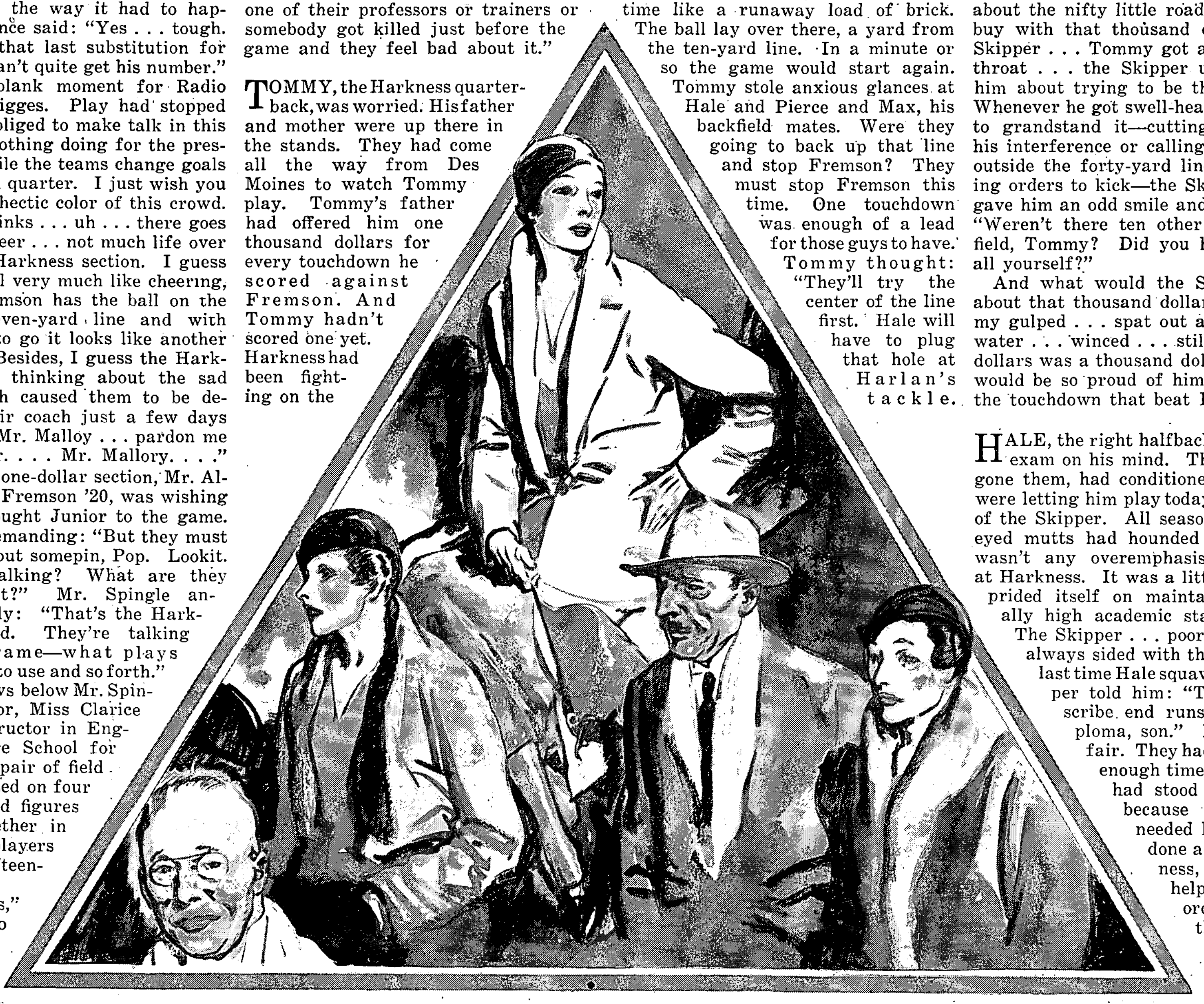
The ball lay over there, a yard from the ten-yard line. In a minute or so the game would start again. Tommy stole anxious glances at Hale and Pierce and Max, his backfield mates. Were they going to back up that line and stop Fremson? They must stop Fremson this time. One touchdown was enough of a lead for those guys to have. Tommy thought: "They'll try the center of the line first. Hale will have to plug that hole at Harlan's tackle. Then, they'll probably try a short pass from that double wing-back formation. It'll be up to me to watch that. If the pass fizzles they'll be sure to gamble on one last drive at the left side of the line. That's why they sent in that new end . . . but if Max and Pierce bust in there we'll stop 'em. Then, when we get the ball we've got to *march.* Maybe if Hale and Max and Pierce give me interference I can get loose for . . ."

He frowned and walked over to the water cart. He mustn't think about that touchdown. He mustn't think about the nifty little roadster he could buy with that thousand dollars. The Skipper . . . Tommy got a lump in his throat . . . the Skipper used to warn him about trying to be the Big I-Am. Whenever he got swell-headed and tried to grandstand it—cutting loose from his interference or calling a trick play outside the forty-yard line or disobeying orders to kick—the Skipper always gave him an odd smile and said gently: "Weren't there ten other boys on the field, Tommy? Did you have to do it all yourself?"

And what would the Skipper think about that thousand dollars? . . . Tommy gulped . . . spat out a mouthful of water . . . winced . . . still, a thousand dollars was a thousand dollars and Dad would be so proud of him if he scored the touchdown that beat Fremson. . . .

HALE, the right halfback, had a math exam on his mind. The profs, doggone them, had conditioned him. They were letting him play today only because of the Skipper. All season the goggle-eyed mutts had hounded him. There wasn't any overemphasis on football at Harkness. It was a little school and prided itself on maintaining unusually high academic standards.

The Skipper . . . poor guy . . . had always sided with the profs. The last time Hale squawked the Skipper told him: "They can't inscribe end runs on your diploma, son." But it wasn't fair. They hadn't given him enough time to study. He had stood by the team because the Skipper needed him. He had done a lot for Harkness, too. He had helped build a record which put the school on the football map. Here they were, playing Frem-



Laura wasn't shedding any tears. She was up there in the stands with the rest of the Harkness rooters son, one of the best teams in the country.

Why did the profs have to bear down on him? They didn't seem to care how much a fellow did for the school. They didn't even care a hang about the Skipper. Here he was—trying to win a football game that meant a national reputation for Harkness; trying to make the Skipper's dearest dream come true. And Monday they'd treat him like the dumbest freshie.

WELL, he wasn't going to stand for it. There was a way to beat that math exam. Old Doremus gave the same problems every year. Lem and Willie, at the house, took the exam last year. They had all their notes. Besides, Dick Somborn, a shark at math, would be sitting right in front of him. Dick had promised to help. He'd beat that exam, and if he did he'd have credits to graduate in June.

He just had to graduate. Aunt Nell couldn't afford to keep him in school any longer. He had taken enough help from her. He had to get out of school and land a job. He'd beat that exam . . . even if it meant violating the honor system. The profs wouldn't give him a break so he'd just . . . what was that? Oh, yeah . . . the game. They were getting ready to line up.

Football! Hale jammed his helmet on his head angrily. Hell of a lot football had done for him. Hell of a lot it had done for the Skipper . . . the Skipper had been too honest . . . he hadn't believed in the hippodrome . . . the old news-reel hokum . . . he wouldn't hire players or use shock troops or stand for dirty football . . . poor old guy . . . he thought football was just a game . . . he didn't know it was a racket . . . a square shooter all the time: that was the Skipper. But a lot that got you . . . a lot that got you. . . .

Max, the fullback, was disgusted with himself. He had dreamed of running wild in the Fremson game. That would have given him a look-in for All-America. As it was, maybe Grantland Rice wouldn't take any notice of him whatever. He'd probably miss out on a chance to land with the New York pro team and wouldn't be able to grab off any movie offer.

But he'd connect with Pete Shanklind over at State U, all right. He had Pete's word for that. Pete knew he had the makings of a coach. The Skipper always said . . . poor old Skipper . . . he always said: "Show the youngster how to block, Max. He'll take *your* word for it."

Yep. The Skipper had wanted him to come back to Harkness next year and be line coach. Pete Shanklind knew that. Pete respected the Skipper's judgment, too. Shanklind had given him the low-down on what to do.

"Don't fall for that small-time stuff, kid," Pete had said. "I guess the Skipper's filled you full of a lot of altruistic hooey about building character and inspiring young America? Yeah, *he* would. But nuts to that. You come over to State U and get ready for the big dough. They'll be paying twenty grand a year to coaches in this man's conference in another five years."

MAX got to his feet, uneasily, and began cinching his belly harness. They'd be starting any second, now. His gaze centered on the Fremson team, which had gone into a preliminary huddle near the ball. Poor old Skipper. He had set his heart on winning this game. Fremson was a big-time team and used all the tricks of the trade. The Skipper hadn't approved of Fremson's methods—or Pete Shanklind's methods either. Max scowled. The Skipper had been a great coach; but he just wasn't practical. Pete had the right idea. Do to the other guy what he's trying to do to you but do it first. Yep. You bet.

Max couldn't see himself coming back to Harkness. Not even if they made him head coach. Harkness had paid the Skipper a measly little four thousand. Nix on that stuff. Not for Max. And yet . . . he saw the Skipper's wise, gentle old smile and heard that soft, steady voice saying: "Be a coach, son; not a prize-fight manager. . . ."

Pierce, the left halfback, was thinking about a girl. It was a fine time to *be thinking about a girl*. He kept his eyes on the ground and avoided looking at Max and Hale and Tommy as they drank water and passed towels around. He knew he had let them down. He had let the Skipper down. He had missed half a dozen tackles, his blocking had been ragged and once he forgot the signals and messed up the Skipper's pet reverse.

He felt lousy. His backfield mates hadn't groused about his rotten playing; but Bill and Sam and Lou, in the line, had snarled at him. He hadn't been taking care of his blocking assignments. Fremson backs had drifted by and smeared the runner.

None of the team knew just how matters stood between him and Laura. The Skipper had suspected . . . but the Skipper . . . wasn't here any more.

He ought to marry Laura. They were in love with each other; too much in love. They had stepped over the line.

LAURA wasn't shedding any tears over it. She was up there in the stands with the rest of the Harkness rooters. He could catch a glimpse of her white coat, and the yellow chrysanthemum on her shoulder. She was sitting behind the third cheer leader to the left, and waving a handkerchief. No tears. No reproaches. She was a game little kid.

They had got away with it so far. But he knew she was waiting for him to say: "We'd better get married." She'd never ask him. But he knew she was remorseful, frightened, worried. . . . But if they got married. . . . What a row that would kick up at home. Mother had social ambitions for him. Dad always acted as if girls liked Pierce because of Dad's money. . . . He'd have to get out on his own . . . quit school . . . a wife on his hands and no job. . . .

It was queer how he kept thinking about the Skipper. None of the fellows had mentioned the Skipper since the game started. But he kept remembering that crinkly-eyed way the Skipper had of smiling . . . the way he looked at you from under the lock of iron-gray hair that was always falling off his forehead . . . hell . . . if all that hadn't happened to the Skipper he'd have told him about Laura . . . he'd have talked to the Skipper man to man. . . .

Tommy thumped him on the shoulder.

"Snap out of it, old kid," said Tommy; "we've got a football game to win!"

He grinned wryly and struggled to his feet.

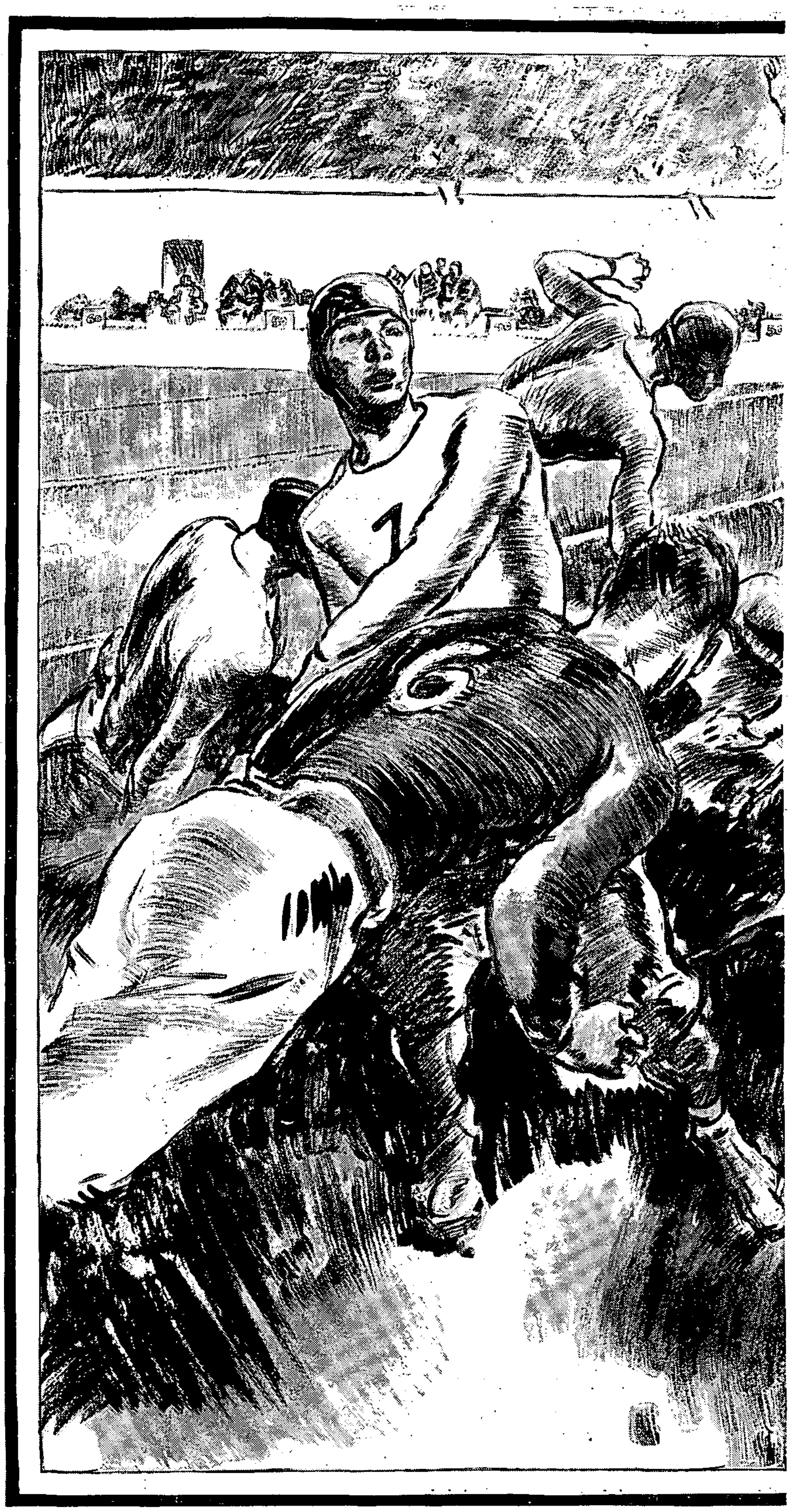
The team came trotting toward them. A whistle blew. They went into a brief huddle. . . .

Tommy stood with the team gathered around him. He knew it was the crucial moment of the game. The shadows of their own goal posts lay across their shoulders. Fremson had six points and they had nothing. Fremson had the ball on their eleven-yard line—second down.

"Now, listen, gang," he said, "we're going to stop 'em. We're going to take the ball away from 'em and get started away from here. Am I right?"

"Hell, yes," said Sam, the big right guard.

The others hung their heads and muttered: "Well, Larry's gotta box that tackle," and, "Bill hasn't been turning 'em in on that spinner-buck they're using," and, "Lou oughta play lower for that center." Tommy shut them off with a vicious, "Quit yapping and play football from now on. If they go over this time we're licked."



Pierce hit the center of the Frem-

HE WHIRLED on Max and Pierce and Hale.

"*You* back up the line."

They nodded.

But as Tommy went back to his position his heart pounded with anxiety. The gang just wasn't together. They hadn't been together all afternoon. And Tommy breathed an anguished prayer. Oh, if the Skipper were only sitting over there on the bench. If he were only watching them from under the brim of his battered old felt hat.

The Fremson team came out of the huddle. Their quarter was barking staccato signals to put them on their toes. Eleven purple jerseys merged into one many-legged animal about to spring.

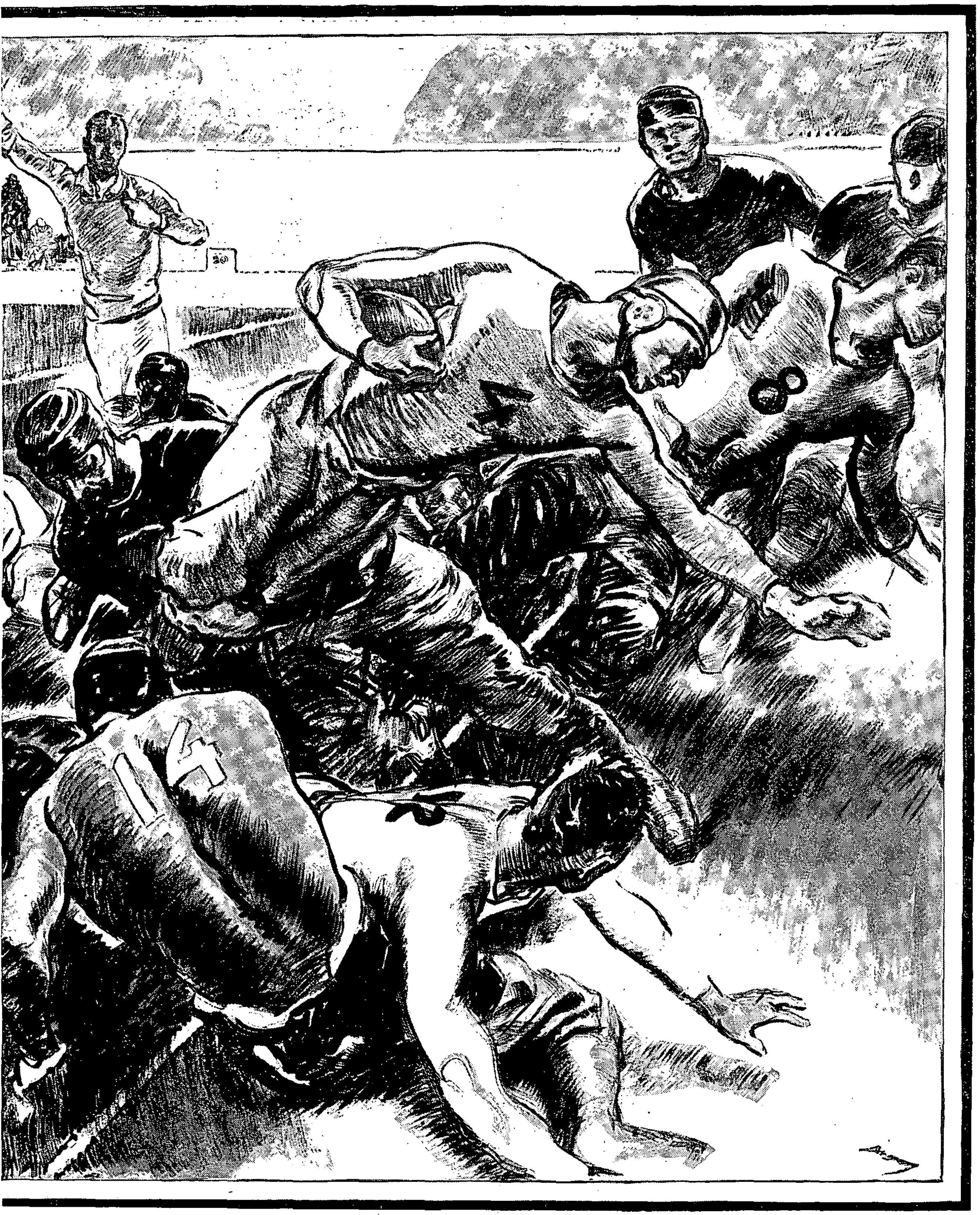
Smack! The lines crashed together in a surging, back-lashing wave of white and purple.

Tommy, watching with frantic alertness, diagnosed the play. A feint at left end, a cross-buck driving at the center of the Harkness line. Tommy started forward . . . but as he moved he saw Max plunge headfirst into the center of the play. There was a pile-up. The referee pried his way down to the ball.

Good old Max! There he was sprawled on the ground, his mighty arms tying down the legs of the Fremson back. Fremson had lost a yard.

"'Attaboy, Max," said Tommy. He thumped Max affectionately on the back.

The Fremson quarter wasn't quite so snappy. His eyes ranged with desperate calculation as the teams settled into position. Third down and twelve to go for a touchdown—eight to go for first down.



son line as Max and Hale led the way

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Tommy outguessed him. He judged Fremson's shift to be phony. They were going to try a short pass and a sneak along the side line. Tommy, moving with the ball, saw it shuttle among three Fremson backs and sail upward. He leaped and slapped it down just as a Fremson end took him off his feet.

Would they try for a field goal or mask a thrust at the line by a kick formation? The angle was against them for a field goal. They'd plug the line.

"That's guessing 'em, Tommy," said Hale.

"'Attaboy, Tommy," said Pierce.

Max slapped him on the back. The desperate emergency was molding them.

Fremson went into kick formation. They pulled a tackle out of the line as if to have him kick. They examined the ground and the angle and the wind. But Tommy said: "Hale! Pierce!" warningly. Hale and Pierce nodded.

Blam! A Fremson halfback took a direct pass from center and dived toward a hole between end and tackle. But Hale and Pierce were there ahead of him. Hale hit him like a ton of brick. Pierce, diving from the other side, carried the Fremson half three yards back.

FREMSON took time out. A loyal Harkness cheer drifted toward them on the wind. Harkness had held. It was Harkness' ball on its own fifteen-yard line.

Their arms went around each other in the huddle. The linemen forgot their criticisms of the ball carriers. Harlan, the big red-headed tackle, said: "I've softened up my guy. Try me out, Tommy." Joe, the left end, volunteered to lead a sweep outside of tackle.

Tommy saw the eyes of Hale and Max beseeching him.

Pierce said: "Let me have it. I feel lucky."

They gave it to Pierce on a drive off tackle. He gained nine yards. Max was next. He went over center for five and first down. Max was exultant. He wanted to try an end run. Hale thought it was his turn but said nothing.

Tommy settled the question by taking the ball himself.

This time it was all right. Hale and Max and Pierce hit the dirt, cutting down three Fremson tacklers. Bill came around from end and knocked the No. 3 Fremson half off his feet. Tommy zigzagged spectacularly through a broken field for twenty-one yards.

But they couldn't stand prosperity. With the ball in mid-field, Tommy got swell-headed. He should have given Hale a chance. Instead, he called his own signal on a reverse that might have clicked for a long run. But Hale sulked. He failed to get his man. Max was late in protecting Tommy. Fremson spilled Tommy for a yard loss.

"What's the matter, Hale? Asleep?" Tommy demanded.

Hale shrugged.

But Max, who was jealous of Tommy's run, said bluntly: "You don't have to call your own signal all the time."

The linemen, with linemen's constitutional mistrust of backfield men, said: "Lou had a hole as big as a house. Why don't you guys keep your eyes open?" and, "If you'd quit grandstanding and play football we could win this game."

Tommy said: "Okay, Hale. *You* take it." But Pierce thought they ought to try a pass. They were wrangling over this when the referee warned them they were delaying the game.

The Fremson captain called out: "Quit stalling. What you doing—laying an egg?"

Tommy barked: "21 . . . 36 . . . 14 . . . 71." Hale didn't want to hit the line, so he called "Check!" Hale wanted to try an end run. Tommy insistently repeated the signal. Hale loafed on the get-away and Fremson smothered him standing up.

THE wrangling began again. Max snapped at Hale for not plunging through a hole he and Pierce had opened. Tommy didn't help matters by growling: "All right, Mr. All-America. We'll let you run on any play you name."

Max said to try a triple pass.

He was angry and nervous. The play was executed with neat precision, but when Max got the ball and started around right end he ran into a pocket laid by the Fremson secondary defense. He tried to crash through. He was hit hard; too hard. He dropped the ball.

Fremson recovered.

The Harkness linemen turned hopelessly on their backfield with biting, nagging little sentences: "Hope you guys have got that argument settled." . . . "Nine minutes left to play and somebody fumbles." . . . "Why not give them the game?" . . . "What about a little coöperation?"

TOUCHDOWN-N, TOUCHDOWN-N, TOUCHDOWN-N!

The Fremson team began talking it up. They clapped hands and patted backs. Two substitutes galloped in. One of them carried orders from the Fremson coach.

Fremson opened up with a series of short passes.

Max thought: "Sap, that's what I am. I ought to walk off the field. This gang is making me look like a high-school player. Pete will hear about that fumble. Swell recommendation that'll be. It's Tommy's fault, damn him. If he hadn't ragged me . . . aw, aw . . . there goes another gain!"

PIERCE thought: "Max shouldn't have called for that play. Tommy's supposed to be running the team. Hell of a lot Max cares about winning this game. He's got a job all set with State U. He's just trying to high-hat us. He thinks he's a high-powered coach already."

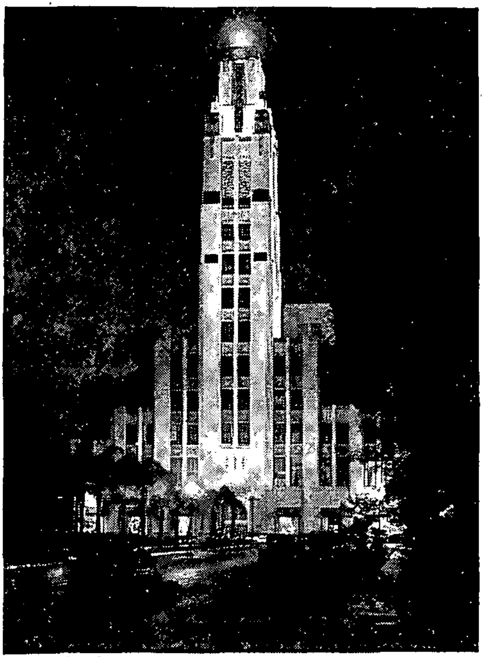
Hale thought: "They've given me a dirty deal all season. I'm just Steve. I get myself nearly flunked out of school for this! Running interference so Max and Tommy can star. I hit the dirt and get booted in the ribs while they get the credit. Nuts to this."

Tommy thought: "I guess I should have let Hale carry it. I should have given Pierce a break, too. I guess I got swell-headed. Oh, golly . . . I was thinking about that roadster, though. . . . But the Skipper . . . if the Skipper were only here . . . he'd straighten us out. He'd get us together. Hale! Watch that pass. Oh, hell . . . they've made their yards. Where are we? Twenty-eight-yard line. It's all over, now. We'll never get going again."

Relentlessly, Fremson pushed them back. Bill and Joe, Larry and Harlan, Pete and Sam and Lou fought on with sullen doggedness in the line. But the exhausted heartbreak of defeat had

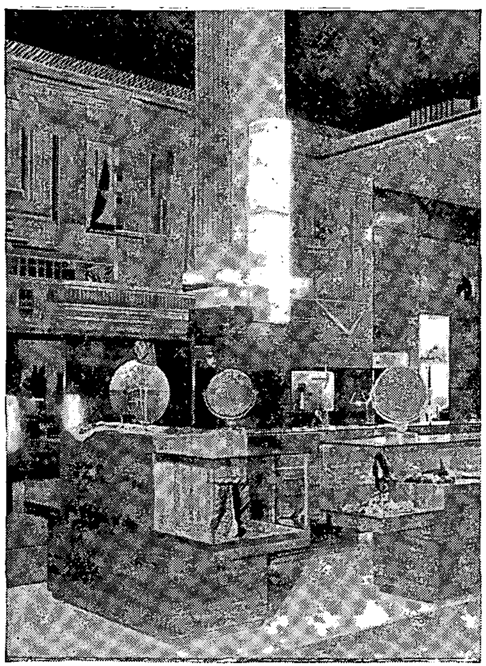
(Continued on page 30)

Business is what you



E. T. Merchant

An exterior night view of Bullock's Wilshire, a specialty store in Los Angeles



Mott Studios

Street floor of Bullock's Wilshire store, displaying sportswear accessories

IN ONE of our smaller cities there is a gents' furnishings store which begins operations every morning with a song festival. The store opens at nine o'clock. Promptly at fifteen minutes to nine each morning the clerks assemble in a room in the back with the store pianist at his instrument. He strikes a chord and the whole force launches into song. The songs succeed each other on a rising scale of pep until the last tune, which is always a gay, leaping, lilting march. It is timed to end at nine. And at that hour, as the doors of the store swing open, the clerks, nearing the last phase of their morning whoopee, go to their respective places with the song in their throats. "And very often," said the owner of this extraordinary store, "so exhilarating is the effect of this music that as the clerks go to their places they may be seen skipping and dancing to the strains of the march."

You may laugh at this, as I did. But this is what might be called showmanship in business—put on a bit thick, I should say. It can be done more subtly and effectively.

In Chicago I found a druggist who sold enormous quantities of alarm clocks. He sold, in fact, more alarm clocks than all the druggists within a radius of half a mile. Why? Through the obvious expedient of letting everybody know he had them, and this he did by the simple device of putting his clocks to work for him. His window was full of clocks all set so that a bunch of them went off every fifteen minutes. The symphony produced a bit of a din but it made the whole section not only alarm-clock conscious but conscious also of where an alarm clock could be bought. That was showmanship routed directly for the cash register.

"Do you see that little candy counter?" a grocery man in Portland, Oregon, asked me. "Would you believe that by moving that from one side of the store to the other and just making some changes in the way the candy was arranged, it increased my candy business fifty per cent?" That too is showmanship—setting the stage right. It takes all sorts of forms. Go into a fine jewelry store in Cairo, Egypt. You will be immediately ushered behind a brocade curtain to afford you privacy. The merchant then spreads out a small black velvet pad, takes out a diamond bracelet and lays it tenderly in the center of that ebon mat. Then he claps his hands. A boy in rich robes and turban appears, gets a few crisp orders and disappears. When he returns he carries a tray bearing two glasses of crème-de-menthe frappé. The show has begun. You can have a pretty good time shopping for jewelry in Cairo.

There is, you see, plenty of showmanship in business. Someone once said that P. T. Barnum was the best merchant in the show business and John Wanamaker the best showman in the merchant business. And there is no place where there is so much room for showmanship as in merchandising. If you don't believe me, answer these two questions: First, who is the president of the Pepsodent Company? Nobody can answer. Well, then, who are the blackface comedians of that company? Every hand is up. Who is the chairman of the board of the company that makes Palmolive soap? Of course you don't know. Who is the baritone and who is the lovely soprano of that concern? Yes, sir, Walter Damrosch is working for the General Electric Company.

Music with Your Merchandise

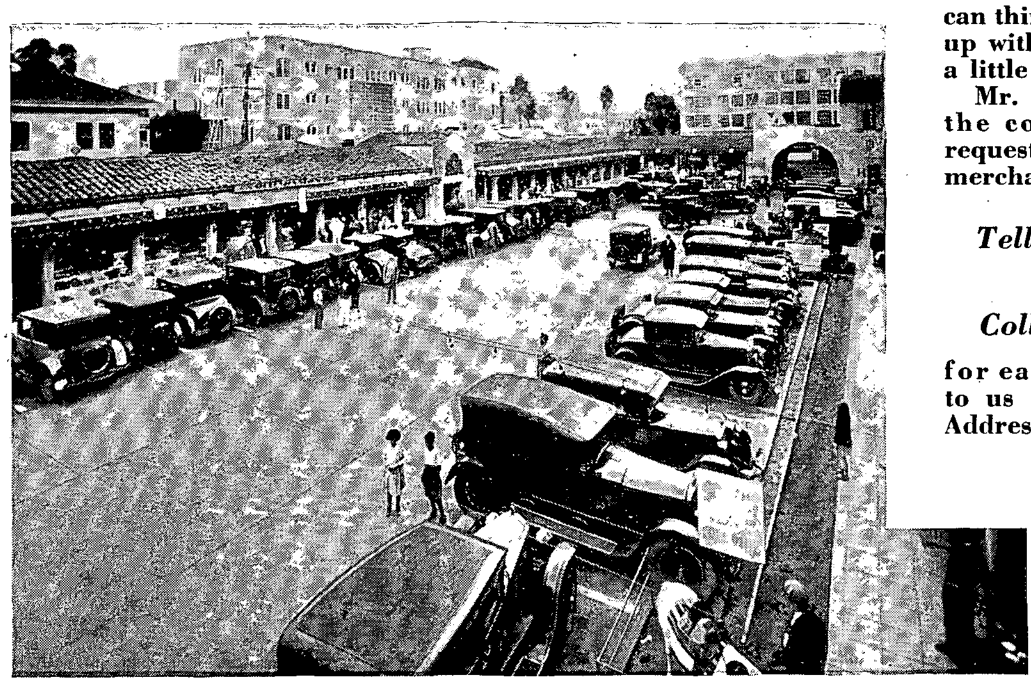
Business is being rapidly set to music. If you want to dance you can choose any food manufacturer's orchestra you like best. Almost every corporation has a theme song and most of them have more tenors and sopranos, crooners and saxophone players on their pay rolls than they have directors.

The thoughtful reader asks here—do people really want entertainment served with their packages? When they buy pajamas don't they prefer to take all their money's worth in pajamas or will they be satisfied with ninety per cent pajamas and ten per cent xylophone solos? The question hardly poses the problem fairly. There seems to be little doubt that there is at least no objection to getting a little entertainment with one's purchases. Shopping, as a matter of fact, is a form of amusement. People love markets. They pay money to go to trade shows. Last winter an antique furniture show ran for a week in New York. That week the record for attendance at all amusement houses in New York City was held by the antique-furniture show.

As a matter of fact, an automobile show, a radio show, a motor-boat show will almost always outrank the biggest movie house in the town when there is such a show under way and people will pay seventy-five cents for the trade show who will not go over fifty cents for the premier movie attraction of the week. The antique-furniture show played to a house of 100,000 in seven days or more than 14,000 a day, as much or more than most theatrical successes attracted that whole week.

All this is said by way of introducing some things I found out while I was rambling among stores on the Pacific Coast this summer. For where would you go for good showmanship if not to the Pacific Coast, where that art has been carried into every human activity, from selling bungalows to marketing simple titles to the eternal acres of the Promised Land? This is to be a kind of Ballyhoo's Who of Business. But I ought to say that while I was interested in showmanship and ballyhoo, I was interested only in the kind that is wisely used by sound merchants to sell good goods. Ballyhoo with nothing behind it becomes bunk and, in business, always fails. The ballyhoo of the circus man is all right, provided the man who is high-pitching the bearded lady makes sure to have a lady with whiskers in the tent.

Now showmanship does not necessarily mean having a brass band, a harmony quartet, red fire and a high-pitch man outside the store. That's the way the old medicine show did things and that was complete marriage of the theater and retailing. We have all that today, but delivered with a modern subtlety. I went into Barker Brothers' store in Los Angeles—that magnificent



One of the new open-air drive-in markets in Los Angeles

Collier's invites
BETTER

When the books are balanced for 1931 they will show that business rewards have gone this year more than ever to men with initiative and imagination.

Business methods are changing fast. Styles are changing faster. Successful business men are those who can think fast enough to keep up with the parade—or just a little ahead of it.

Mr. Flynn recently toured the country, at Collier's request, to visit successful merchants in many lines of

Tell us in a letter what
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Collier's Regular Space

for each letter (not more
to us to contain useful in-
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New York

make it

By John T. Flynn

and gigantic department store of furniture. As I entered I found myself in a large, high-ceilinged, spacious chamber or vestibule. Perhaps a hundred people were sitting around in easy-chairs listening to the strains of a great pipe organ whose deep tones rolled through all the floors of the immense bazaar. That's an improvement on the old med-showman's banjo. The artistically arranged electric bulbs and neon lights, with spots here and there playing upon the prima donnas among the chairs and tables, lifting them out of the semi-dusk of the store, made a considerable improvement over the tar barrels and red flares of old Dr. Kit. And as for the ballyhoo man who delivered the opening speech—that had already been done in the morning papers and was being repeated again in the windows.

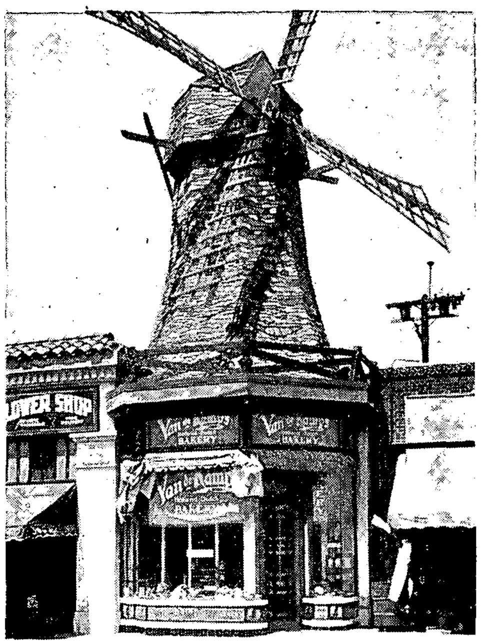
Which recalls a furniture store I saw in Minneapolis. It was the fifth floor of the department store of the Donaldson company—the largest in Minneapolis. As you got off the elevator you found yourself in what looked not so much like a furniture store as a suburban neighborhood. There were five bungalows, all complete, ranged in a row, surrounded by lawns and shrubs and looking for all the world like a moderate-priced city residential block.

These dwellings, complete inside and out and designed by good architects and furnished by interior decorators, display the furniture of the department. It is interesting to add, however, that the bungalows were supplied by the electric power company to exhibit modern domestic electric light, heat and power appliances in their most advanced and perfect state. Here was an alliance between the furniture store, the builder and the lighting company to put on a housing and lighting and furniture show in the most modern manner.

Los Angeles Goes Native

This brings me to a little job of showmanship in merchandising put on by the same Barker Brothers in Los Angeles to whom I have already referred. If you have visited Los Angeles lately you may have noticed that a change has come over the spirit of its architectural and decorative dreams. It has gone native. That is, it has moved somewhat away from its well-known, highly standardized, so-called mission motif to what it now calls "early California." The Monterey house is now the inspiration of many of the new designs in furnishing and furniture you see there. All of which illustrates again, if that were needed, how fitful and whimsical and unexpected are the tides and moods of fashion. A California gentleman with a profound and lively love of the indigenous art of old California—say back in the early eighteen hundreds—finally hit upon a house in Monterey as the perfect example of the home and appointments of the first true Californians. There was a certain colorful and rich rudeness about this old house which fascinated him.

He proceeded to duplicate it in Los Angeles, and to duplicate also its furniture. This he did in quantity, offering it for sale. Barker Brothers were chosen to merchandise it. Immediately a Monterey house was set up in Barkers'. Rooms furnished in the Monterey style were perfected. The public was invited to see it and there was a string of lectures and concerts by well-known Californian genealogists and folk-lorists given at Barkers' store—old California pictures, old California scenes and music were all mobilized and almost before the public knew it the Monterey house had taken possession of the public's imagination like a flame.

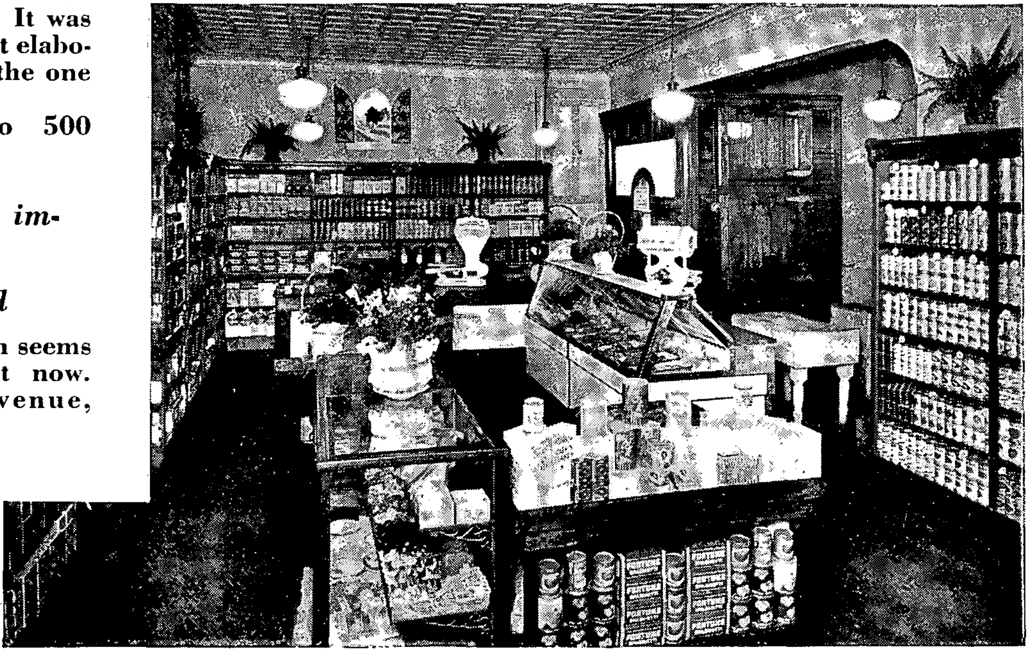


This windmill is one of a chain of bread and cake shops in Los Angeles

Make-up on an elaborate scale features this California refreshment stand

Showmanship in business reveals itself in many phases of business. It deals with the scenery, the make-up, the cast of characters and the exploitation of business. For instance, there is that matter of display—the mere business of setting the stage, building the scene in which the little comedy of trading is to be enacted. Would you believe that the mere changing around of the stock in a grocery store could work such miracles in a business? I first came across this in Toledo, Ohio. There is a grocer there by the name of H. E. McKinney, out on Kelsey Street, who had been running an old-fashioned neighborhood grocery. With the chain stores springing up all around and taking trade he was very much in need of help.

It came in the form of a salesman for one of the large food manufacturers which, to assist its independent dealers in their battle against the chains, had made a careful study of the whole subject of display. And so they, as Mr. McKinney informed me, induced him to permit them to change around his store. They took out his old shelves and put in new ones all painted nice and white. They took out all the old counters so that the customer might walk around the store and reach for herself any item on any shelf. For this purpose the shelves, instead of going to the ceiling, went only as high as a hand might reach. There were several little island stands where articles offered as specials might be displayed. There the goods were not stacked up in orderly pyramids forbidding interference, but arranged naturally in large wire baskets. There was a little counter, no larger than a table, at the back for wrapping bundles.



Fischer, Louisville, Ky.

Scientifically displayed goods in this store almost sell themselves

That was all, save for one other interesting and novel feature. The shelves were all stocked with canned goods of all sorts. But in front of each group of canned goods projected a metal bracket holding a glass container, the duplicate of the can and its contents. Thus the customer might see, not only the can and its label, but its contents in the glass jar—a powerfully appetizing and inviting feature. The whole change cost less than $200. "As soon as the rearrangement of my store was completed," said Mr. McKinney, "astonishing as it may seem, my cash business increased thirty-five per cent. The cake and cracker sales increased fifty per cent and the new way of displaying vegetables increased those sales fifty per cent."

Later I saw a good many stores arranged on this plan. One of the most

(Continued on page 36)

you to tell about
BUSINESS

business and to observe their
methods.

In this article, the third of a series, he tells the inspiring stories of men whose energy and alertness have made this year one of record achievement.

In every town and city that Mr. Flynn visited he was able, he says, to pick out the store that was prospering. It was not the largest or most elaborate. It was usually the one that was different.

Limit yourself to 500 words.

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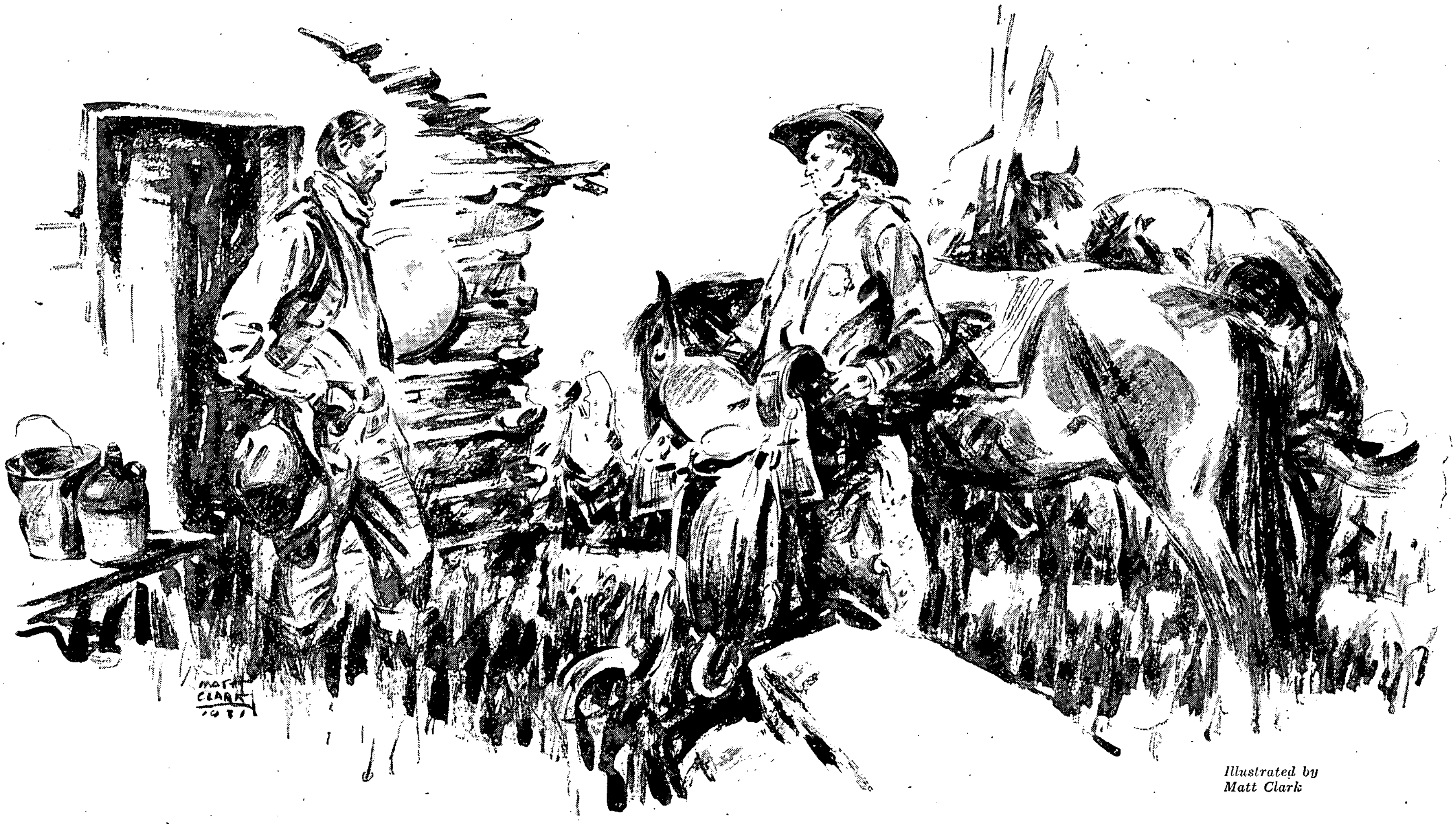


Illustrated by Matt Clark

"You work pretty good," Bill admitted, when Johnny saddled to go down after his man

Six-Gun Graduate

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Alan LeMay

JOHNNY EVERETT had never interested himself in gun-fighting until they woke him up, that night in Lost Creek, to tell him that Sandy had got himself killed by Doc Regan; yet he reached for his gun belt, instantly, instinctively, at the word. Sandy had been Johnny Everett's partner for going on three weeks, ever since they had fallen into company on the long lonely trail into the Standing Rocks. And, since they had been in the mining camp of Lost Creek but eighteen hours, Sandy had no other friend. Now that Sandy was dead, it did not occur to Johnny that it was possible to let the matter rest.

Then, because Johnny was no fool, second thought came to him. Johnny had never been in a gun-fight in his life; Doc Regan was known as a crack gunfighter from the Madres to the Cinnabars. Putting two and two together, Johnny saw that before he killed Doc Regan there would have to be some changes made. And that was how Johnny Everett got started in that extraordinary, dogged study of his. From that hour he was in training to kill a man.

He loaded Sandy's horse with grub and all the cartridges his money would buy, and headed out of town. Someone had told him where to find an unused cabin in the lonely hills; and here, a day's ride from Lost Creek, Johnny offsaddled, set up a row of tin cans, and settled himself to the long job of preparing to kill Doc Regan.

It was slow work at first, while he was alone. At the end of the fourth day he was discouraged to find that a slightly lamed wrist and a blister on his thumb were about all he had to show. Then the fifth day Johnny got his break. A tall man with a rifle over his arm was standing at the edge of the timber as Johnny turned away from knocking over the day's first row of tin cans. "I was kind of figuring to lay over here," Johnny's visitor said. "But if I'll be bothering you I'll be on my way."

"You won't be bothering me," Johnny said.

"Mind if I watch?"

"Sure not."

The stranger preserved an hour's silence. Perhaps he never would have interfered at all, if Johnny had not asked him how the gun-work looked. "Why," the visitor evaded, "do you hook your thumb in your belt just before you go for your gun?"

"SAY, look here," Johnny said. "You know anything about this gun-fighting?"

"A little."

Johnny Everett considered. "I had a partner killed on me a few days ago," he said at last. "A man can't leave it lie. But I'm terrible. If you got any time to spare, I'd sure like to hear your guess on what I'm doing wrong."

The other seemed interested and pleased. "I don't mind laying over a couple of days," he said. "My name's Bill." And right there Johnny really began to learn a thing or two.

Instead of laying over two days, Bill camped with Johnny a week, then a second week, then a third. He worked with Johnny casually the first day or two; but later he set himself at it in good earnest. Johnny told him one afternoon that it was Doc Regan he meant to kill.

"That's bad medicine, boy," said Bill. "The West is full of fellers that cut their teeth on a gun butt. But not one in a thousand has the natural ability to make a gun-fighting name."

"I'm not setting out to make a name," said Johnny. "When I've killed Regan I'm through killing."

"If you kill Doc Regan you'll have only begun. Every drunk that wants to prove he's bad will get to thinking what a feather in his cap it would be to kill the man that killed Regan. You'll be a marked man, son; and you'll never get loose from it."

For a moment Johnny wondered if it were possible for him to go his way and forget Regan. But he shook his head. "I can't help myself."

Bill shrugged. "That's up to you."

As the days passed Bill seemed to forget his own plans utterly—whatever they had been—in devotion to his pupil's progress. And Bill was a great instructor. He was more than a six-gun enthusiast; guns were his passion, his life.

At the end of a month Bill concluded that he had done all for Johnny he could. Johnny's natural wince at the roar and shock of the gun was gone; his draw was quick and smooth. It was time for Johnny to go.

"You work pretty good," Bill admitted, when at last, on a cold gray morning, Johnny saddled to go down after his man. "You'd kill any ordinary man."

"Bill," Johnny said, "tell me one thing: why did you spend all this time and trouble on me?"

Bill's grin was half sheepish. "Oh, well, shucks—I just kind of got interested, I guess."

"I sure appreciate it, Bill." Johnny hesitated. He felt that something had been left unsaid, and he couldn't remember what it was. "Well—wish me luck; I'll be going now."

"Sure, Johnny." They shook hands. "But you don't need to go any place."

"Huh?"

"I'm Bill Regan."

"You mean you're Doc Regan?"

"They call me that."

JOHNNY stared at him a long time, and his face went red, then white again. All his established order of things seemed to go up in the air like a sun-fishing bronc; but he rallied. The man before him was no longer the patient Bill, but the man he had trained himself to kill. His voice rose high and strained, so that it cracked in the middle. "Why you—you damned—" His gun came into his hand.

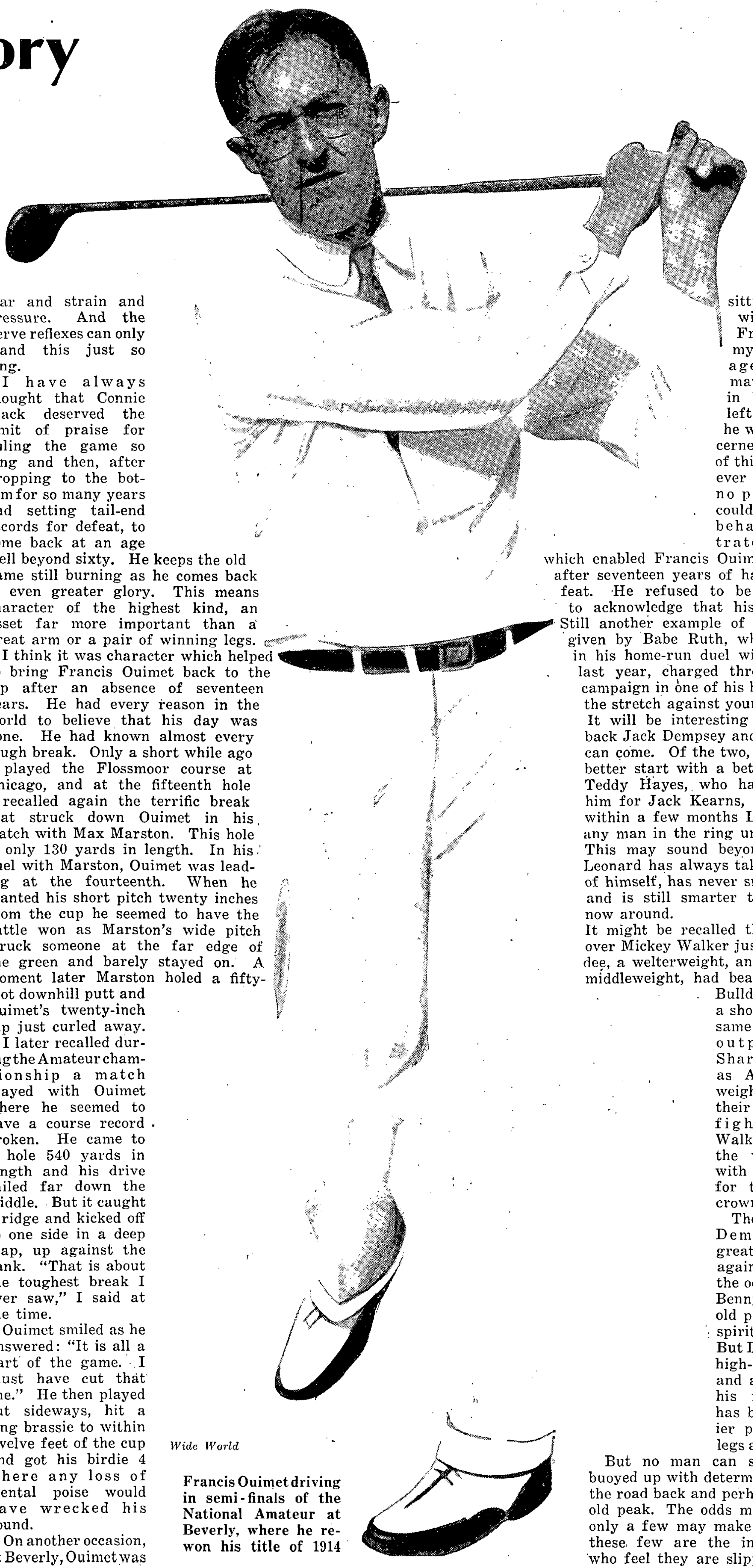
It was a good draw Johnny made, smooth and quick, well taught and well practiced. But he never saw just how Doc Regan drew. One gun crashed; and Johnny Everett was swaying on his legs, staring idiotically at the blood that was running down his empty hand.

Through his fog of shock he heard Doc Regan's hard, grim voice: "There's one more lesson, you little fool. And I'd give ten thousand dollars if somebody had given me the like!"

Second Glory

By Grantland Rice

From a comparative obscurity of seventeen years Francis Ouimet has just returned to golfing glory. Dempsey and Benny Leonard are on return trips. All an ex-champion needs for the road back is a determined mind and a good pair of legs



Wide World

Francis Ouimet driving in semi-finals of the National Amateur at Beverly, where he re-won his title of 1914

MOST of those who reach the top and then slip and drop out of sight don't come back. But this rule has no eternal or unbounded validity. For a few do come back.

There are two reasons why most of those who have slipped fail to return. One is mental and the other is physical, and it is difficult to say which is the more important.

For example, under the boxing rules and regulations of today Jim Corbett would have had the most remarkable comeback in ring history. At fifteen rounds he would have beaten Jim Jeffries to a frazzle, despite the fact that Corbett had been out of action for nearly five years and had been knocked out by the man Jeffries later stopped.

Corbett could have come back over the modern route because he had brains, skill and the heart to work with and also because he had a remarkable pair of legs. He still will tell you how anxious he was to know how his legs felt after the first heavy body punch Jeffries landed. "It hurt like a knife," he says, "but I felt happy when I found my legs still felt the same and were able to carry me around."

In other walks of life the chance for a comeback depends largely upon the refusal to be discouraged. In sport it depends upon this same refusal plus a good pair of legs.

This comeback discussion is more interesting than usual this fall because it involves a number of our best known competitors. In golf it centers upon Francis Ouimet and Walter Hagen. In boxing it has focussed the spotlight upon Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey. And one might also mention the feat of Bill Tilden, beaten by Cochet in France in the 1930 Davis Cup matches, beaten later at Forest Hills by Johnny Doeg in the National championship over here, and then suddenly becoming the professional tennis champion of the world in 1931.

Tilden still had the will and determination to regain the heights, and he still had the legs. He had to have the skill to reach the heights he knew.

Monstrous mental difficulties often beset those attempting to come back. Especially is this true when the ex-champion takes a few hard beatings on the way back. He seems to feel that the shadows are gathering in and that the end of the road is near at hand.

It takes something out of anyone to battle his way to the top and hold it for only a while. For the road back is not easy. It usually means wear and tear and strain and pressure. And the nerve reflexes can only stand this just so long.

I have always thought that Connie Mack deserved the limit of praise for ruling the game so long and then, after dropping to the bottom for so many years and setting tail-end records for defeat, to come back at an age well beyond sixty. He keeps the old flame still burning as he comes back to even greater glory. This means character of the highest kind, an asset far more important than a great arm or a pair of winning legs.

I think it was character which helped to bring Francis Ouimet back to the top after an absence of seventeen years. He had every reason in the world to believe that his day was done. He had known almost every tough break. Only a short while ago I played the Flossmoor course at Chicago, and at the fifteenth hole I recalled again the terrific break that struck down Ouimet in his match with Max Marston. This hole is only 130 yards in length. In his duel with Marston, Ouimet was leading at the fourteenth. When he planted his short pitch twenty inches from the cup he seemed to have the battle won as Marston's wide pitch struck someone at the far edge of the green and barely stayed on. A moment later Marston holed a fifty-foot downhill putt and Ouimet's twenty-inch tap just curled away.

I later recalled during the Amateur championship a match played with Ouimet where he seemed to have a course record broken. He came to a hole 540 yards in length and his drive sailed far down the middle. But it caught a ridge and kicked off to one side in a deep trap, up against the bank. "That is about the toughest break I ever saw," I said at the time.

Ouimet smiled as he answered: "It is all a part of the game. I must have cut that one." He then played out sideways, hit a long brassie to within twelve feet of the cup and got his birdie 4 where any loss of mental poise would have wrecked his round.

On another occasion, at Beverly, Ouimet was sitting in the room with Bobby Jones, Frank Craven and myself when a package of sulphur matches caught fire in his hand. This left a bad burn. But he was far more concerned that no news of this accident should ever get out, so that no part of an alibi could be set up in his behalf. This illustrates the spirit which enabled Francis Ouimet to come back after seventeen years of hard luck and defeat. He refused to be discouraged or to acknowledge that his day was over.

Still another example of the comeback is given by Babe Ruth, who, badly beaten in his home-run duel with Hack Wilson last year, charged through the recent campaign in one of his best battles down the stretch against younger Lou Gehrig.

It will be interesting to see how far back Jack Dempsey and Benny Leonard can come. Of the two, Leonard has the better start with a better pair of legs. Teddy Hayes, who has been training him for Jack Kearns, is confident that within a few months Leonard can beat any man in the ring under 150 pounds. This may sound beyond reason. But Leonard has always taken the best care of himself, has never smoked nor drunk and is still smarter than any fighter now around.

It might be recalled that Kearns took over Mickey Walker just after Joe Dundee, a welterweight, and Harry Greb, a middleweight, had beaten the Rumson Bulldog. And yet only a short while back the same Mickey Walker outpointed Jack Sharkey, recognized as American heavyweight champion, in their draw-decision fight and today Walker is well on the way to a fight with Max Schmeling for the heavyweight crown.

The odds against Dempsey are far greater than they were against Jim Corbett, or the odds today against Benny Leonard. The old punch and the old spirit seem to be there. But Dempsey, through high-strung eagerness and a heavy drain on his nervous system, has been under heavier pressure, and his legs are none too good.

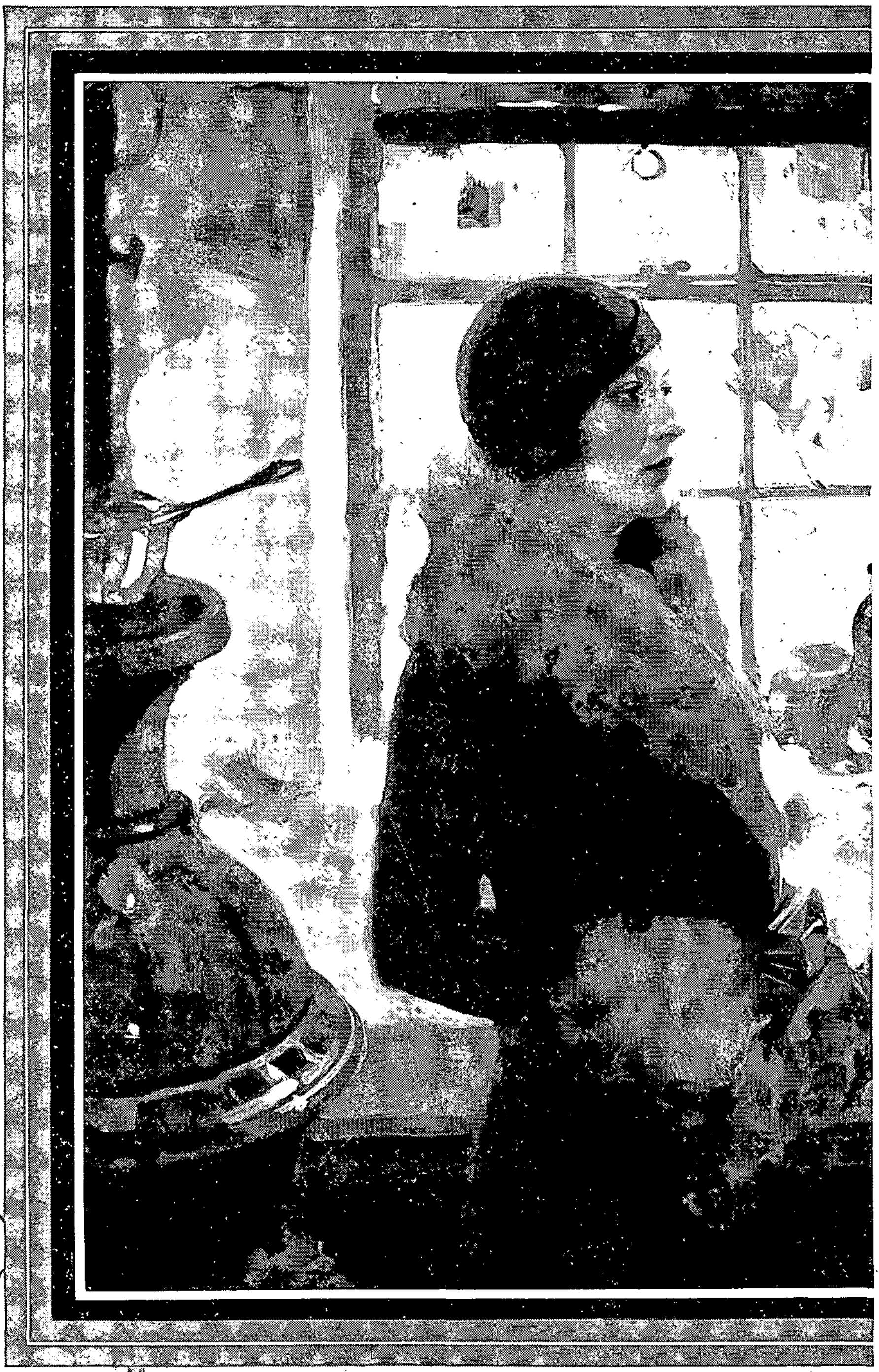
But no man can say that anyone buoyed up with determination can't find the road back and perhaps arrive at the old peak. The odds may be heavy and only a few may make the grade. But these few are the inspiration of all who feel they are slipping and fading.

The Hideaway

The story of an amateur sleuth who trusted her heart—but knew how to use her head

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement



“What do you think?” she asked. “I

ELSIE FULLER leaned back in her Pullman chair and gazed at the familiar landscape and thought of George and was happy.

She had spent the last four days in Boston, shopping for her wedding. She lived in Newton, which is almost precisely halfway between New York and Boston. It was characteristic that she, and the people she knew, shopped in Boston. She had been in New York only two or three times in her life.

The train slowed down, approaching Bridgewater. The next stop, in fifteen minutes, would be Newton. George would be waiting for her on the platform. They were to be married at Thanksgiving, in less than a month.

It had come about in the happiest way, when she was beginning to wonder if she would ever really fall in love. She was twenty-three and bored with college boys. George Orton was twenty-seven. He was the general manager, for his father and his uncle, of Orton Brothers, a firm founded by his grandfather, which has made edge tools for sixty or seventy years in the same long red-brick shops at Winchester. She was immensely proud of George.

Elsie looked up with a start. Her brother Bill was coming down the aisle. The train had stopped. He took her suitcase and hat-box.

“You're getting off here,” Bill said. “Hurry up.” Elsie realized that he was trying to be matter-of-fact. But she knew that something awful had happened. She picked up her hand bag, her gloves and her magazine and started down the aisle after Bill.

“What is it?” she asked when they were on the platform.

Bill hesitated. The train moved slowly out of the station.

“Tell me,” Elsie said fiercely.

“George is in jail,” Bill said, “and there are a lot of newspaper reporters waiting for you at the Newton station. We thought I'd better pick you up here.”

“What's he in jail for?” Elsie cried.

“Oh,” Bill said, “they think he shot Danforth.”

ELSIE stared at Bill. Danforth was a rich New Yorker who had a country place near Winchester. He had found George hunting on his land a week previously and instead of ordering him off he had arrested George for trespass. George had been angry and then exasperated and finally amused at the episode.

“George couldn't do such a thing,” Elsie said.

“No,” Bill agreed. “But it looks pretty bad.” He put Elsie's things in his roadster.

“You see,” Bill continued, as he drove toward home, “Danforth was playing golf alone on that private course of his this noon. When he didn't come in to lunch they went out to look for him. They found him with a bullet through his back. They called up Sheriff Wilson. He found the bullet. After going clear through Danforth it went nearly through a small oak tree. Wilson cut it out with a pocket knife. Wilson worked fast. He swore in a lot of deputies and they began scouring the woods. They turned up about ten hunters. But they all had shotguns—it's the season for pheasants. Then they found George a couple of miles up in the swamp. George had a .30 caliber rifle. And the cartridges in his pocket were loaded with bullets exactly like the one the sheriff had picked out of the tree.”

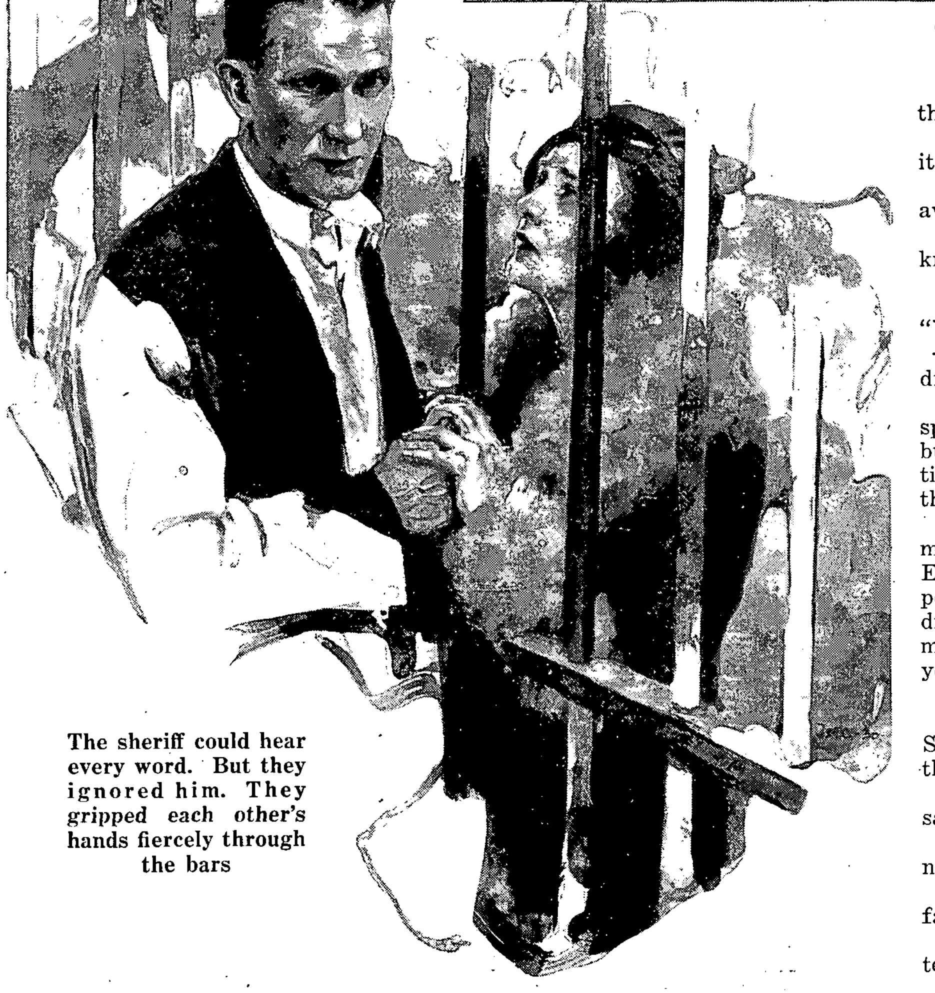
“What sort of evidence is that?” Elsie cried.

“Well,” Bill said, “most men don't go hunting with a .30 caliber rifle in this neighborhood. It's against the law to shoot deer.”

“George wouldn't shoot a deer,” Elsie said. “I know how he feels about that.”

“Then what was he doing with a high-power rifle?”

“Everybody knows George is a gun crank,” Elsie said. “He doesn't care much about hunting—but he loves to shoot a rifle at a mark.”



The sheriff could hear every word. But they ignored him. They gripped each other's hands fiercely through the bars

“Sure,” Bill said. “That's what I told the family.”

“The family doesn't think George did it?” Elsie cried.

“No,” Bill said. “But they're—they're awfully shaken.”

“But why?” Elsie cried. “Don't they know what kind of a person George is?”

“Yes—but it's the bullet.”

“IS THERE anything unique about a .30 caliber rifle? Aren't there hundreds of them made every year?”

“It seems,” Bill said, “that it was a special kind of bullet—a government bullet of a particular shape with a particular kind of jacket. It isn't the kind that's on sale at the stores.”

Bill drove into the Fuller yard. Elsie's mother came running out. She took Elsie in her arms. She obviously expected Elsie to burst into tears. Elsie did nothing of the sort. She kissed her mother and lifted her head. “What lawyer have they got?” she asked.

“Morgan,” Bill said.

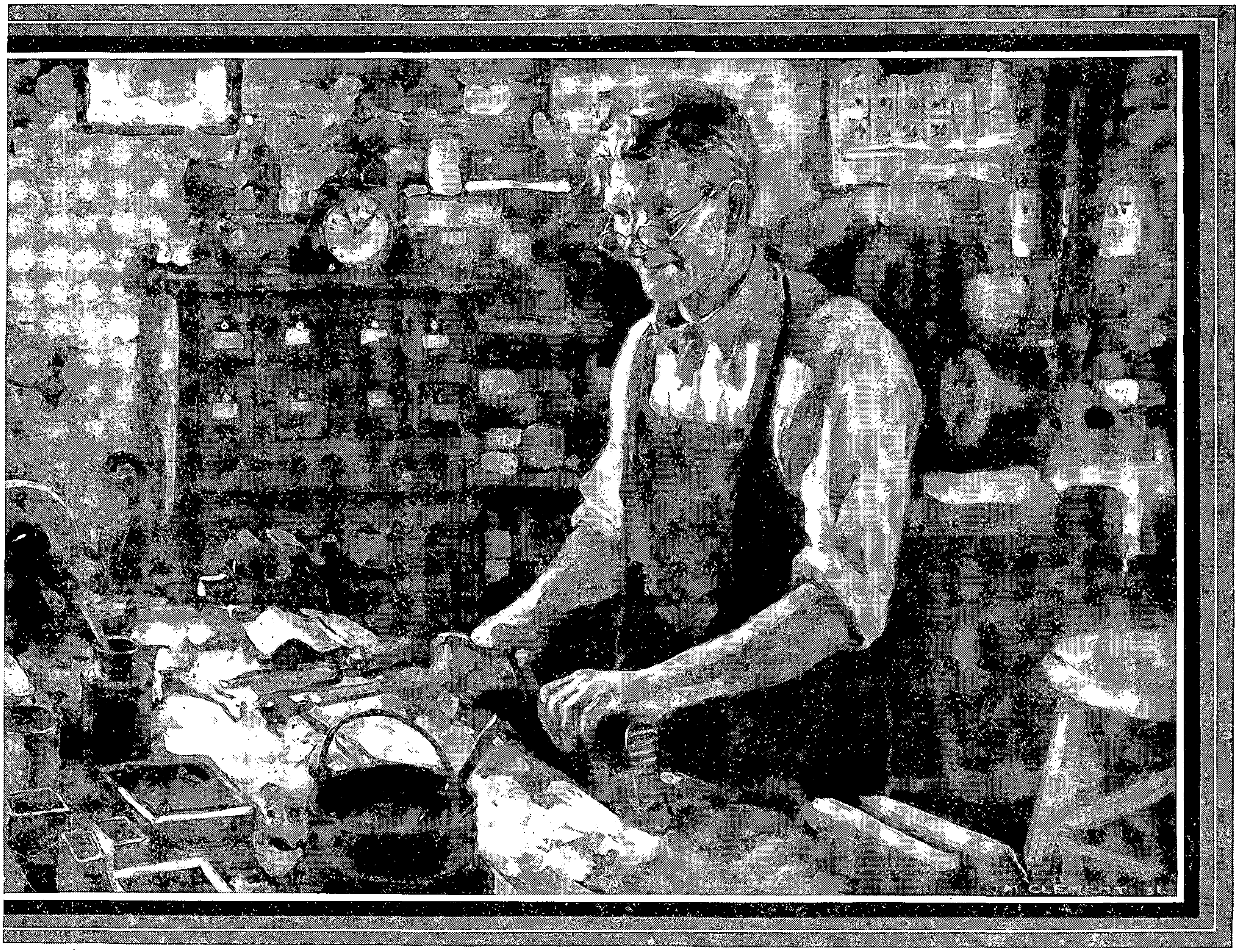
Elsie kissed her father and her sister Susie and walked into the house with them.

“I want to go right up there,” Elsie said.

“I'm afraid you can't see him tonight,” her father told her.

“I can try,” Elsie said. “I can see his father and mother.”

“Dinner's just ready,” her mother interposed.



dunno," he said. "Those bullets ought to show something even after they've been through a young oak tree"

Elsie shook her head. "I couldn't eat any. I'm not hungry."

Three cars drove into the yard. "There come the reporters," Bill said. "What'll we do about them?"

"I'll see them, of course," Elsie said.

She did see them. She told them quite simply that she knew George was innocent. They were nice to her. They were not New York tabloid reporters but young men from Hartford and New Haven and Bridgeport. The New York papers had all called up long distance but none of their men had had time to get up by train or motor car.

When the reporters had gone the whole family drove Elsie up to Winchester. Elsie insisted on stopping at the jail. The sheriff said she couldn't see George until morning. Elsie asked him to deliver a note. The sheriff said he could do that. Elsie wrote a note telling George that she would love him even if he had shot Danforth, and she knew he hadn't.

She went on with her father and her mother and Bill and Susie to the Ortons.

The Ortons' living-room was full of people. George's father and mother and his uncle and his aunt and his sister Caroline were there. The lawyer, Morgan, came in after an hour. He had seen George. But he had very little to tell. The family conference went on and on endlessly, for hours and hours. Elsie sat and listened and grew increasingly impatient. They weren't getting anywhere.

At midnight Elsie stood up. "Oh," she said, "to listen you'd think you all thought George shot the man. You say you know he's innocent. But you don't feel it."

"ELSIE!" her mother said. The rest stared at her as if she had committed a social error.

"We don't think George is guilty," George's father said. "But we're all afraid that he just might be."

Elsie glanced at him. At least he was honest.

"The way things are, Miss Fuller," the lawyer said, "we've almost got to prove George innocent."

"Then let's get to work on it in the morning," Elsie said. "Let's not talk any more. Let's do something."

"As for instance?" the lawyer asked.

"I'd make a large-scale map of Danforth's estate and the country around it. I'd show exactly where Danforth's body was found and where George entered the woods and where he came out. I'd arrange to take George over the course he followed so he could testify to where he was at the time the shot was fired. I'd make every other man the deputies found in the woods tell exactly where he went and mark it on the map. And I'd go over the ground with a fine-toothed comb, hunting for some sign that somebody else had been in those woods. You might find tracks that could be traced, or an empty shell, or—anything."

"We will do all these things," the lawyer said. "But I think the bullet is what the whole case turns on. I've wired New York for a ballistics expert. It's just possible that when he has photographed the bullet and enlarged his photographs he'll be able to show markings on the bullet that will convince a jury it didn't come from George's rifle."

"That would be splendid," Elsie said.

"It looks like our best chance right now," George's father said.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, they let Elsie see George.

She put her hands through the bars. She gripped George's hands in hers. She kissed him. He tried to smile and look cheerful. But he couldn't. He was pale and unshaven and he hadn't slept. The sheriff stood by. He could hear every word they said. But they didn't care. They ignored him. They gripped each other's hands fiercely between the bars.

"What can I do to help?" Elsie asked.

"You've done a lot just by coming here," George said. His mouth trembled; a tear ran down his cheek. He tossed his head back. He grinned. "Don't think that it's—it's that I'm scared," George said. "It's just that you are the first person I've seen who believes I'm innocent. It almost reduces me to tears."

"Oh," she cried, "I wish I were a lawyer!"

"Morgan thinks that photographing the bullet may give me a defense."

"What do you think, George?"

George shook his head. "You know the theory? No matter how skilled the machinist is, no two rifle barrels are ever exactly alike. A discharged bullet should bear marks from the riflings, marks which are peculiar to that particular barrel."

"I UNDERSTAND," Elsie said.

"The barrel of my rifle was an especially smooth, good job. It's what they call a star-gauged barrel. Suppose the man who shot Danforth had an especially smooth, star-gauged barrel. Would there be enough difference between the marks his barrel made on the bullet and the marks my rifle makes on a bullet of the same kind so you could tell the difference? Theoretically yes—an expert could tell the difference. But could he convince the jury? I don't know. And we've got to remember that the bullet we're interested in has gone through a man and then through six or eight inches of green oak. Maybe it got squeezed enough out of shape so the only thing you can be sure of is that it came from a rifle like mine—with a star-gauged barrel."

"Time's up," the sheriff said.

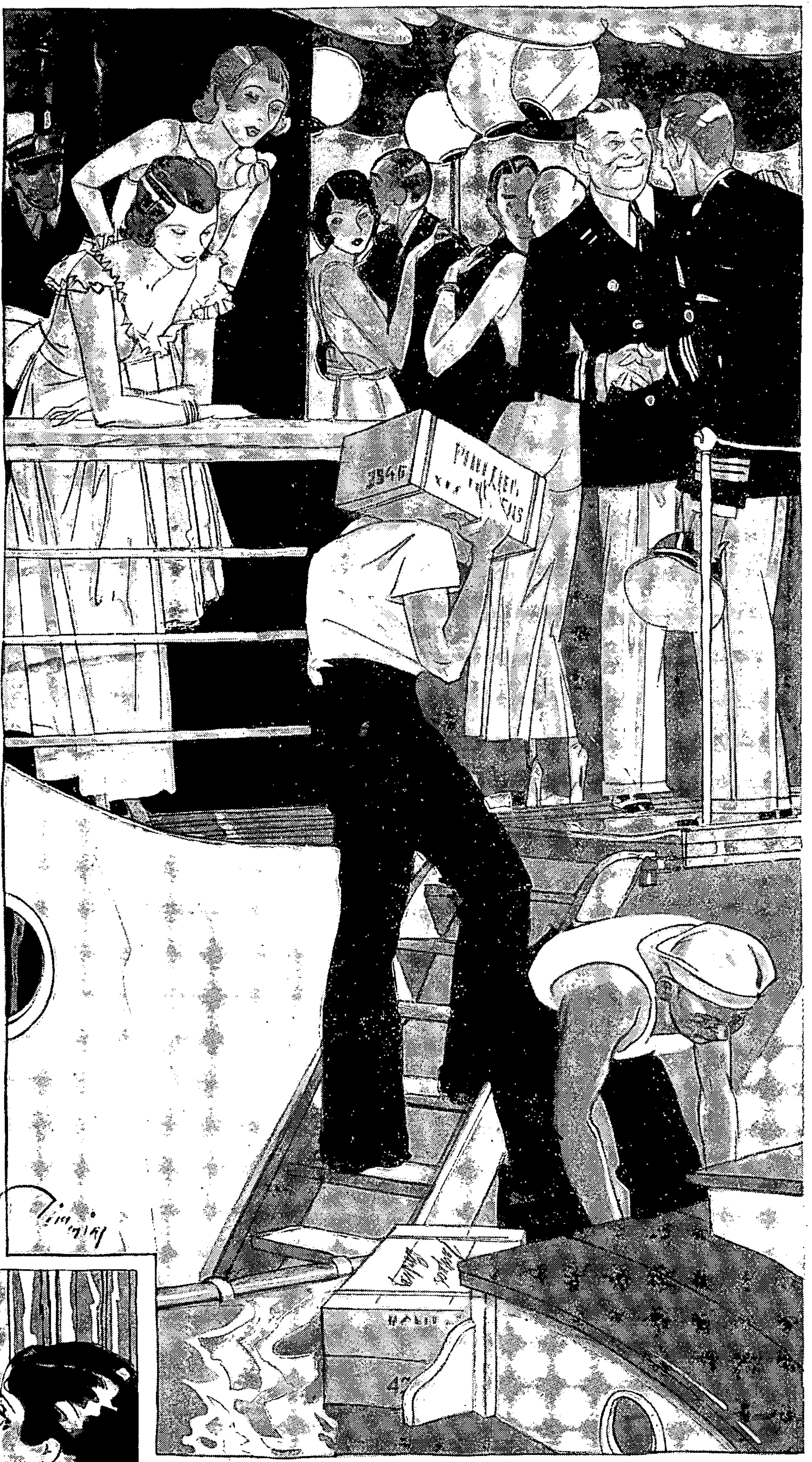
"The only perfect defense would be to find the murderer," Elsie said.

"Yes," George said.

(Continued on page 43)

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy



They hove to and put a few cases of swell stuff aboard from

The Story Thus Far:

ONCE Laura O'Neal aspired to be a great singer. That was years ago, before she left her home in Middletown. Now she has been in New York ten years. She is the "radio soprano" for Station WBLA. Her job is to fill in awkward pauses in the program—usually by singing Sweet Mystery of Life. She has sung it so often that the opening bars of the music make her feel sick.

Laura is in love with Bill Grimes of the Continuity Department of WBLA. Bill is married to a nagging woman who refuses to give him his freedom "until he can pay for it." She wants more money than Bill will probably ever earn. The situation is a stalemate. Bill considers it hopeless and is slowly losing his grip.

Sally, Laura's younger sister, is in charge of the reception desk at WBLA. She and Laura share a one-room apartment. This apartment is the only place where Laura and Bill can meet. When they are there Sally has to find entertainment elsewhere. This she does, often in the company of Judge George Lawrence Considine, whom she has met at the station.

Larry Barnes, of the Promotion Department at WBLA, and Buddy Law, the station announcer, are friends of the two girls.

In Middletown Mrs. O'Neal listens with pride to Laura's voice over the radio. But Honey, the youngest and giddiest of her daughters, sneers at Laura's small parts. She has larger plans. She writes her sisters that she is coming to New York.

The news produces consternation in the one-room apartment. Laura and Sally have barely been able to make both ends meet. They are overworked. They don't get enough sleep. There is too little space and too much excitement. And if Honey comes, where can Laura and Bill meet then?

But nothing can deter Honey.

II

1. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura and Honey O'Neal.

8:30 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Cheerio, everybody!

Good-by until tomorrow morning at this same hour.

Heavens, Honey, what could have happened to Sally? Eight-thirty and she's not home yet. I haven't slept a wink since three o'clock this morning.

Neither have I, Laura. Sugar?

One. Your girlish snores kept me company all night.

You'd snore too if you had to sleep on that lumpy couch.

You'd think Sally would have had enough consideration to telephone.

Another two months—and I'll have a permanent wave in my spine.

I'm worried stiff, Honey. I don't know what to do. It's too early to call George's office. And I don't dare call his home this hour of the morning.

Oh, she's all right. She's probably staying with some friends. Look, do you think this one would be any good?

MODELS, SIZE 14
Hips 35 inches, height 5 feet 7 inches. For high-class dresses; best pay, steady work. Apply all week. Sam and Irving Katz, Seventh Avenue.

Well, Honey, I don't know. You've been down here in New York two months trying to get something. I should think anything would be all right, for a start at least.

I can't get anything. I've met all the office boys and telephone girls on Broadway. Aren't there any producers anywhere!

She's darned inconsiderate—that's what she is. Always was. Maybe something really did happen to her. What do you think, Honey?

Oh, she's all right. She knows how to take care of herself. You worry too much. You're like an old hen with one chicken. These modeling ads say size 14, not less than five feet seven. How do they get that way?

Looking for jobs. If I don't get over to the station, I'll be looking for one myself. What time is it? Listen. . . .

Turn off the alarm clock and cuddle back into bed again for forty winks as the Melody Musketeers are Dreaming of My Indian Sweetheart. . . .

Gee, there's those darn Musketeers. I've got to get over there before they sign off.

You better step on it.

Don't go out, Honey, until you hear from Sally and then telephone me over at the station the minute you do. I'm worried sick about it. She's such a fool!

I'll stand by. Don't take the paper. I've got to find a job.

You might go back home. Did you ever think of that? There's nothing in this town for you. High-school dramatics and trying to crash Broadway.

There's nothing back home either. You ought to know.

You could do worse than marry that Walter What's-his-name that writes to you every day.

A small-town lawyer! I should marry a small-town lawyer!

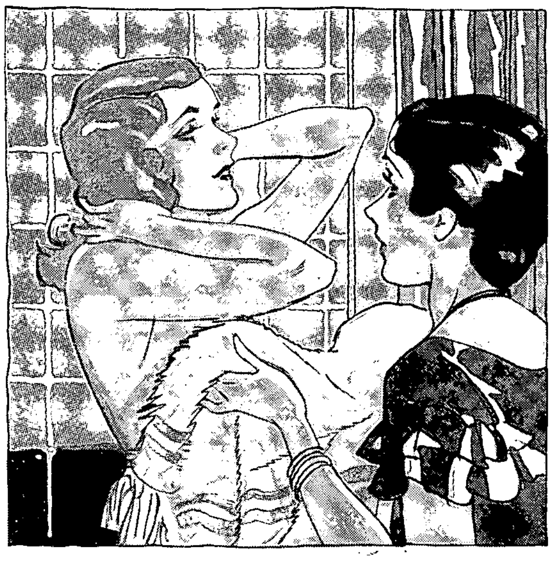
That's what I'm saying. Maybe you should. If you don't hear from Sally in half an hour, call me. I've simply got to go.

2. In-a-dor Apartment: Sally and Honey O'Neal.

. . . brings to a conclusion the regular morning program of the Melody Musketeers. . . . 9:00 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

While we are waiting for the Vatican broadcast direct from Vatican City, you will be entertained from the studio by Laura O'Neal, soprano, who will sing Sweet Mystery of Life. . . .

Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee. . . .



Sure it was nice. Dry my back, will you?

Oh, so you're going to start? Well, I've been out. And I'm back.

I think you might have telephoned.

I think you might mind your own business. Have you any toast?

You don't have to be like that, Sally. We can't help worrying. We thought all sorts of things happened to you.

They did.

What?

Sally! Darling, where have you been? You look a sight!

Give me a cup of coffee, Honey. I'm dead.

We've been worried sick. Laura had to go to the station.

I hear her. Shut that window.

Where have you been, Sally? We've been worried sick.

Why don't you draw up a chair and hear my confession? Is this all the coffee you've got left?

Well, don't tell me if you don't want to. I don't care. Laura wanted me to telephone the minute you came in.

She's more worried about me keeping that old job, so I can kick in my part of the rent.

That isn't true, Sally; you know yourself, if I was out all night and you didn't hear from me . . .

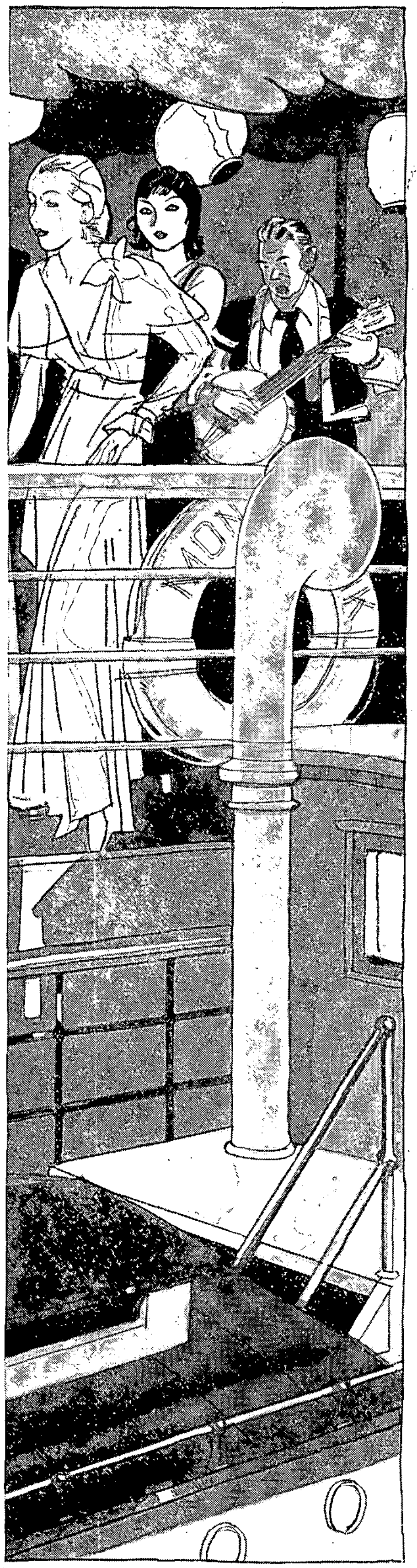
Oh, you—you're just a kid. I can take care of myself.

Well, I think you might have telephoned.

Say, I don't feel like hearing a lecture, and not from a kid sister either. How am I going to stay awake at that station all day?

Haven't you had any sleep?

Did you ever try sleeping on a boat in the middle of Long Island Sound



their own boat and joined us

with the waves jumping into your lap all night?

Oooh, is that where you were? Gee, that sounds marvelous. Was it a yacht?

No. It was a canoe. Maybe a cold shower will pick me up. At five o'clock this morning I thought I'd never want to see any more water.

Was it a big yacht?

Oooh! Oooh, that's cold! Did Laura wash out any stockings for me last night?

No.

No consideration in this place. Let me have a pair of your sun-tan, will you?

Sure. Was it a nice party?

Nice? Sure it was nice. Dry my back, will you? That's good. I feel a little bit better. What time is it? What I wouldn't give for an hour's sleep! No chance at the station with that loud speaker blasting all day long.

Maybe if you telephoned you were sick?

If I tell them that again, they'll think I've got leprosy. Besides I've got to be there this morning anyway. George will be there.

George? . . . You mean George—

Washington. Who do you think? There's only one George who could keep me from crawling into that bed right now—job or no job.

What's he going to do at the station?

Talk. He makes a speech every week on the National Public Forum Program. Tells the world. The Honorable George Considine, Justice of the Court of General Sessions, on the subject of Prohibition and Crime.

Was he on the party last night?

He was the party. He, and the bozo who owned the yacht, and a couple of their boy friends from Wall Street and all of their girl friends, not to forget the crew from the rum chaser.

Rum chaser? Ooooh—how did they get into the party?

They crashed it. When a rum chaser crashes a party—it stays crashed.

Here, have some more coffee. What happened? Tell me.

Well, we were cruising around in the Sound and all of a sudden we heard a big gun go "boom" and a visiting card whistled right over the front of the boat. A little lower and Sally would be having breakfast with the fish this bright . . . Ugh! That coffee's terrible!

You mean they shot at you?

Sure. They're impetuous. They shoot first and argue later. Well, we hove to, as they say, and they came up and when they found out who we were, especially who George was, they put a few cases of swell stuff aboard from their own boat and joined us. Well, that was just the new blood the party needed. Oooh, do I feel terrible! I've got to go. I've simply got to. Send this dress out to the cleaner, will you? I bet it's ruined. Be just my luck. Boy, that bed looks good! George would have to pick this morning of all mornings in the world to be at the station. . . .

What does he look like?

Who, George? That's right. You haven't met him.

No. But I'd like to. He sounds interesting.

He's got some swell friends you could meet if Laura ever let you out of her sight. Filthy with money.

Gee, I haven't met a soul since I've been here. I thought when you came to New York you met flocks of people.

Plenty of girls have lived and died in this town and the only people they ever met were those from back home.

Couldn't I meet George over at the station this morning after he's finished broadcasting?

Maybe. I don't know. I've got to beat it. Come over if you want to.

3. Middletown: Mrs. O'Neal and Walter Keene.

The first speaker you will hear this morning, opening the weekly broadcast of the National Public Forum, coming to you through the courtesy of Hot-Spot Spark Plugs, is the Honorable George Lawrence Considine, Justice of the Court of General Sessions in New York City, who will speak on Prohibition and Crime . . . Judge Considine. . . .

Good morning, everybody. My experience in the Court of General Sessions in New York City has convinced me that one of the most important factors in the successful bringing-up of children to be law-abiding citizens, is a wholesome home environment. We need more real old-fashioned American homes with real old-fashioned American fathers and mothers, and then we will raise from the children of today the kind of men and women this country needs.

Isn't that grand? I hope my daughters are listening to that speech. The radio is certainly a great influence for good. Who is that talking, Walter?

Judge Considine. Speaks every week on the radio. Have you heard from Honey, Mrs. O'Neal?

Only this morning. Says she's having a good time in New York, Walter. Hasn't she written to you?

A couple of post cards saying the same thing. One of the El Doro Hotel saying "I was dancing up here on the Roof last night." I guess she's having a wonderful time. I don't suppose she'll ever want to come back here to Middletown.

What did he say then about prohibition?

He said that it was a noble experiment and that we should give it a chance.

I hope my daughters don't drink down in New York. I hear everybody drinks and carries on something scandalous down there.

Well, they do quite a bit of drinking right here in Middletown, Mrs. O'Neal.

How could you say a thing like that, Walter, with all the churches and young folks' societies that we have here?

You forget, Mrs. O'Neal, that I'm a lawyer and I have a better opportunity of knowing what goes on in Middletown than you have, perhaps.

Well, what goes on? Oh, listen, what did he say then?

He said the American home is the cornerstone of the nation, and the young generation is the hope of the future.

He certainly is a good man. A judge, did you say?

Judge Considine. What did Honey say to you in her letter? I wish she'd write to me.

I have it right here in my apron, but I haven't got my glasses. Here, you can read it. I want to listen to Judge What's-his-name.

Considine.

Read it aloud so I can hear it, too.

"Dear Mother: Just a line to let you know that everything is going along fine down here. I have a number of openings and have talked to a lot of producers and it will only be a matter of a short time until I have a real job. The girls are well and send you their love. We're a little bit crowded but we get along like three bugs in a rug. Say hello to Walter Keene for me and tell him I said he ought to get out of that mud puddle and come down here where the big frogs are. He'll never amount to anything in Middletown. Lots of love. Don't worry so much about me. I'm all right, having the time of my life. Will soon be making a real career for myself like the other girls here in this marvelous city." Mud puddle, eh! Well, I'd rather be a big frog in a small puddle.

Oh, you mustn't pay so much attention to what Honey says, Walter. She's young and foolish. But she'll settle down. I think she really likes you.

If she really liked me, she wouldn't go away and hardly even write to me.

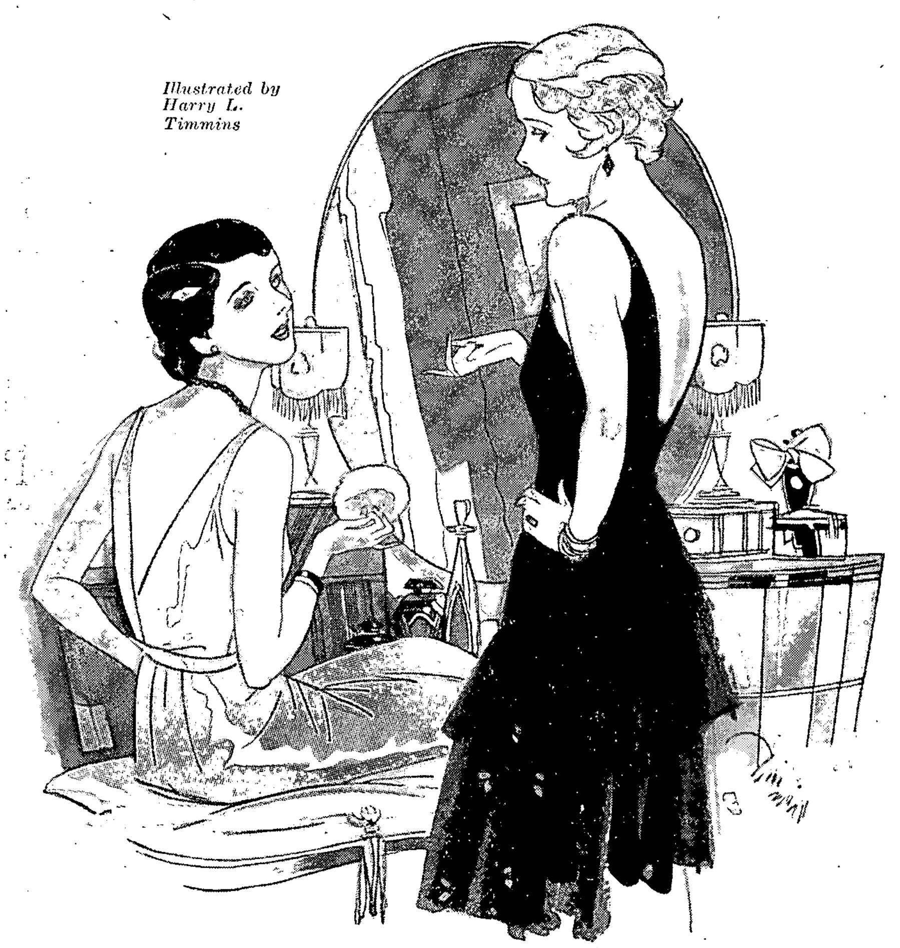
Oh, she's young, Walter. There! We're talking so much I missed most of that speech. What is he saying?

. . . and in conclusion I would like to say that crime and the illicit liquor traffic are inseparably interwoven, and only by instilling in our young generation a proper reverence for the laws of our country can we combat this hydra-headed monster which is spreading its dark wings of destruction over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Thank you, Judge. You have been listening to Justice George Lawrence Considine of the Court of General Sessions in New York City, who comes to you on the National Public Forum through the courtesy of Hot-Spot Spark Plugs, and speaking of the land of the free and the home of the brave, you will never have that real feeling of freedom until your car is equipped with HOT-SPOT SPARK PLUGS. . . . Ask your dealer today for a sample of Hot-Spot Spark Plugs. . . .

The next speaker we will hear will be Rabbi Jonas Rabinowitz, who will speak on Youth Needs Religion. . . .

(Continued on page 50)



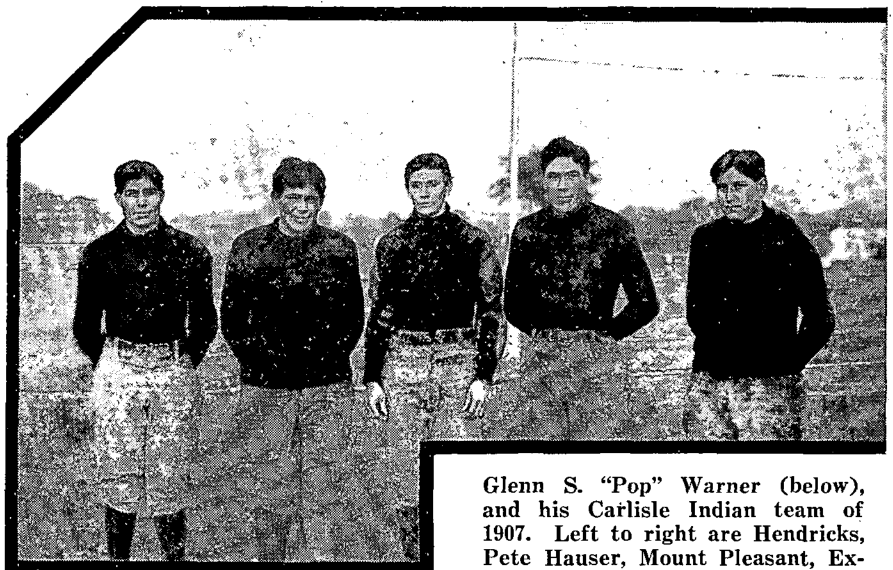
Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Do you think Mr. Clayton could really get me into a show?

Heap Big Run-Most-Fast

Football's hall of fame is crowded with men who learned the game from Pop Warner, dean of the coaches of the great American college game. But here in the second of this series of his recollections he introduces you to some of his greatest: Metoxen, Little Old Man, Shouchuk the Eskimo, Yellowjacket, Man-Afraid-of-a-Bear, Little Boy. Gentlemen all. Athletes all

By Glenn S. Warner



Glenn S. "Pop" Warner (below), and his Carlisle Indian team of 1907. Left to right are Hendricks, Pete Hauser, Mount Pleasant, Exendine and Aiken

Below: Island, Owl, Winnie, Thorpe, Payne and Lubo

OUR treatment of the Indian is a dark chapter in the history of the United States, which is perhaps the reason the white man has never made any honest effort to understand the red man. Having driven him from his lands, breaking treaty after treaty, and subjecting him to every known spoliation, it soothed our consciences to rate the Indian as a lower order of human life, putting him in the same class as the beaver, the buffalo and other wild creatures compelled to give way before the march of civilization.

When I went to the Carlisle school in 1899 as football coach, I had all of the prejudices of the average white, but after fourteen years of intimate association, I came to hold a deep admiration for the Indian and a very high regard for his character and capacities. In the thousand students at Carlisle were boys and girls from seventy different tribes, many having their first contact with civilization, yet the wildest of them showed a quickness as well as willingness to learn, and gave ample evidence of courage, humor, ambition, tenacity and all those other instinctive qualities that are blandly assumed to reside solely in the white race. Especially courage!

Back in the days when Daniel Boone was my hero I used to read that Indians always quit if they didn't win a fight at the very outset. I carried this conviction with me to Carlisle and in the years that followed I found that it was the generally accepted idea. "All you've got to do to beat the Indians is to get the jump on them early in the game," was the impression prevailing among nearly all the teams that played us, in spite of the fact that the record proved it false. Many a time I have seen the Indians come from behind when they seemed hopelessly beaten, winning by sheer pluck and desperate determination.

There was a memorable day at the Polo Grounds in 1913, when Carlisle went up against Dartmouth, an undefeated team that outweighed the Indians by ten pounds to a man. The first half ended 10 to 7 in favor of the New Hampshire giants and defeat seemed certain, but in the second half the Carlisle boys gave one of the greatest exhibitions of offensive football that I have ever seen. Four times they took the ball on the kick-off and carried it the full length of the field for touchdowns, finally winning by a score of 34 to 10.

Gameness was a marked characteristic of every Carlisle boy. By way of illustration, one of our best tackles, a Mission Indian by the name of Lubo developed a tubercular condition of the wrist, making it necessary to remove a considerable amount of diseased bone. Instead of quitting the game, however, he devised a leather protector that covered his arm from finger tips to elbow, and played the season through without a whimper. An outstanding lineman on the team at the time was Martin Wheelock, and just before a clash with Cornell poor Martin came down with pleurisy and I ordered him to the hospital.

"No, no!" he cried. "Why, Pop, it's nothing at all. Please don't keep me out of the game."

"But you can't run, Martin," I said.

"Change me from guard to center," he suggested eagerly. "Then I won't have to run."

Our reserves were always scanty at Carlisle and out of my need for every man I was finally induced to agree. My brother Bill was captain of Cornell that year and, meeting him just before the game, he asked me about my team.

"So-so," I shrugged. "I've got a sick lad at center and a one-armed chap at guard."

"Say!" he exclaimed. "We don't want to play a bunch of cripples."

"Don't worry, old boy," I grinned. "You'll find 'em lively enough."

An Off-Day for Carlisle

And Bill did. Lubo gave him all he could handle, and as for Wheelock, he kept the opposing center on his back most of the afternoon, besides kicking a goal from the field. The play of the two cripples was the outstanding feature of the game, and a principal factor in our 10 to 6 victory. That evening Bill staggered up to me and whispered:

"Thank the Lord those boys weren't feeling well."

Jim Thorpe, particularly, had the heart of a lion. Once he played Harvard with a heavily bandaged leg and a badly swollen ankle but, although every movement must have been an agony, not once did he take time out. Because of these injuries, and also because I knew that Harvard expected Jim to carry the ball on every play, I switched the plan of attack, and used him only as interference through the entire first half.

It was a bitterly fought game, with Percy Haughton throwing in a brand-new team in the last quarter while we were compelled to hold to our original line-up, and as Jim saw the day going against us, he forgot his wrenched leg and sprained ankle, and called for the ball.

"And get out of my way," he gritted. "I mean to do some real running."

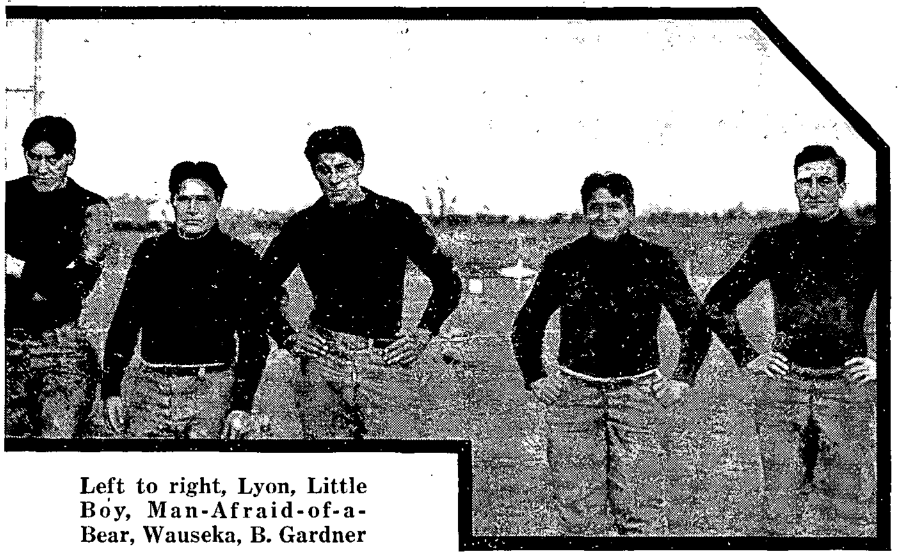
And how that Indian did run! After the game one of the Harvard men told me that trying to tackle the big Indian was like trying to stop a steam engine. Just to make victory sure he kicked four field goals with his swollen ankle, one of them from the forty-eight-yard line! Gardner, a star end, had his leg wrenched and his jaw broken in a game with Chicago, and played on to the finish without telling me a word about it, afraid I would send in a substitute.

The Miniature Steam-Roller

The players at Carlisle were always light in weight compared to college teams and I remember but one team that averaged as much as 170 pounds. Naturally, one would not expect great power attack from boys as light as that, yet it is a fact that, while spectacular tricky plays received special emphasis in the press, the Indians won most of their games by faster, lower line-charging, good blocking and deadly tackling. Throughout my service at Carlisle I never had a team that could not consistently hit a line and make good on off-tackle plays, and the redskins were noted for their fierce and effective tackling.

Nikifer Shouchuk, an Eskimo from the Arctic Circle, weighed only 165 pounds, yet he more than held his own with the best centers of the day. I remember a Harvard game when Carl Marshall, the captain, openly criticized his own center for allowing Nikifer to push him out of nearly every play. "A big fellow like you," he exclaimed, "weighing twice as much as that little Indian, and letting him carry you around on his back all afternoon!"

Nikifer was a bright lad, and learned English quickly, but I sometimes doubted if he understood the signals.



Left to right, Lyon, Little Boy, Man-Afraid-of-a-Bear, Wauseka, B. Gardner

So one day I called him over and asked, "Nik, what do you do on 15-25-36?"

"Me run," he replied happily. "Yes, sirree, Mister Pop. Me run most fast."

In this matter of courage, another thing to be borne in mind is that Carlisle was a "road team," for, owing to the fact that we had no stadium and not even a decent grandstand all games were played away from home. No rooters followed us, we had no cheer leaders and no "old grads" to bellow encouragement, so that the Indian boys played in an alien and oftentimes hostile atmosphere. Once we came out on a field where thirty thousand people were chanting the songs of the opposition, joyously and continuously, and Man-Afraid-of-a-Bear, looking up at me, muttered rather ruefully, "Good thing this isn't a singing contest, hey, Pop?"

What may have helped to create the impression that the Indians lacked gameness was the way they let themselves be affected by adverse weather conditions. If the field was a sea of mud, or if snow fell, or if an icy wind was blowing, the redskins had a tendency to play listlessly and halfheartedly. This, however, was not due to lack of courage, but to their aboriginal point of view. They played entirely for pleasure, not having any "I'd die for dear old Rutgers" tradition, and as Little Boy, a big center once said to me, "Football no good fun in mud and snow."

When it comes to sportsmanship, I never want to see a finer lot of thoroughbreds than those Indians. I saw them in games against famous universities where they were slugged viciously and purposely, yet I can recall only one or two instances where an Indian repaid in kind. Bemus Pierce, perhaps the best tackle that ever played for Carlisle, was always a favorite mark, but trying to cripple his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle was about as profitable as smashing at a concrete pillar, and for the most part he merely grinned when they bashed him.

One particular afternoon, however, the opposing guard was a little rougher and dirtier than usual, and at last Bemus said, "Do that again and you're going to be sorry." Having gotten away with it three times, the fellow saw no reason why he shouldn't repeat; and when he came to, his mates were digging him out of the ground and hunting for stray pieces.

"Now play clean," Bemus placidly remarked on the next line-up, "or I'll send you to the hospital."

Who's Savage Now?

Once Pete Hauser had to be helped off the field during a game, and when I asked him what the trouble was, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Same old thing. They kneed me."

"Know who it was?" I demanded.

"Yep," he nodded.

"Well, what did you do?" I insisted, mad all over. "Didn't you say anything?"

"Indeed I did, Pop. Sure I said something. I said, 'Who's the savage now?' "

Why wouldn't I hold such a bunch of boys in my memory and in my heart? Not one of them more than five years away from tepees and blankets, yet able in so short a time to raise standards high and fine enough for any race.

Not only did I find Indians a brave and gallant lot, able to fight a losing fight as well as a winning one, but I found also that they were clean-mouthed and clean-minded to a degree that might well have served as an example for white boys. One year Carlisle was playing a very famous university, and in the middle of the game I saw the referee in a very earnest conversation with one of my players.

Below: F. Gardner, Long, Shouchuk, Old Man and Bowen

"What was the trouble?" I asked after the game. "What were you saying to the referee?"

"Well," he explained, "other fellows use much vile language all through the first half, and I tell referee such bad words very distasteful to us Carlisle boys, and we leave the game unless profanity and blasphemy brought to full stop."

I myself was taught a very valuable lesson by these so-called "savages." Having been coached by some rather hard-boiled gents during my years as a player, I took a fairly extensive vocabulary with me to Carlisle, and made full use of it. A week went by, and then many of the best players turned in their suits and announced that they were not coming out for practice any more.

It took some time to get at the trouble, but I finally learned that they "didn't like to be cussed at." I apologized, profoundly and sincerely, and should have thanked them, too, for the rebuke made me do some hard, helpful thinking, and from that day to this I have never gone in for "rough stuff."

The Indian boys gave friendship slowly, for they were a suspicious lot; but once you gained their trust, they were loyal and affectionate. I found them devoted to their race. Many a girl and boy who might have won good positions elsewhere went back to the tribe to teach and help.

Looking back, I can't remember a man on either the baseball teams or football teams who didn't take a warm interest in the "kids" of the school, and spend a large part of his spare time teaching them how to bat or punt. Gus Welch, a highly intelligent Iroquois, explained the reason to me one afternoon when he was trying to find some cast-off equipment for the youngsters.

"We want those kids to grow up big and strong," he said, "and take the lesson of health with them when they go back home. Now that we are no longer people of the chase, poor physical condition is the curse of the Indian. A game of some kind is our one chance against tuberculosis."

One of the greatest surprises that Carlisle gave me was to discover that Indians possess a very keen sense of humor. They are very quiet around strangers, but among themselves, or with whites they like and trust, they laugh and poke fun with the gayest spirit in the world. The football and baseball players delighted in practical jokes, and had a passion for inventing nicknames, all of them apt and sometimes carrying a sting. One boy was Running Nose, another the Sword Swallower from his habit of eating pie with a knife, and still another was Heap Big Talk.

One youngster on the baseball team was known as "Mule" because of his prominent ears, and as he also had a stubborn disposition the other players never lost a chance to ride him. Once in Lewisburg, where we had gone for a game with Bucknell, there were no printed menus at the hotel, and the waitress rattled off the list of meats and vegetables at top speed.

"Mule," his slow mind bewildered, turned to the boy next to him, and in his native tongue asked what the girl was saying. This teammate, with perfect gravity, looked up at the waitress and said, "My friend does not speak English so I will give you his order. Bring him half a peck of oats and some cracked corn."

There were some Hopi runners on the track team to whom modern inventions were absolutely unknown, and when they went to a city for a meet, the other boys convinced the "greenhorns" that elevator rides had to be paid for. After the events I was getting in the elevator and saw the little Hopis start for the stairs. "Hey, there," I called. "What's the idea of walking?"

"No more money," one of them answered sadly.

As a usual thing, however, it was almost impossible to get a laugh even on the worst greenhorns, for they were always at pains to watch the others carefully, doing nothing themselves until they had an example to follow. A favorite trick on a boy who had never been in a hotel before was to pour olive oil on bread, and then ask him if he didn't want some of the syrup. I have seen youngsters, rather than give the jokers a chance to laugh by showing surprise and disgust, gulp down the mess and ask for more.

Redskin Pranks

The redskins also had quite a gift for satiric comment. I remember one quarterback proudly lifting his right foot after a game in which he had kicked several field goals and asking the team to gaze upon his $10,000 toe. As it happened, he was notorious for his poor generalship, and a mate, looking up, laconically commented, "Yep, a $10,000 toe and a five-cent head."

A certain boy on the baseball team was a fancy infielder, but weak with the stick, due to his habit of keeping a foot in the water bucket when at the plate. The other players ragged him all the time for this fault and grew a bit acrid because he failed to correct it. One afternoon this particular youngster was telling about an attack of fever, and boasted that his temperature had been 108.

"Sure it wasn't your batting average?" the captain cut in.

A Preference for Harvard

Mimicry was another well-developed trait, and after every Harvard game the boys had a lot of fun parodying the Cambridge accent, even those with very little English attempting the broad A. At that, however, Harvard was the Indian idea of perfection, and whether on the football field or in the schoolroom, anything very good was always commented on as "Harvard style."

In the course of my fourteen years at Carlisle, Indian football teams covered almost the whole of the United States, and I cannot recall a hotel that was not glad to have us return. Managers often remarked to me, "They are the most gentlemanly boys we have ever had in the hotel. They are so quiet and well behaved that nobody ever knows they're around."

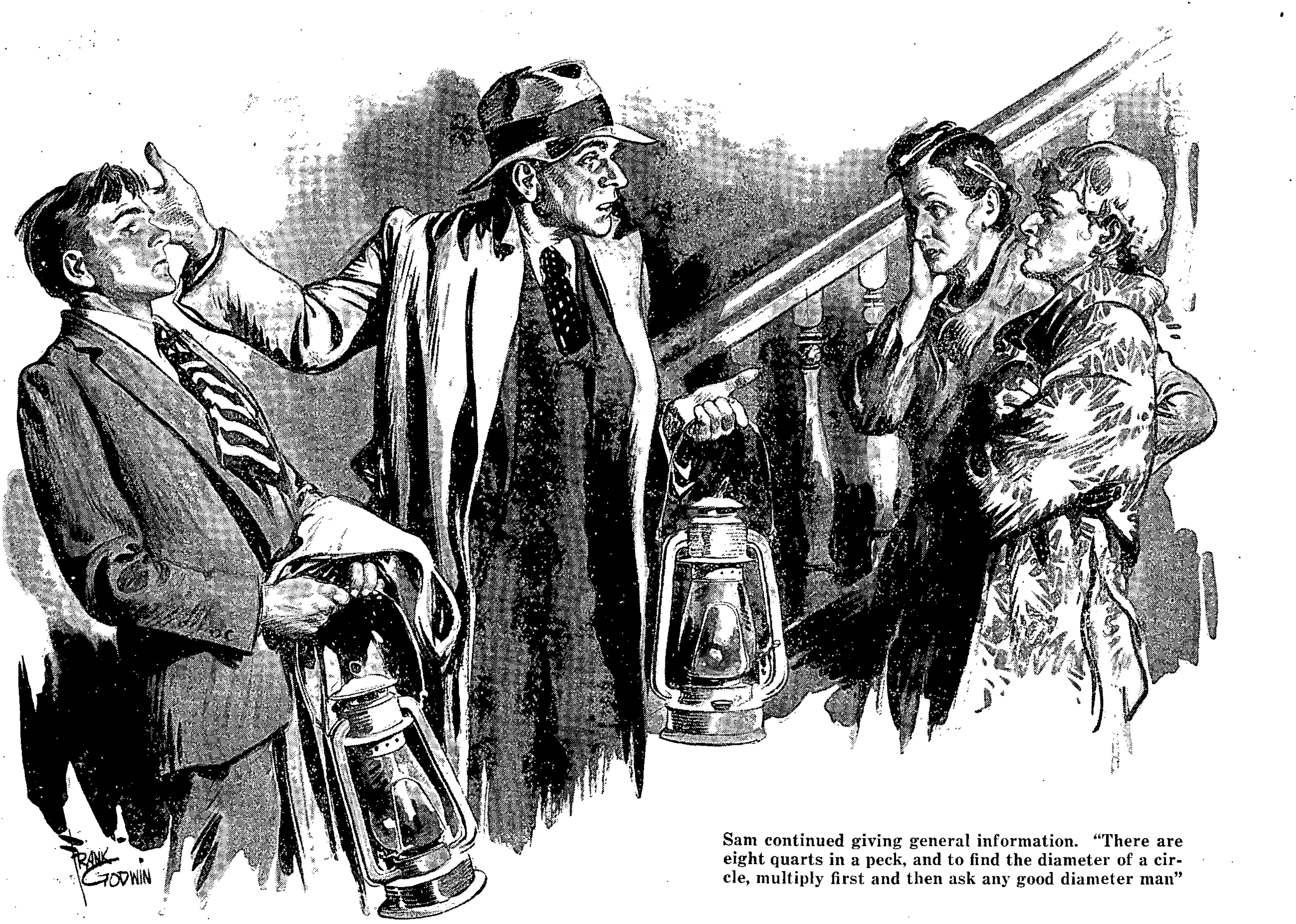
It was the custom at Carlisle to put the older students on farms during the summer, partly because it took the burden of their keep off the school, and partly because it brought the Indian lads into closer contact with white people. All were required to write regularly to some teacher, and many of the letters were remarkable not only for humor and pathos, but for their showing of ambition and aspiration. One, particularly, so impressed me that I kept a copy:

My honored School-father and Friend:

Now I am going to write to you this day and inform you how I like my place. First of all matters I would say earnestly I don't like it. I think the trouble is I am too big for him because he told me right before my face, he said he rather have a small boy so he can give him six or seven dollars a month for his labor. This was when I first came to this place, and ever since he has had the same opinion and I thought to myself sometimes as if I was here with him like a great defileth or endless defileth.

Another thing he can't give me

(Continued on page 46)



Sam continued giving general information. "There are eight quarts in a peck, and to find the diameter of a circle, multiply first and then ask any good diameter man"

Send-Off

"Augustus," said Sam, "what you need is a trip to the Congo." And that's the way it started, on a stormy winter night

By Frank Condon

"AUGUSTUS," said Mr. Chandler, speaking in his serious manner, "you should travel. You need to broaden your spiritual horizon and enlarge your scope. Your life is too narrow and eventless."

"Possibly," I agreed, lighting one of his El Florio cigars.

"You ever been to Europe?"

"No."

"Been to Africa?"

"No."

"Alaska?"

I shook my head.

"Ever been anywhere?"

"No."

Mr. Chandler wagged his head mournfully and he had a fine head for wagging at the time, for it was covered with a mighty thatch of brilliant red hair, which undulated. His was a warm blue eye that sparkled in moments of enthusiasm and turned gray when he was depressed. He was now visibly depressed and took a sip of something from the bottle.

"Perfect nonsense," he remarked, poking the fire.

"What is?"

"Everything," he said indignantly. "Here you are, working for the Murdock Publishing Corporation, and pretending to tell people facts about the Belgian Congo; you, who have never been seventeen blocks away from Sixth Avenue."

"I am recognized," I replied with quiet dignity, "as America's leading authority on matters pertaining to the Congo. Pass me that glass and stop talking nonsense."

It was quite true. I know all there is to know about the Congo. Mr. Wheeler Murdock, head of the publishing concern, had met King Leopold and was a true fanatic on the subject of the Congo. Once each month I was called upon to prepare, and did prepare, an interesting sketch of life among the savage Congo tribes, filled to the brim with statistics, such as how many pounds of rubber a rubber tree will exude if encouraged.

These statistics passed through the hands of Mr. Sam Chandler, who was now pointing out the inanity of the whole thing. Sam and I were close friends. We had many tastes in common, especially liking the same brand of beer, and as he was two years older, he generally directed my movements.

"PERFECT nonsense," he continued, "for you to go on jabbering about the Belgian Congo and cribbing elephant statistics out of books. Why don't you be a man about it?"

"What would a man do about it?"

"He'd go there, that's what he'd do. He wouldn't loaf about New York City, as you do, drooling a lot of silly facts."

"I have always wished to travel," I said earnestly. "I yearn to see the world and I would dearly love to lay an eye upon that savage land."

"Then why, in heaven's name, don't you go?"

"No money."

"Would you like to go?" he persisted, sitting up abruptly and spilling the contents of a pink glass.

I may mention in passing that the scene was Sam's beautiful rented house in Garden City, Long Island, U. S. A. The hour was eleven o'clock of a bitter night in midwinter, with a wind howling at the casement and snow nine feet deep in the front yard. I have never seen such a fearful night. The house was an enormous stone dwelling, heated simply by a fire of logs, before which we now sat in controversy.

Prohibition was on the way but had not yet arrived and a decanter passed casually back and forth between us. We toasted each other from time to time and, as the evening wore along, the flowers of conversation spilled from the crystal bowl of clarified and stimulated reflection.

Sam had been recently married and deserted, why I could never find out. The girl was a manicure or something else, and after looking at Sam and his red hair and the stone house for one week she declared her intention of returning home to Waco, Texas, to visit her mother. They separated the best of friends, and the bride stated that she would probably return.

Sam, being a lonely soul, implored me to come down and visit him in his mansion during the fair one's absence, and there we were, the two of us, toasting our toes in the glow, while the snowstorm howled in vain. For months Sam had been correcting my Congo sketches and knew all about them, and how I lifted them bodily from the works of Benjamin P. Windenhause, the great explorer.

"Wouldn't you like to go?" he asked again, quaffing a beaker and looking animated.

"Go where?"

"GO ABROAD. See the world. Start for the Congo and thus know it from having personally examined it."

"Absolutely," I agreed, reaching for the decanter.

"When would you like to start?" Sam inquired, the fancy seeming to please him.

"Tomorrow," I cried, knowing it would be utterly impossible.

"Done," said Sam, smiting the table a mighty blow and destroying three rented glasses. "Tomorrow you start for Europe, Asia and Africa. Tomorrow is the pivotal day in your career. You become a traveler and man of the world."

I laughed serenely, having no money at the time, no prospect of money, realizing the general absurdity of the enterprise. Matter of fact, I am afraid of ships and always have been, and the only man in the world more afraid of ships is Sam Chandler.

He immediately jumped up, seized a newspaper, ran his thumb down the shipping column and found that the second-class steamer Larkspur sailed for Liberia, Africa, at noon.

"There you are," he said brightly. "Steamer Larkspur. How much money have you now?"

"Sixty-three dollars," I rejoined, making a quick survey.

"Not enough," said he. "You've got to get some more."

"You don't really think," I said, alarmed at his persistence, "that I ought to go abroad tomorrow morning?"

"Tomorrow noon. The Larkspur is a very good ship, for a second-class ship. You're a lucky fellow. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Just right. A man should see Africa before he is thirty. A man should see everything before he is thirty. After thirty, the faculties begin to disintegrate."

"I might not be able to get ready by tomorrow," I said. "It's midnight now."

"YOU'LL be ready," he declared in his firm way. "You need *broadening* and here's the chance you've been waiting for. When you return to the job, your sketches will have the golden ring of authority."

"In that case," I said, "we ought to be starting now."

"This minute," he agreed heartily. "Nothing like doing a thing immediately."

"Mrs. Brawley," I said anxiously, "Mrs. Brawley won't like this at all, Sam."

"Mrs. Brawley bedam!" he returned. "Why should that woman be consulted? Are you going to leave your future in the hands of a mere boarding-house keeper?"

However, Mrs. Brawley had to be considered, for, as uncertain as my feeble wages were at the hands of Mr. Murdock and Sam, who was general manager of the plant; weak as were my bank connections, credit and balance, still and all, Mrs. Brawley depended upon me, leaned upon me with complete confidence and trusted me. I was the only boarder, not through choice, but by force of circumstance, and if I suddenly stepped out for Africa on the steamer Larkspur, carrying off sixty-three dollars, it would leave the boarding-house business high and dry.

Mrs. Brawley was a friendly old soul, a widow and a lady with no real talent for boarding. She was too soft-hearted. She possessed, among other things, a grown daughter, Melvina, who had been growing twelve years too long, and for many months there was a rumor afloat concerning Melvina and me. The rumor was to the effect that Melvina and I would some day be one, thus settling the turbulent future of the Brawleys. I took no stock in this gossip, feeling pretty sure in my mind that Melvina and I would always be two. Melvina was the kind of woman whose stockings are always wrinkled, and no man can put up with a garterless female.

Therefore, when Sam suggested that Mrs. Brawley bedam, I simply pointed to the conditions, for a man cannot rush off suddenly to Africa, leaving a couple of stricken women behind him, marooned in an empty boarding house.

"You're going to Africa," Sam roared, pouring himself a lumberman's notion of a nightcap, "and you're going tomorrow."

"Very well," I said resignedly. "After all, Sam, you are my employer, in a manner of speaking. If you believe I ought to go, I shall do so without further comment."

"First thing is to pack up," he declared. "What have you got to pack?"

"Two shirts, a bicycle pump and a set of Dickens," I answered immediately.

Of course, I owned more than two shirts—possibly three, if I recall—but what I meant was that my packing could be done expeditiously. My possessions were few. The luggage consisted of a green suitcase of imitation leather, partly peeled off, and a grass suitcase, with the grass gone.

WE LOUNGED there before the blaze, heaving in an occasional grog and discussing the outlook of a business man about to go abroad for the first time.

"You will be seasick, of course," Sam announced. "When you feel the pangs coming on don't look at the ocean."

"Certainly not. I shall pick out a cornfield, or possibly a lemon grove, and look at it intently."

"Keep your eyes off the water," he continued, counting on his fingers, "and breathe regularly. Also carry in your pocket a small slice of bacon. Bite off a bit of bacon whenever you seem to be getting very ill."

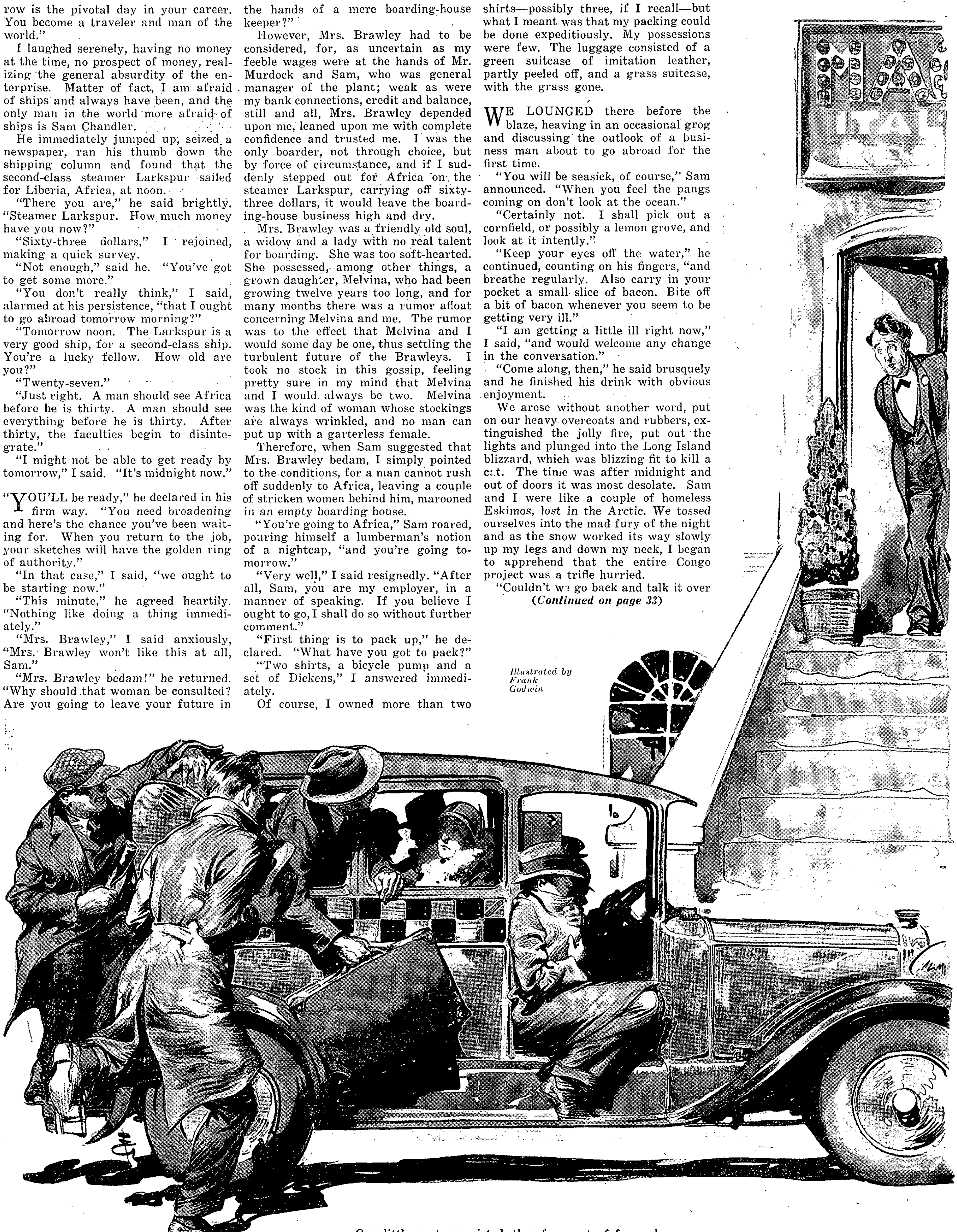
"I am getting a little ill right now," I said, "and would welcome any change in the conversation."

"Come along, then," he said brusquely and he finished his drink with obvious enjoyment.

We arose without another word, put on our heavy overcoats and rubbers, extinguished the jolly fire, put out the lights and plunged into the Long Island blizzard, which was blizzing fit to kill a cat. The time was after midnight and out of doors it was most desolate. Sam and I were like a couple of homeless Eskimos, lost in the Arctic. We tossed ourselves into the mad fury of the night and as the snow worked its way slowly up my legs and down my neck, I began to apprehend that the entire Congo project was a trifle hurried.

"Couldn't we go back and talk it over

(*Continued on page 33*)



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Our little party consisted, therefore, not of four when we reached the Italian red-ink joint, but of eight or nine

The way to beat a big town is to go out and beat it. Anyone can do it, if he's—

Strong Enough

By Samuel Merwin

HOMER LACKLAND left his home in Tonti, Illinois, on his twenty-first birthday, with a suitcase, a banjo and a portable typewriter, to try the great adventure in New York.

He was a big, personable youth, with freckles across the bridge of his nose, lightish hair and rather moody brown eyes. Women usually gave him a second glance; a fact of which he was aware. In fact, he felt a bit slighted if they didn't.

His savings, some two hundred dollars, had dwindled to less than a hundred and thirty by the time he'd settled himself in the day coach at Chicago. But that, he figured, would be plenty. Bad as the times were, he'd find work. He always did. If it came to that, he could wait on table, drive somebody's auto, jerk soda, conduct a trolley car, even dig up the streets. With his six feet two inches of height and his hundred and ninety-eight pounds of hard muscle, he wasn't afraid of work. He wasn't afraid of anything.

At high school he'd played football and baseball, and he'd wrestled. He was good at this last. During three or four Augusts and Septembers, he'd wrestled in a modestly professional way at county fairs and once at the state fair. He played the banjo quite well, and crooned jazz melodies with all the fervor of a prairie radio artist. He had written sports, off and on, for years, for the Tonti Daily Herald. Old Mr. Julius Cable, editor of that paper, had a son who was managing editor of the New York Clarion. On this son—John Cable—Homer counted strongly. His one overmastering ambition was to write sports on a big metropolitan daily. He'd be a personage then. And a personage he meant to be.

Before evening, on that New York train, he fell in with an attractive chap of twenty-three who (as the eager Homer soon drew out) weighed two hundred and twenty-two and stood six foot three on his bare heels. The name was Gibby Hone. By pure coincidence, a wrestler. Known in a business way as Tornado Tanner. Homer placed him then. You heard of that one, now and again, over beyond the Mississippi. Gibby had had, it appeared, a far from agreeable time in the stable of Devil Dan McQuiddry, wrestling through Missouri and Oklahoma, and was now all set to break into the Big Time in New York. The next day, as the train rolled along through the upper New York State hills, which were gay with autumn colors, Gibby got out his big scrapbook of clippings. To Homer these were most impressive.

THE youths found more and more in common as the twenty-six hours of the journey rolled away. Each of them gloried in his clean young body. Neither had ever tasted liquor or smoked. Gibby said that the one thing they'd have to guard against in the Big Town was women. He said they were fierce in New York. He'd heard a thing or two. Since the subject was interesting they talked it over for hours in guarded voices. The thing, said Gibby, was simply to leave the janes alone. Altogether. And Homer, with an emotional flutter which he saw no good in mentioning, agreed.

Gibby had an address on Eighth Avenue near the new Madison Square Garden where you could rent furnished rooms. He knew a wrestler who had lived there. So they marched across town, carrying their luggage; two huge amiable young men who had been awed in the beginning by the splendors and immensities of the Grand Central Station, who were excited by the overpowering rush of the traffic, amazed by the buildings that leaped into the very sky, bewildered by the smartness and beauty and by that unique metropolitan air of ruling the earth and ruling it with a hard laugh.

Eighth Avenue, however, was dingy. The flat building proved to be an old four-story structure of red brick with a ground floor given over to an Italian restaurant with curtained windows on one side of the entrance and on the other a pet store with a window full of puppies that looked as if they might grow up into almost anything.

"Zebras, maybe," observed Gibby; and they laughed with suppressed excitement. Both needed outlets for their pent-up feelings, and almost any little gag was outlet enough.

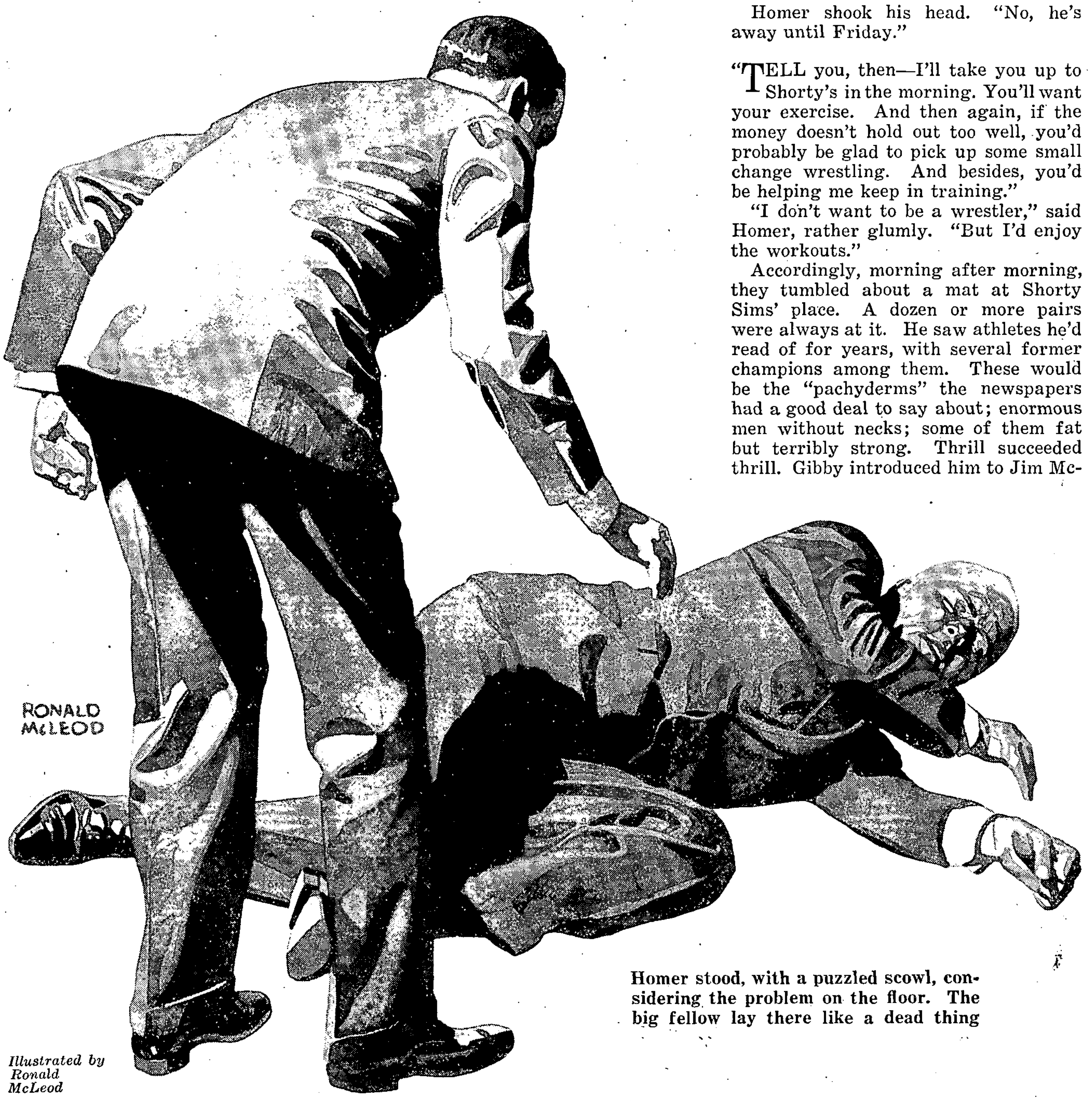
At last they found themselves in Homer's room on the top floor, with that eager young man unpacking while Gibby's big frame sprawled on the box couch. They couldn't say much. Gibby was pretty quiet anyway, and just a bit slow in bringing his mind around to any fresh topic. But his feelings ran deep, Homer knew.

WHEN they stopped before Madison Square Garden, just down the Avenue, staring at it, he'd seen the big fellow's Adam's apple work up and down convulsively. And he himself had remarked, with a hearty slap on those big shoulders—"How about seeing Tornado Tanner up there in the lights some fine night, eh, Gibby?" They'd laughed over that, too.

The room was small. The single window gave on an airshaft, so they left the door open for ventilation.

"Some city!" mused Gibby, in a husky voice.

"You said it!" observed Homer.



Homer stood, with a puzzled scowl, considering the problem on the floor. The big fellow lay there like a dead thing

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The door of the room was open. Footsteps sounded in the hall. A girl passed—a pretty girl, rather dark, walking with a snap on her heels—and unlocked the door just beyond. A second girl appeared, an outright beauty; a pale blonde with great violet eyes; very young, hardly more than a child (thought Homer). She hesitated and looked. The two boys stared. Then she vanished and that next door closed.

"Yeah!" Homer, whose pulse was skipping beats, felt that he'd better say something. "Yeah. Don't see but what I'll be comfortable enough here. And only four bucks a week. Not so bad."

The next morning Gibby set forth for a place known as Shorty Sims' gym, where, he explained, Paul Carrigan's stable of wrestlers worked out every day. They met at dinner time and went out to a cafeteria over near Times Square.

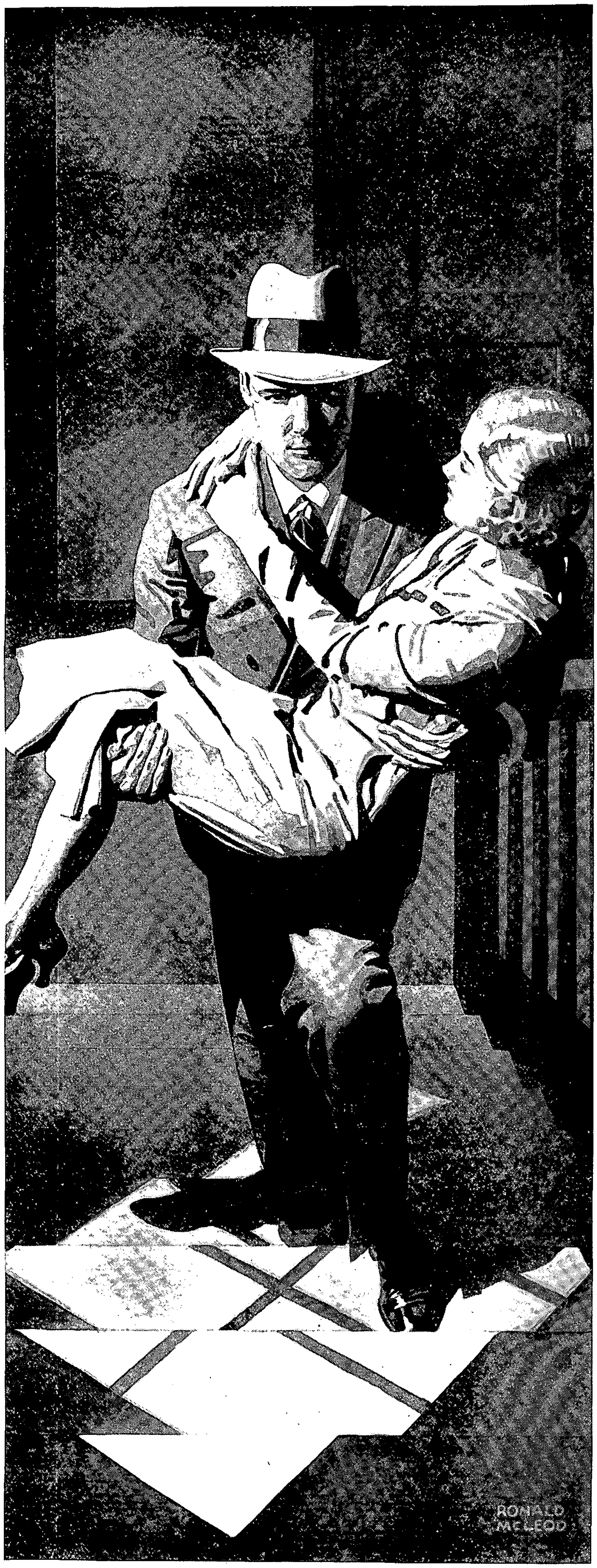
"Well, kid," observed Gibby, when they had assembled their food at a table, "I'm fixed up fine. Carrigan watched me himself for a while. And Jim McWilliams took me on for more'n an hour. He comes from your state, you know. Used to play football at Illinois. He thinks Carrigan might give me a break in the Friday night show at the armory. In one of the prelims, of course. But it wouldn't be so bad, would it now? . . . How about you? Find your Mr. Cable?"

Homer shook his head. "No, he's away until Friday."

"TELL you, then—I'll take you up to Shorty's in the morning. You'll want your exercise. And then again, if the money doesn't hold out too well, you'd probably be glad to pick up some small change wrestling. And besides, you'd be helping me keep in training."

"I don't want to be a wrestler," said Homer, rather glumly. "But I'd enjoy the workouts."

Accordingly, morning after morning, they tumbled about a mat at Shorty Sims' place. A dozen or more pairs were always at it. He saw athletes he'd read of for years, with several former champions among them. These would be the "pachyderms" the newspapers had a good deal to say about; enormous men without necks; some of them fat but terribly strong. Thrill succeeded thrill. Gibby introduced him to Jim Mc-



"How big and strong you are!" she murmured

Williams. That really great wrestler, who was at this time looked upon as a coming champion, made the two of them known to Paul Carrigan himself.

"Well, boys," remarked the expert manager and showman, "glad to see you here. Not a bad-looking pair at all. Keep around, and I might be able to stick you in some night."

On Thursday morning Carrigan informed Gibby that he planned giving him a trial the following evening in a twenty-minute preliminary bout. The big fellow's face was impassive, but his eyes shone.

"Are you going to let me wrestle, Mr. Carrigan?" he asked, quietly. "Or, have I got to take it?"

"You can wrestle your head off, my boy," replied the manager. "I don't care who wins. I want to know how good you are. See? You'll go in with the big Albanian. One tough baby."

GIBBY decided to stay on through the afternoon for a little more work, so Homer walked back alone. He stopped as usual outside the flat building to chuckle over the puppies; then entered and began mounting the three flights.

As he turned on the second floor he heard a lightly running step above. It was the blond girl, coming down.

Midway of the flight she caught her high heel on a step and sank down with a moan. When he reached her side she looked white and sick with pain. Gently he lifted the injured foot.

He knelt there a moment, considering the situation. "Guess I'd better carry you up," he said.

"Oh, that's awfully good of you, but . . ." The color was creeping back into her satiny cheeks. From under the long fringes that veiled the violet eyes she was looking up and down his big and supple body.

He picked her up. "My," he thought, "she's just a wisp. Don't believe she weighs a hundred pounds."

She settled comfortably in his firm grasp, sliding her arms about his neck and pillowing the blond head on his shoulder. She smelled of violets.

"How big and strong you are!" she murmured. This was on the third flight.

He stopped. His arms tightened a little about the slim body. For a moment they were motionless. He hadn't felt so out of breath in years. Finally, slowly, she tipped back her head and looked up into his eyes, inquiringly. There was the delicate, lovely face, so near to his that they almost touched. He couldn't have explained how their lips met, but meet they did, hers responding sensitively to the pressure of his.

SHE drew her face away. "For heaven's sake!" she whispered. "Anybody might see us! Please take me up!"

She knocked on the door of that back room with her free hand (he hadn't spoken). The little dark girl let them in, and cried— "Why, Alice!"

So that was her name. Alice! It stirred him. He was flushing, and knew it; but little Miss Alice seemed at ease. Girls were like that, he reflected. They were always wiser than men about covering their feelings.

"I caught my heel on the stairs, Bert," she explained. "This gentleman was just coming in, and he brought me up here."

Homer laid her on a box couch. He was gathering up his scattered wits. There was no sense in going completely cuckoo. Just because he'd happened to kiss a pretty girl.

"I'll tell you," he said, turning to the dark girl, "if you'll take off the shoe and stocking, we'll soak it in hot bandages for a while and then I'll rub it. I know something about that sort of thing."

"Will I be laid up?" Alice asked.

"Oh, no. Be a good plan to use it some. Just be careful not to turn it again."

A LITTLE later he went to his room and got his banjo. He knew now that their names were Alice Elder and Bertha Waterson, and that they were young actresses who had been out of work for more than a year. While he picked at his banjo and crooned soft melodies, Bert set to work making an omelet on a tiny electric stove. They both insisted that he stay. And as he crooned on he knew every minute that those fringed violet eyes were fairly hanging on him. So he took extra pains in shaping the light floating tones. It seemed to him that he was really singing rather well. The girls said pleasant things, and egged him on to sing and sing. Finally Alice cried, "Why, you're perfectly wonderful!"

He spoke to them of his ambition to win a place on the Clarion; and explained that his friend Gibby was a professional wrestler.

The two girls exchanged a quick glance at that. Bert, he thought, lifted her eyebrows; but nothing was said.

In the room that evening he told Gibby—oh, in an offhand way—about having to pick "the blonde" up and carry her to her room. "They seem to be nice girls," he added. "Introduce you if you like."

Gibby said no. "Not just now. Anyhow, I'm going to bed."

"But it's only nine o'clock."

"Yeah, but I happen to be wrestling in New York tomorrow night. Makes a difference. Ta-ta!"

LEFT alone, Homer sat for a time on the couch before getting out his banjo. He had a queer trance-like feeling, as if he'd slipped his moorings and was floating off in space. It made him so restless that he went out for a short walk.

One thing that bothered him was the money problem. His hundred and thirty-odd dollars had dwindled to a hundred and six. He couldn't imagine how. There was food, of course; it took a lot of that to feed big fellows like himself and Gibby. There were the gym expenses, and one ball game, and the pictures, and a lot of subway fares. And, of course, the unaccountable general leakage. That seemed to go on day and night, whatever you did, even while you slept. He chuckled ruefully over that bit of humor.

Soon he returned. One bright thought was that on the morrow he would see John Cable. It certainly was a good thing to have friends at court. He'd have to go on. And with the dainty person of Alice Elder floating always before the inner eye of his imagination, he found himself less keen about jerking soda and digging up pavements.

Slowly, moodily, for him, he mounted the first flight. In the hallway of the second floor he heard voices and paused. One, a feminine voice, seemed to be protesting, even crying out as if in pain. The man's voice, cutting in, was rough.

Suddenly a girl—Alice!—darted out of a room and ran, limping, for the stairs. A man, a big fellow, about Gibby's height but older and heavier, tore out after her. Homer, with a forward leap, caught his arm and whirled him with a thump against the wall.

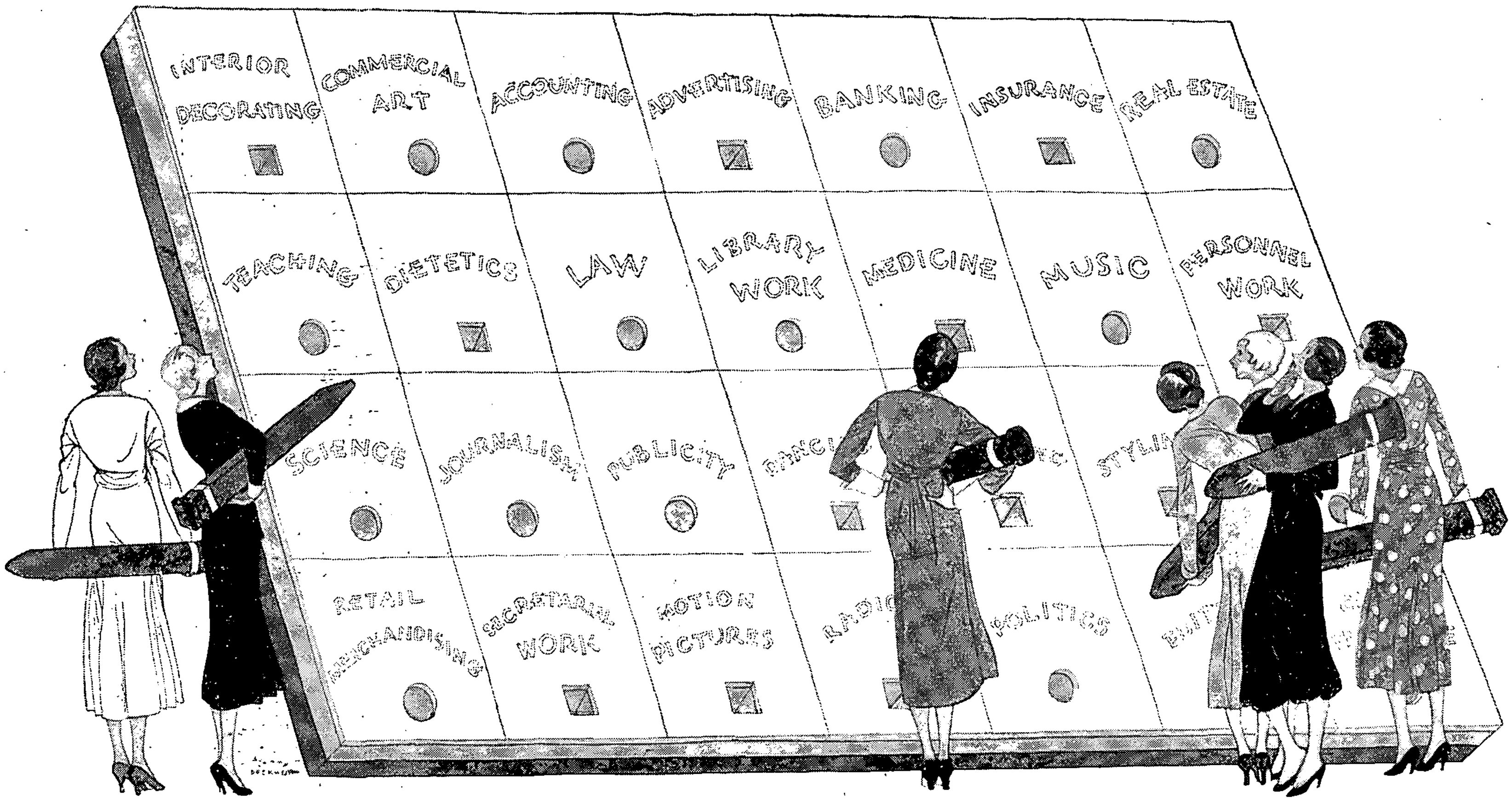
The man stared at him out of an ugly face. He had big shoulders and almost no neck. The head was small, with hair clipped close to the scalp.

"What in hell—" he began.

"Just a word of advice, stranger," said Homer. "Let that girl alone!"

The man drew up his fist and swelled out his barrel of a chest. He aimed a

(Continued on page 38)



Careful analysis of talents and jobs keeps square pegs out of round holes

This Way Up

All sorts of vocations are open to women these days. Figure out your own possibilities before you pick your job, and the probabilities are that you'll make good

By Margaret Norris

A WOMAN executive of a real estate firm, her name in gold letters on the door, was asked how she got her excellent job.

"By the trial-and-error method," was her answer. "For ten years I fumbled with teaching, banking, publicity, and in each case quit through sheer boredom or was fired for inefficiency. Then I stumbled into real estate, liked it and—well, here I am."

Among women in their late thirties or forties, this is a common experience. The prominent woman banker was once a research worker. The successful author served her term as a trudging, drudging teacher. The stylist who commutes between New York and Paris on a dazzling expense account may have earned her first pay check taking dictation—from a man who fired her.

Occasionally we find a woman who has followed one clear star since youth. Mary Dillon at seventeen was a stenographer in the gas company of which she is now president. Lillian Gilbreth has been an engineer since her student days. But such women are exceptions to the rule of their decade. The majority had to change jobs to climb.

"And why not?" asks one of them. "When I started earning my living twenty years ago no interesting work was ladylike."

But the war changed this. Today women do everything. Records list at present one hundred and sixty-one vocational occupations in which women are actively engaged—in some of which they have the bulge on the men. With such a variety of work from which to choose, asks the vocational expert, why not choose the right thing in the beginning instead of fumbling around?

"I was in merchandising seven years before I got into banking," wails a young woman of thirty-five, just beginning to get ahead in the branch office of a Wall Street bank. "If I'd got into banking in the first place, how much farther along I'd be now!"

A woman may be driven to make a change through sheer boredom with her work; by the sharp yelpings of the wolf; by a driving ambition that will not be stilled; or, perhaps, by mere exigencies of chance. Chance often hurls one toward fame.

When Amelia Earhart flew the Atlantic she was a social worker. Before that she was a teacher. Both were bread-and-butter jobs. But by way of adding a little jam to the sometimes dull daily portion, she learned to pilot an airplane and was the first woman to receive an international pilot's license.

Then opportunity came along—a chance to fly the Atlantic with Wilmer Stultz and "Slim" Gordon. Huddled forward in the fuselage of the plane, wedged in between the gas tanks, Amelia Earhart did not take the controls. She was only a passenger. It was partly luck and partly grit, as she admits herself, eager to place credit only where credit is due.

Great Things from Little Jobs

Nevertheless, she was the first woman to complete the hazardous flight. Today she is vice president of an airway line between Washington and New York, the only woman in the world with an executive position of this nature.

Ann Harding, stage and screen star, was, less than ten years ago, a clerk in a big life insurance company. This clever young actress, whom you may have seen in her many successful films, started earning her living as a file clerk, lost in a great organization. But because Ann Harding was smart enough to realize she had a talent to develop, she abandoned filing for something more suited to her abilities.

But the old trial-and-error method of job-finding is going out of date. Women who try it find it too expensive in income and time. Vocational experts deplore it and say it is no longer necessary. Fifteen years ago, perhaps, but not now.

According to Harriet Houghton, director of vocational work in the American Woman's Association, the young woman should select her job as carefully as she selects her husband. Unless it suits her it means mostly trouble.

"Ten years ago," says Miss Houghton, "the general-utility girl, the capable, all-around Jack-of-all-trades could make a place for herself. Today it's the specialist everyone wants. The girl who would get ahead should decide the thing she likes best to do and hew to that straight line. Unless her work dovetails with her interests, how can she hope to be successful?

"When daily work is congenial it ceases to be drudgery. If it also brings a whiff of success, it may be thrilling. But if the woman and her job are incompatible, that is the surest ground for divorce. Sooner or later will come a rupture. The intelligent way for a girl to find the right thing is to look before she leaps—analyze the job and analyze herself and see how the two match up."

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

The girl with a wanderlust is usually unhappy in an office

A Catechism for Job Seekers

Vocational experts have done a great deal to organize women's work and help guide the aspirant through the maze of green fields that beckon alluringly toward the one for which she is best fitted by training and natural ability. The American Woman's Association has suggested a kind of catechism through which the bewildered young job seeker might put herself to advantage and thus avoid painful errors.

Question No. 1 should be: Am I smart enough for the job? Have I the brains it requires?

Professions like law, medicine, architecture, demand a high grade of intelligence. Unless a girl has brains with a capital B she may be weeded out in the keen competition.

Question No. 2: Am I strong enough? Have I the brawn as well as the brains? The most thrilling jobs are often the most fatiguing. The girl reporter travels miles on her beat and does not always go in taxis. The woman physician loses sleep and is constantly exposed to

(*Continued on page 45*)

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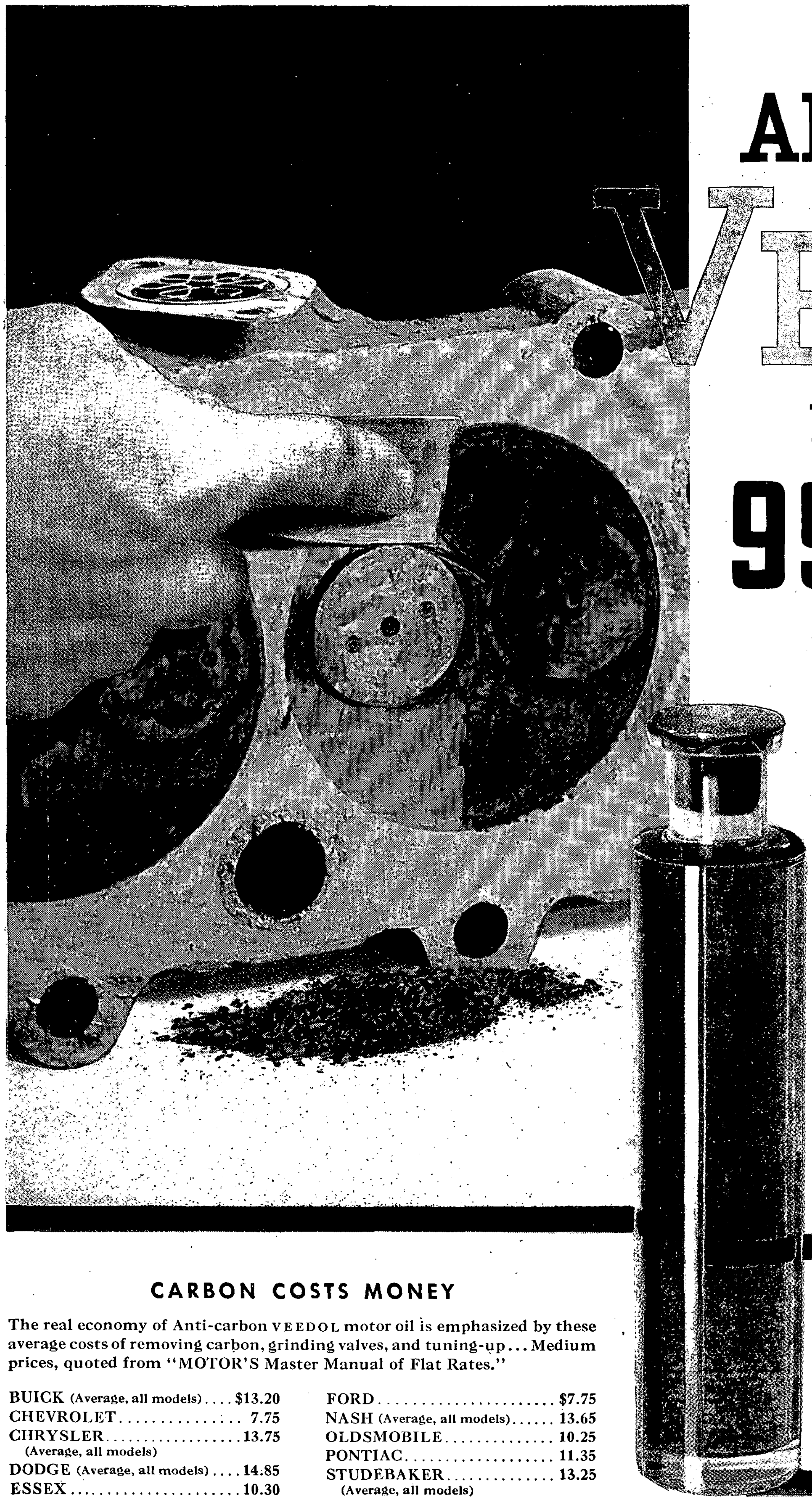
Carbon Causes "Knocks"



USE THE NEW ANTI-CARBON VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

99.1% CARBON FREE

THICK, flinty crusts of carbon on pistons prevent proper compression, cause pre-ignition and "knocking."

Valves that are pitted, burned, and unseated by carbon pull down speed, cut off power.

Why invite trouble, delay, repair bills? Use the New Anti-carbon VEEDOL motor oil.

Anti-carbon VEEDOL is 99.1% carbon-free. $2,000,000 spent for new refining equipment which takes out the carbon-forming residue, makes it so clear and carbon-free you can read a newspaper through it.

Anti-carbon VEEDOL is 100% Pennsylvania made 100% better. Heat-proof. Cold-proof. Without a price-premium. Try it once and you will buy it always.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

CARBON COSTS MONEY

The real economy of Anti-carbon VEEDOL motor oil is emphasized by these average costs of removing carbon, grinding valves, and tuning-up... Medium prices, quoted from "MOTOR'S Master Manual of Flat Rates."

BUICK (Average, all models)	$13.20	FORD	$7.75
CHEVROLET	7.75	NASH (Average, all models)	13.65
CHRYSLER (Average, all models)	13.75	OLDSMOBILE	10.25
DODGE (Average, all models)	14.85	PONTIAC	11.35
ESSEX	10.30	STUDEBAKER (Average, all models)	13.25

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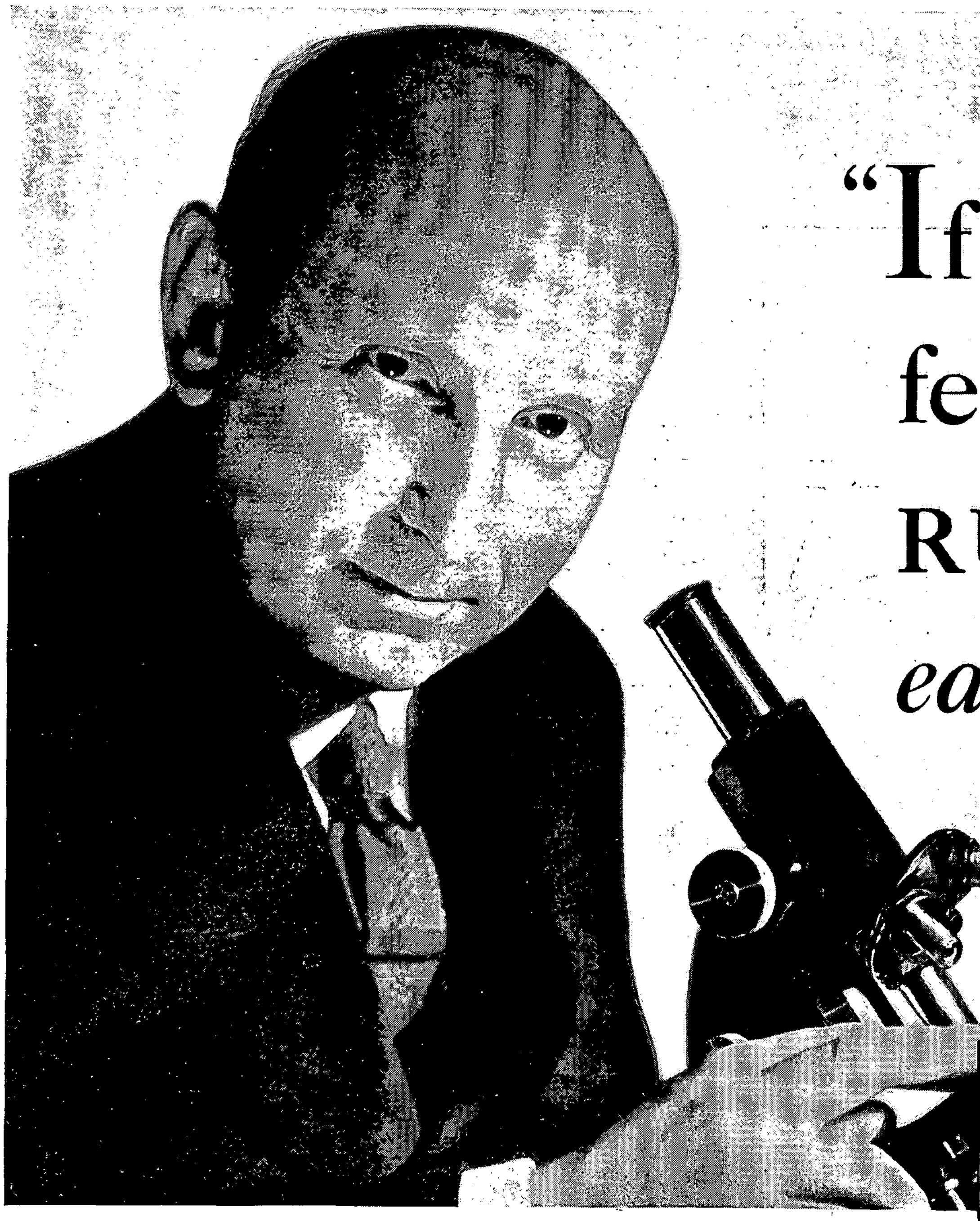
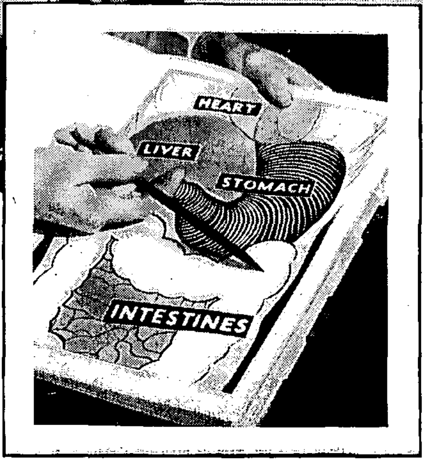


"If you're feeling RUN-DOWN, *eat fresh yeast*"

urges DR. BUYTENDIJK, *the noted Medical Educator*



(LEFT)

POISONS from sluggish intestines cause headaches, skin troubles, unnatural fatigue, etc. Fresh yeast "tones" and cleanses the intestines—renews "pep."

Read about this simple way to banish "That Tired Feeling"

APPETITE GONE. Vitality lacking. Subject to headaches, to frequent colds, to fits of "the blues" . . .

So many people are like that . . . when they could so easily be really "peppy" and well! *If they would only read what famous doctors say!*

For example:—

"When the appetite is poor—when there is a feeling of weakness and irritability, I would advise eating fresh yeast."

There are the words of one of the foremost medical experts in Europe today . . . of Professor Dr. F. J. J. Buytendijk, director of the famous Physiological University Institute, of Groningen, Holland. He adds:—

"Fresh yeast increases secretion of the gastric and intestinal juices and causes regular movements of the intestines . . . It keeps the intestinal and digestive tube clean . . . combats headaches, general fatigue and other symptoms of constipation."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and stimulates your whole intestinal tract. At the same time it softens the daily accumulations of body wastes.

Thus poison-forming matter in your system is promptly and regularly removed. Complexion blemishes disappear. Better appetite, better digestion and more abundant energy are yours!

Try it! Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water or any way you like. Each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

"My own doctor advised yeast"

"I am a nurse," *writes* Miss Garnett Kendall *of Dayton, Ohio.* "Recently the strain of my work began to tell on me. I felt run-down, my system was sluggish and my complexion bad. My doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to clear my blood and tone up my system . . . Very soon my sluggishness left completely, my complexion cleared up—I felt like a new person!"

FAMOUS ZURICH HOSPITAL HEAD SAYS:

DR. WALTER LUETHOLD, physician-in-chief of the celebrated Theodosianum Hospital, Zurich, Switzerland, declares, "Fresh yeast cleanses the digestive and intestinal tract . . . Cases of a generally run-down condition show prompt improvement."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

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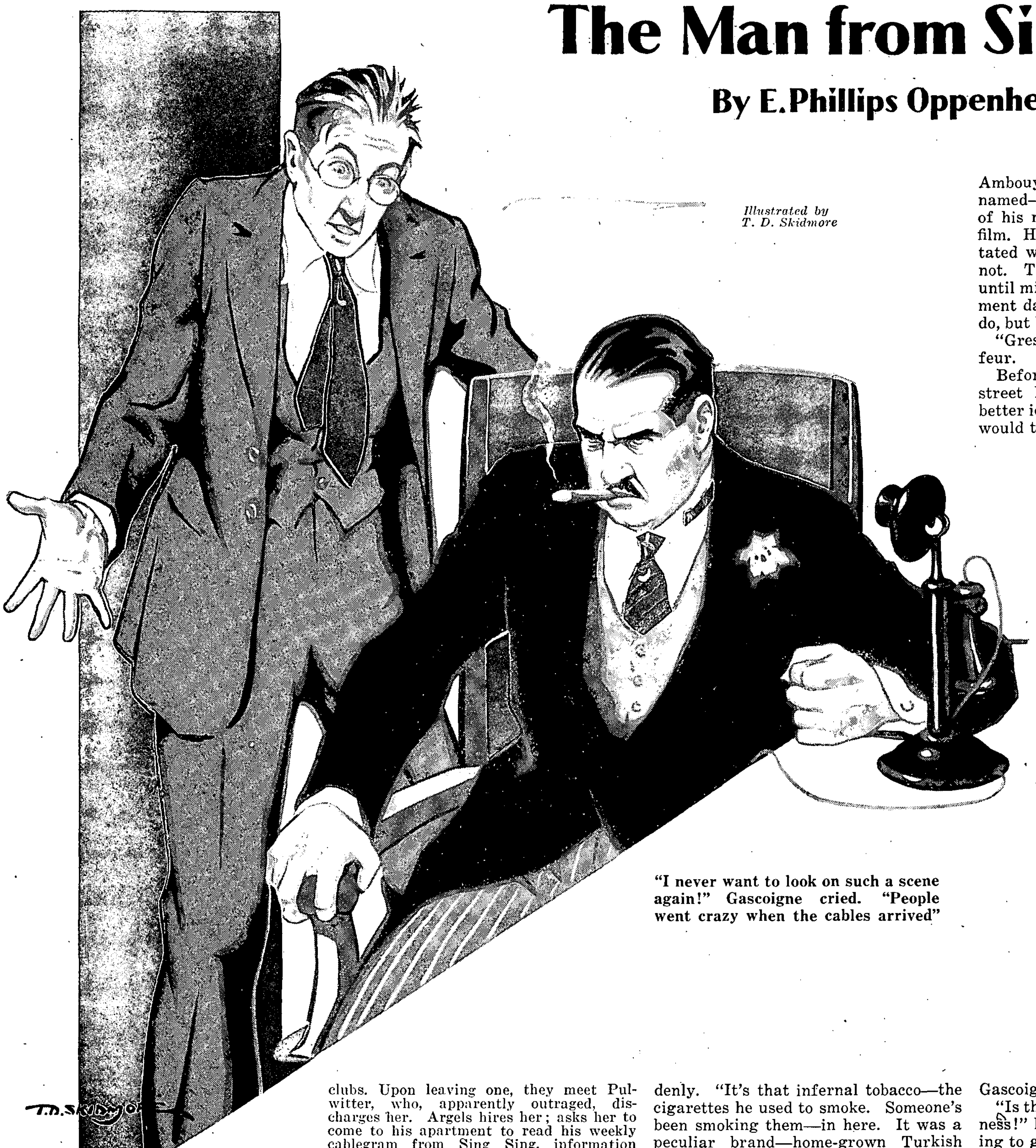
The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore



"I never want to look on such a scene again!" Gascoigne cried. "People went crazy when the cables arrived"

The Story Thus Far:

MORAN CHAMBERS, a financier, is sent to Sing Sing by the perjury of one of his partners, Reuben Argels. Argels goes to London, becomes a gambling speculator. Andrew Pulwitter, Argels' other partner, now his enemy, also establishes himself in London, and later Chambers, escaped from prison by leaving a well-paid double in his stead, arrives as "Pulwitter's nephew, Gordon Phayle."

Argels makes millions in the "bull" market and becomes the talk of London. But Pulwitter and "Gordon Phayle," ruthless and brilliant, plot his ruin. They induce Pulwitter's secretary, Violet Withers, to "betray" them to Argels; she gives him misinformation on Pulwitter's investments, and Argels acts on her "tips," invests very heavily. Ambouyna Kotinzi, a famous motion-picture actress who loves Moran Chambers, knowing that Argels loves her, tries to wheedle from him documents that will clear Moran. But she does not succeed.

Argels, whose fear of Moran has become a terrifying obsession, needing sympathy, confesses his fear to Violet Withers, and often asks her to accompany him to night clubs. Upon leaving one, they meet Pulwitter, who, apparently outraged, discharges her. Argels hires her; asks her to come to his apartment to read his weekly cablegram from Sing Sing, information about "Moran Chambers." There they encounter burglars, are bound and gagged. Later they discover that the documents that will free Moran Chambers have been taken. Argels reads the cablegram: "Moran Chambers" is dead in Sing Sing. Relieved, he plunges heavily in the market.

The real Chambers makes a hasty trip to New York with the stolen documents and returns; his name is cleared; he is officially dead and cremated; he is now free and turns to complete the ruin of Argels.

Argels is breaking; although he believes Chambers dead, he is still terrified. Ambouyna sends for him to let him invest in her new picture (she knows it is going to fail). He is delighted, eager to invest. While talking to her he is seized with hysteria; he senses the living presence of Moran Chambers, whom he knows to be dead!

IX

"WHAT'S the matter?" Argels repeated. "I don't know, I can't tell you. There's something in this room reminds me—of him!"

She moved to the sideboard and mixed him a whisky-and-soda.

He drained the contents of the glass she handed him. It gave him courage, but there was still a puzzled expression in his face.

"I know what it is," he exclaimed suddenly. "It's that infernal tobacco—the cigarettes he used to smoke. Someone's been smoking them—in here. It was a peculiar brand—home-grown Turkish and Egyptian blended. Someone has been smoking those cigarettes in this room! Who is it?"

"My dear friend," she remonstrated, "of course they have! I took to them long before he left me. I should think I smoked twenty here yesterday."

He wiped his forehead.

"I suppose I'm mad," he muttered. "I forgot that anyone else might have the same taste."

He glanced at his watch and replaced it with a great show of haste.

"I must go," he declared. "I must go at once. I had no idea that it was so late."

He almost threw himself out of the room. Out in the street, he bared his head. It was a wet, muggy day. The smell of the air was good. All the same, his knees trembled as he stepped into the limousine.

"All my life!" he groaned to himself in agony. "Is this to stay with me all my life?" . . .

He passed through the next few hours subconsciously. He signed an agreement undertaking to pay over a hundred thousand pounds, or an agreed deposit, within the next twenty-four hours, and acquired a tenth interest in Ambouyna Kotinzi's film at present unnamed—a tenth interest and the return of his money from the earnings of the film. He considered the hour and hesitated whether to return to the office or not. They would be all working there until midnight, for tomorrow was settlement day. There was nothing he could do, but Violet would be there.

"Gresham Street," he told the chauffeur.

Before he reached the corner of the street he had changed his mind. A better idea had flashed in upon him. He would telephone and tell Gascoigne that Miss Withers was to bring him the latest statements of business and closing prices. She could scarcely refuse. Probably she would stay to dinner. He would insist upon it. A sudden wave of anger strangled him. They played with him, these damned women. He was too weak. He would send not a request, but an order. He might even send the car down for her. At Berkeley Mansions, he kept the car waiting and mounted in the lift to his rooms.

"There has been a great deal of telephoning for you, sir," the attendant told him.

Why not? There were thousands of people these days who wanted to speak with Reuben Argels. When he entered the flat, however, his servant met him with a grave face.

"They have been trying to get you from the office almost continually for the last two hours, sir," he announced. "Mr. Gascoigne wouldn't leave any message, but he said it was most important. I'll put you through, sir."

Argels nodded. There was very little news from the office which could concern him greatly. The bell rang. He placed the receiver to his ear. It was Gascoigne who spoke.

"Is that you at last, sir? Thank goodness!" he exclaimed. "I have been trying to get you ever since the news came through. There's a bad break in New York. Our latest dispatches speak of a panic."

Argels glanced at the clock.

"How did our own market close?"

"Curiously. Lower than it has been for months. No one seems to want to do business at all. I've just been out in the Street, though, and there's simply pandemonium there."

"Any business?" Argels asked.

"THERE'S no business because there are no buyers, sir. Endells closed in the House at fifty-four, which is a couple of points down. There's nothing much in that. I heard them offered just now by a first-class firm of jobbers at thirty-nine."

"You're mad, Gascoigne!"

"I wish to God I was, sir," was the earnest rejoinder. "Hadn't you better come down? We're paying off the differences on half a dozen lines of shares which Graham has been carrying for us, but instead of three thousand pounds it will be a hundred thousand tomorrow if things go on like this."

"Keep your head, Gascoigne," Argels enjoined. "This is only a flash in the pan. America's always doing this sort of thing, just to be sensational. I'll come straight down. If any jobber is still willing to sell Endells at thirty-nine buy a couple of thousand. Get some more quotations. Keep them there if they're willing to stay. Say I'm on my way down and I'm a buyer of cheap stocks."

"Mr. Argels, sir," Gascoigne pleaded. "I'm sorry I telephoned you. For God's sake, stay away. Everyone's crazy here. The Street bargains will never stand the racket."

Argels laughed scornfully.

"I am coming down to join in the fun anyway," he announced.

THERE was certainly a queer look about the crowded thoroughfares when Argels, of design, was set down at the front entrance of his offices.

The streets were unusually full, and, although it was past the hour for closing, everyone was coming to or going from the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange. There was a great deal of reckless pushing; many white faces; generally speaking, silence; but a roar of voices floating up the open court from the famous Street. In Gresham Street the lights were flashing in the great offices of the City Trust, but the clerks, with an enormous amount of work to do, as Argels realized, were mostly talking together in excited little groups. Their employer himself paused to look at them reprovingly. He mounted with unusual deliberation to his own suite of private offices, and was confronted by Gascoigne, his collar and tie hanging down, and with the perspiration streaming from his face.

"Just got in from the Street, sir," he gasped. "They're mad."

"Did you buy my Endells at thirty-nine?"

"I told you I shouldn't, sir," was the almost fierce reply. "I'd sooner never bid for a share again. You can have them at thirty-four now if you like."

"What are you talking about?"

"Jonas is offering them at thirty-four. At that price there isn't a single bidder."

"Bring me the bank debits, Gascoigne," Argels instructed. "I have a check to send away."

Gascoigne was absent nearly a quarter of an hour. When he returned he laid a slip of paper upon the desk without comment. Argels glanced at it, and his imperturbability received a shock.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Have these figures been checked?"

"Twice, sir. I was afraid you weren't quite realizing how we've stood, although I've kept on alluding to the overdrafts. We've been buying for a good many months and taking up shares, mostly on borrowed money. There's a tremendous balance behind us, of course, but the accountants, if you remember, called your attention twice last week to these borrowings. How much did you want to draw, sir? We are least overdrawn, as you see, at the Southern Bank. You probably weren't wanting any very large amount."

"A hundred thousand."

GASCOIGNE stared at his employer. "A hundred thousand pounds!" he repeated. "Excuse me, sir, but isn't that rather a large sum? Were you buying bonds with it? Anything we could use as securities?"

Argels shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort," he confided. "I am putting the money into a cinema film."

Gascoigne remained frigidly silent for several moments.

"I am afraid I scarcely know what to suggest, sir," he said, after a lengthy pause. "You yourself are in closer touch with the bank managers than I am. They hold a considerable margin, of course, in shares, but if tomorrow opens as it has closed here this afternoon, there will be a panic, and if there's a panic the first thing the English banks will do is to close down their overdrafts."

"There will be no panic," Argels asserted coolly. "New York advices will stop that. Make me out a check on the Southern Bank payable to Pedler and Barnes for a hundred thousand pounds. And send Miss Withers up if she is still here."

Argels settled himself to his task, having first selected and lit a cigar from his cabinet. This was the sort of crisis which he was fitted by nature to face. Violet, when she came in, looked at him with surprise.

"I didn't know that you were coming back, Mr. Argels," she remarked.

"Gascoigne got the funks and sent for me," he explained.

"Mr. Gascoigne thought that you might like to see closing prices in the House, so far as they can be obtained," she said. "I am sorry about Mr. Pulwitter's shares. They seem to have been hit harder than any."

ARGELS went through the long list deliberately, and pinned it down on to the blotting pad. The twitching of his features, always apparent in times of mental strain, had gone. He faced losses which might have staggered a richer man almost with indifference.

"Yes, it's rather a pity about that last little spec," he agreed. "We should have saved a good many thousand pounds if we had waited a few hours. One can never foresee these things, though. . . . Will you dine with me tonight?"

"I don't think so," she hesitated. "And—"

"We will go to Ciro's if you like. Bring plenty of paper and a pencil, and I will show you how to make a fortune out of a slump."

"I will come to Ciro's if you wish me to," she decided. "About half past eight?"

"Nine o'clock," he amended. "No need to hurry."

"No, I think we've had all the business we want for the day."

She took her leave. Gascoigne entered the room a few minutes later, and laid the check which he had prepared before his employer in gloomy silence.

"Send this to Messrs. Pedler and Barnes, Arundel Street," the latter directed, "and ask them to have the contract to which it refers signed by Madame Ambouyna Kotinzi and Mr. Ludo, her manager."

Gascoigne accepted his instructions with marked reluctance.

"You will forgive my reiterating, sir," he said stubbornly, "that it is a very large sum to part with for an investment of this description in a time of crisis."

Argels raised his eyebrows.

"You're not very well up in this sort of thing, Gascoigne," he remarked, with an indulgent smile. "Madame Kotinzi has never yet had a failure with a film. The last one, released just a few months ago, produced a profit of over a hundred per cent. I am very fortunate in getting the chance of putting this money into it."

Gascoigne departed in sorrowful silence. Argels stretched himself out in his chair at last. These people didn't understand. The storm might break; he was ready to face it. Nothing mattered. He was a happy man. Moran Chambers was dead!

ARGELS made no appeal to Violet's sympathies that night. He seemed to have reverted to his former self, a somewhat blatant hunter of women, the man who expected success because he was used to it. Their conversation was at no time serious. Occasionally he had fits of abstraction. Once Violet surprised him gazing into vacancy. For the first time in her life, so far as he was concerned, she was a little piqued.

"I believe," she challenged, "that you were thinking of another woman."

"You are extraordinarily right," he acknowledged. "I was."

"She has been kinder to you, perhaps? That is why you are different tonight."

"Perhaps," he admitted. "She belongs, though, to the serious part of my life. You know, I daresay, that I am a Levantine."

"I knew you were not English."

"I inherit things," he confided. "When I am afraid, as you have seen, I am terrified; when I love, I love fiercely. The last few months have been hell to me. Now there is a chance of better things. Listen. I will explain so that you will understand. The man of whom I was afraid was also my rival. Now you know what his death has meant to me."

She began to laugh, softly at first; then, as she saw the surprise in his face, more heartily.

"I think you are the most ingenuous person I ever knew," she declared. "You are so self-engrossed that you are like a great child. A week or two ago you were urging me to be your comforter."

"I still need you," he assured her gallantly. "It will take me a long time to win what I want—if ever I get it."

"Then you think I might do for a stop-gap?"

"WHY not? No one promises fidelity nowadays, do they? I don't think I could promise that even to the woman I adore. One is faithful or not according to one's instincts. You are a cold little person, Violet."

"You are a most immoral man," she told him.

He laughed cynically.

"I didn't think the word had survived."

She produced from her bag a long, thin notebook.

"I am hurt," she confessed—"so much hurt that I will not pursue the conversation. You shall show me instead how to make a fortune out of a slump."

He shook his head.

"Another time. I have had enough of figures for today. I would rather dance."

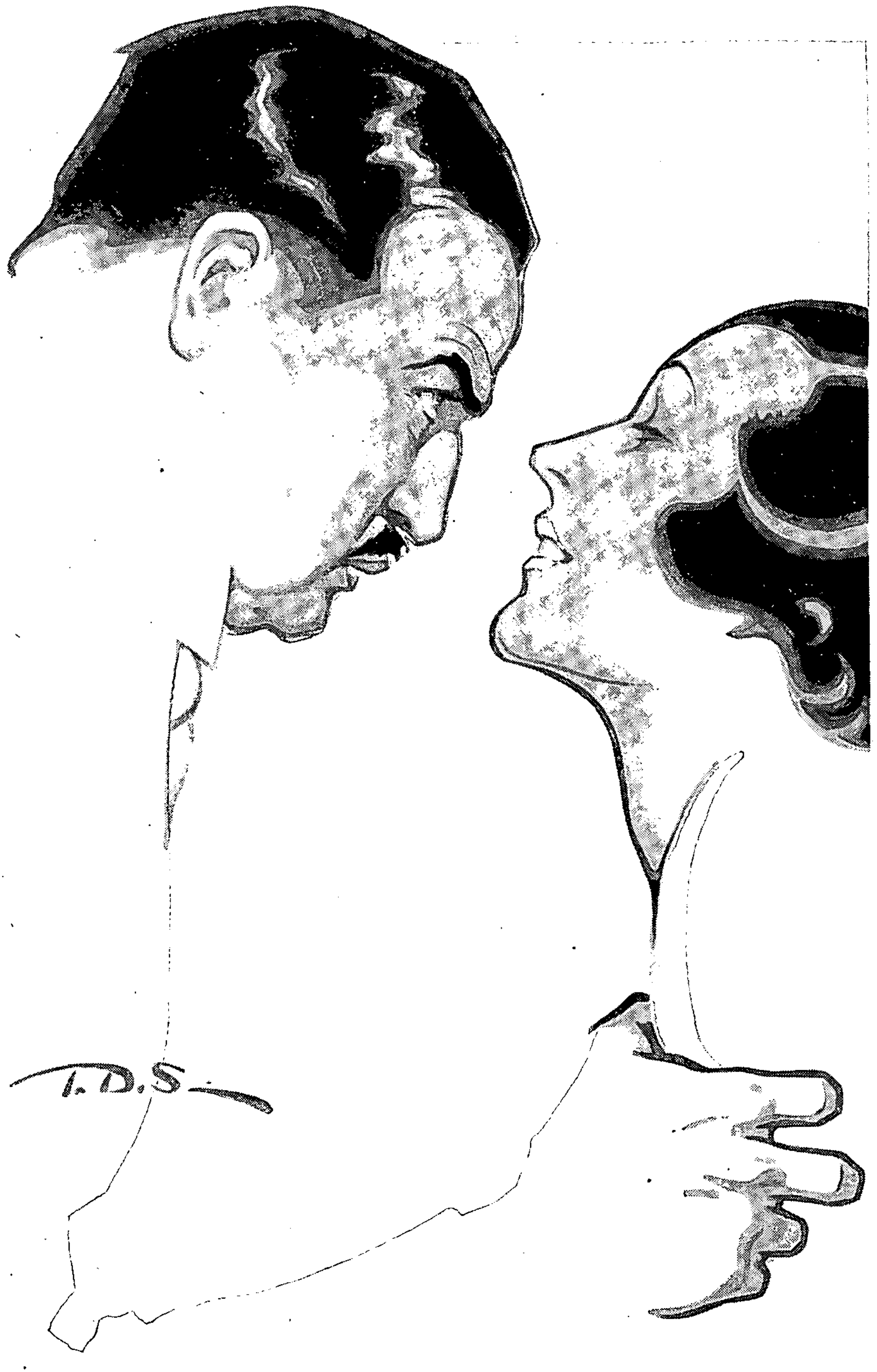
It was as they were returning to their places that Argels, glancing up at the balcony, saw Ambouyna. She waved her hand, and beckoned to him. Violet realized at once, by his manner, what had happened.

"Would you think it very rude of me," he begged, "if I left you for a moment? They know you here now. I promise not to be more than five minutes."

"Of course not," she acquiesced.

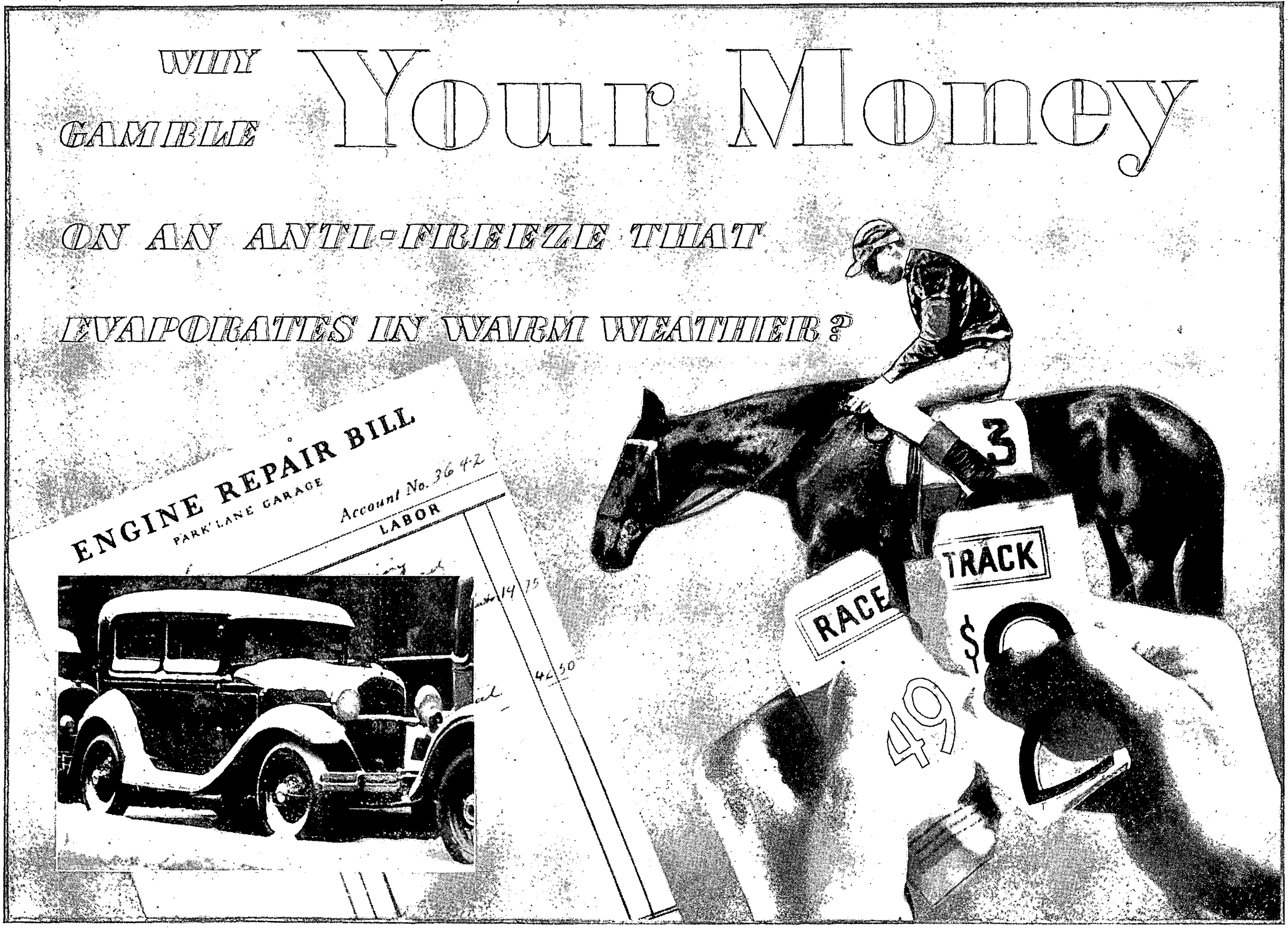
He climbed the stairs with the eagerness of a schoolboy. Arrived on the balcony, he made his way to the table at which Ambouyna was seated. She

(Continued on page 47)



"You are honest, Violet?" he questioned. "I can trust you?"

DON'T GAMBLE WITH WEATHER • • • USE EVEREADY PRESTONE



WINTER weather rarely runs "true to form." It mixes cold snaps and warm spells—unexpected changes that are sure to catch you napping. Trying to outguess the temperature is like playing the races. In the long run you're bound to lose. And if you've paid a bill for a frozen radiator or a cracked engine-block you know the loss can be heavy!

Every year more car owners *stop* gambling with weather. Instead of taking a chance with makeshift anti-freezes that overheat motors, boil away on warm days and have to be constantly tested and replaced, they use Eveready Prestone *once*, and forget winter-worry!

Eveready Prestone is the first product scientifically developed for one purpose — to give absolute, all-weather protection to automobile cooling-systems. It has been steadily perfected and improved. It won't leak out of a water-tight system. It won't damage the costly finish of your car. It is odorless. It retards the formation of rust. It won't boil off or evaporate, even at summer temperatures. And it never lets the water freeze in your radiator nor become thick and sticky, however cold the weather.

Don't get the idea that Eveready Prestone is expensive. It actually costs *less* per season to have this safety and dependability than to gamble with old-fashioned rule-of-thumb mixtures that at best give only imperfect service.

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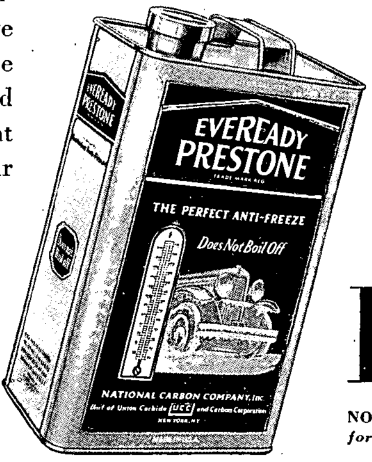
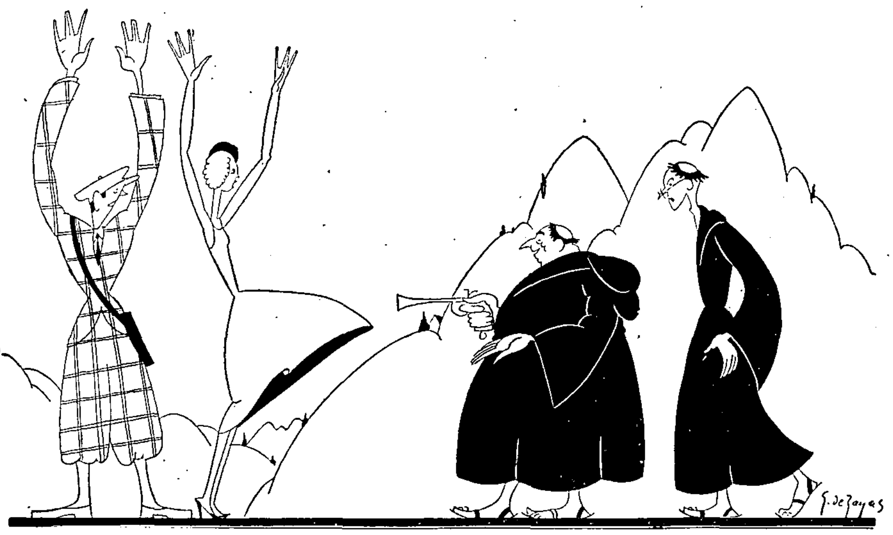


EVEREADY PRESTONE

NOTE: *When you drain your cooling-system of Eveready Prestone in the spring, put in Eveready* RUSTONE, *for all-summer protection against rust, clogging and overheating. Then your car will always be free of rust.*



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Konkaling Monastery in the Konka Risumgongba Mountains of Tibet contains today one of the few remaining bands of thieving monks, 400 of them, who between weeks of prayer go on robbing expeditions.—*By Mrs. Alice Heistad, Iola, Kan.*

Business is brisk always in the charm stores of Calcutta, India, which sell Dharba grass, skeletons, skulls and other Hindu charms to keep evil spirits at a distance.

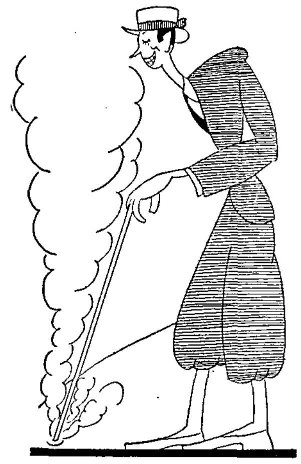
Tuberculosis is far more prevalent among girls than boys, due to unbalanced diets, the desire to stay thin and the fashion of wearing insufficient clothing.

A large New York bank saves all its wastepaper for a month in case a valuable document or paper happens to be thrown away accidentally and its loss is not discovered at once.

New inventions: An electrically-heated farm machine for drying hay when the season is damp, and a midget broadcasting microphone for public speakers which may be hidden in their pockets.

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal in eastern Siberia, which is more than a mile in depth. No other fresh or salt water lake on earth is half as deep.—*By Tomlin Farmer, Clayton, N. C.*

There are more than 100,000 synthetically manufactured compounds made by the chemical industry. And many of the substances are not found in nature—such as certain dyestuffs, flavoring extracts, medicines and perfumes.



In and around Ohinemutu, New Zealand, the crust of the earth is so thin that a jet of steam will burst forth if a walking stick is thrust through it.

The 99 different names of God are carved on the interior walls of the world's finest mausoleum, the Taj Mahal.

Human freaks are almost invariably born of normal fathers and mothers.

Prohibition agents are now forbidden to consume quantities of liquor in order to determine whether or not they are in a speakeasy. If any drinking is deemed necessary hereafter, permission to do it must first be secured from Washington.

Mules, like all other hybrid animals, insects and plants, normally are sterile and rarely reproduce their kind.—*By Mrs. K. B. Forbes, Houston, Texas.*

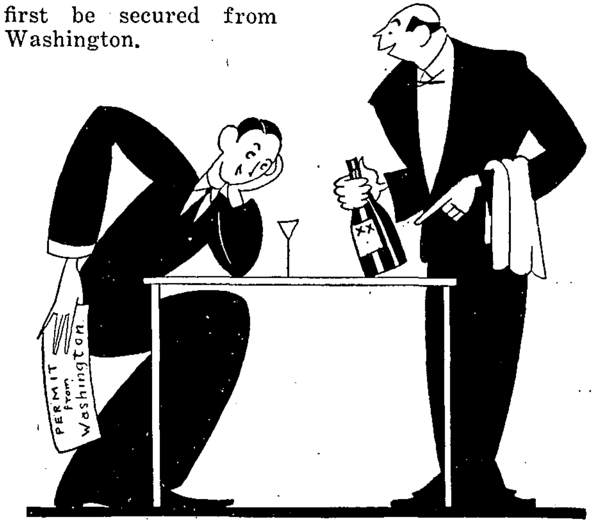
In Maryland, a person accused of a crime may be tried with or without a jury according to his wishes. And the majority prefer the one judge to the 12 jurors.

A recent survey reveals that 80 per cent of our population today lives in states which make no effort whatsoever to enforce the prohibition law.

A thirsty Egyptian camel will consume 25 gallons of water at one time, the weight of which is about 210 pounds.—*By Virginia Engle, Parkersburg, W. Va.*

As a safeguard against the influence of American "talkies," the British Broadcasting Company is to put on the air a weekly lesson in "standard" pronunciations for school children.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Beyond the Goal Line

Continued from page 9

begun to etch deep marks on their faces. They gave ground foot by foot, yard by yard. The Fremson quarter, seeing utter demoralization of the Harkness team impending, sent Malone, the great fullback, on four straight bucks at the line. Malone at center . . . no gain. Malone over left guard . . . five yards. Malone off tackle . . . two yards. Malone at center . . . seven yards and first down.

Soon Fremson would have another touchdown. Soon it would be too late to save the game. Harkness might yet score a touchdown and eke out a victory by kicking the goal Fremson had missed. But not two touchdowns. . . .

Tommy glanced behind him. He was standing almost on his own goal line. His shoulders sagged. They had stopped Fremson once with their backs to the wall. But not this time. Something was lost. Something had gone out of them. Oh, if the Skipper were only . . .

THEN—Fremson tried a lateral pass on a sweep at left end. Max eluded a blocker and leaped for the ball. It stuck between his big paws. He came down with it tucked under his arm. . . . Hastily, three Harkness linemen formed interference. Max swung clear of the mêlée at the scrimmage line and was off.

He almost got away for a touchdown. The Fremson safety man overhauled him on Fremson's thirty-eight-yard line.

Tommy, racing down the field, felt a momentary thrill of elation. But it quickly passed. Thirty-eight yards to go? They'd never make it. Hey—referee, how much time have we? How much time? Three minutes and twenty seconds? Oh.

Plenty of time to march down there for a touchdown—if it was in them. But it wasn't. Tommy knew it wasn't.

A Harkness cheer came rolling toward them.

Faking a cheeriness he didn't feel, Tommy trotted up to the team. "All right, gang," he said, "let's go." But his voice broke hoarsely. They weren't going. They weren't going anywhere. They were licked.

Suddenly, a whistle shrilled.

A substitute ran from the Harkness bench. He reported hastily to the referee and, Tommy, wondering, had ordered a line buck which gained nothing at all. Then the substitute grabbed Tommy by the arm.

"Get 'em in the huddle," he said; "I've got a note you're to read to 'em."

In the huddle, Tommy opened a scrap of paper.

"It's from the Skipper!" he said. Then, in a shaky, happy voice he read:

"To my boys: Carry on. SKIPPER."

No one said anything when Tommy finished. His eyes searched their dirty, sweat-grimed faces.

"He gave it to a doctor just before he died," the substitute volunteered, finally. "Arlie wasn't to let us see it unless we got in a jam where we needed Skipper."

A Fremson player called: "What is this—a prayer meeting? Hey . . . referee . . . how about that stalling?"

Max turned on the Fremson team. His face was grim.

"Don't be so impatient," he said. "You'll get plenty of action in just a second."

Dusk was settling over the field. The noisy stands were subdued in color now. Not far away the goal posts loomed in the twilight.

Tommy's voice had the old, exuberant bark.

"Let's go, gang!" said Tommy. "Signals!"

Eleven boys sprang into formation. . . . Six plays later the ball rested on Fremson's three-yard line.

Tommy and Pierce and Max and Hale, bound together in the sweat and dust of combat, talked it over as Fremson took time out to rush fresh reserves into their sadly battered line.

"The Skipper'd be all for using 16-B," said Max, looking straight at Tommy. "And Pierce goes better in that one than any of us."

Perhaps, for an instant, Tommy remembered the thousand dollars he was to get if he scored on Fremson. But Tommy remembered something else, too. It was that ideal of one for all and all for one which the Skipper had drilled into his boys on many a practice field and gridiron.

"Pierce takes it over," said Tommy.

Pierce gripped Tommy's hand.

"Give me the note," he said, and when Tommy dug it out of his belt, Pierce put it in the band of his helmet.

Blam! Pierce hit the center of the Fremson line as Max and Hale led the way.

TOUCHDOWN!

Max looked at the shadowed goal posts. One point more and the game was won.

"You kick it, Max," Tommy offered.

But Max said, gruffly: "Hell . . . who's gonna smear that tackle when he comes busting through? Let Hale kick it."

Tommy held the ball. Max and Pierce hit the dirt to protect Hale. Two charging Fremson players went down.

Hale booted it over.

Victory!

. . . That evening Tommy and his father were talking. Tommy's father said: "By the way—er—that matter of a thousand dollars for a touchdown. I've been thinking. I've discovered something: I'd rather have you play it as you played it than score *two* touchdowns. You'll be able to figure that out when you see the check."

THAT evening Max met Dr. Lowe, director of athletics at Harkness.

"Great game today, Max," said Dr. Lowe. "Arlie tells me you've had an offer from State U. We're going to be sorry to lose you. We'd been hoping—"

"You're not going to lose me," said Max; "I'll be back next year."

At Hale's fraternity house, there was a dance and jamboree. They had to get along without their hero. Hale was locked in his room upstairs studying for a math exam.

That evening, Pierce and Laura went to a downtown hotel for dinner.

"I was so proud of you," she sighed. "Right after Max intercepted that pass you and the whole team seemed to change. You just seemed to find yourselves."

Pierce nodded. He had been feeling in his coat pocket for a slip of paper. He wanted to make sure he hadn't lost it.

"I've been thinking about us, Laura," he said slowly.

She colored.

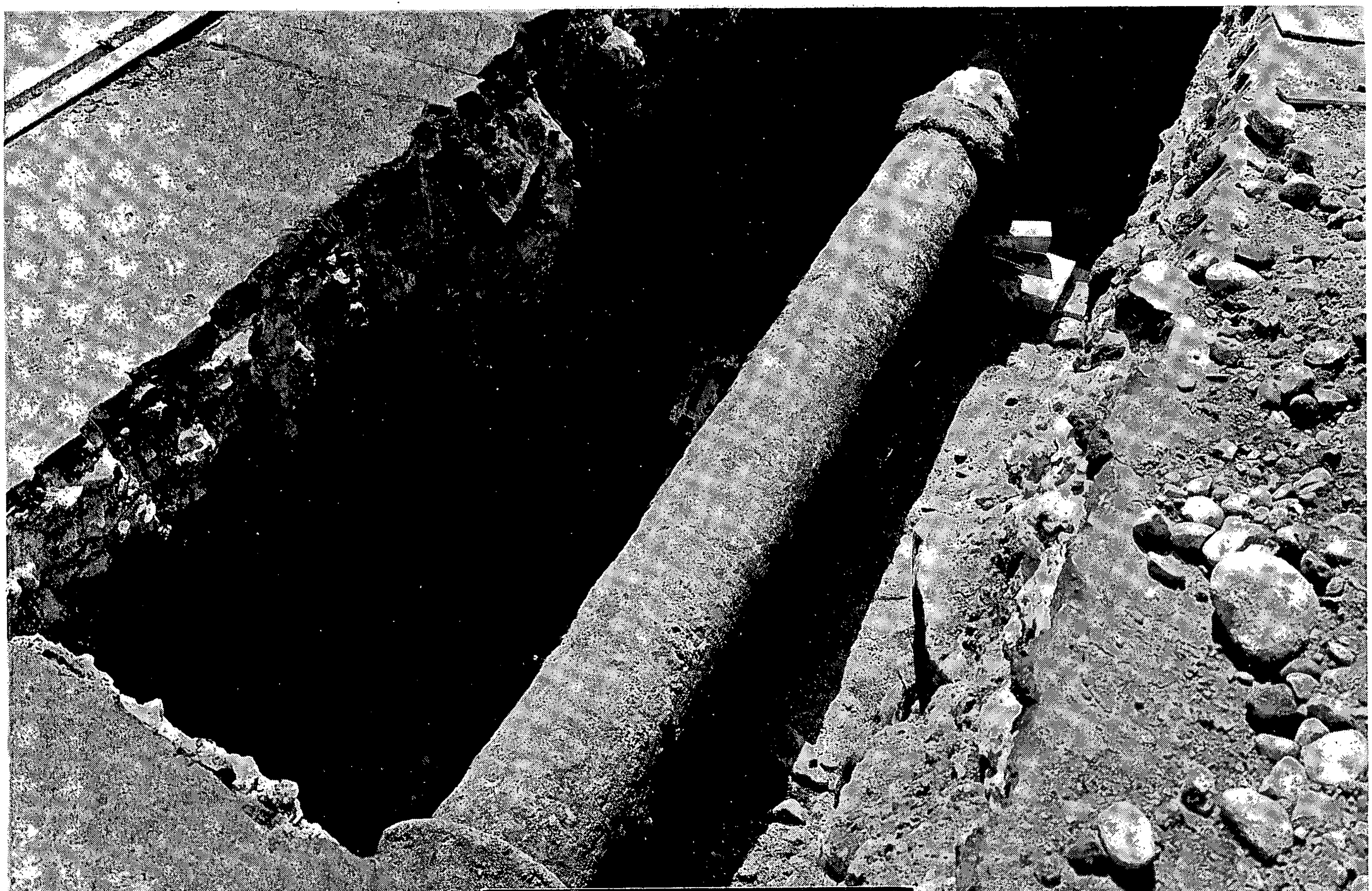
"What about us, dear?"

"We ought to get married. In fact—we're going to get married. We're going to be married tonight."

"B-but, Pierce . . . we couldn't . . . your folks. . . ."

"Let's go," said Pierce.

What's 90 years to a Cast Iron Pipe!



Representatives of engineering publications and American Water Works Association assembled at East Broadway and Montgomery St., New York City, to inspect section of 90-year old cast iron pipe removed to cut in a valve. The pipe was exceedingly tough and in excellent condition.

A CONSTRUCTION crew of the Board of Water Supply of New York City were cutting out a piece of a 90-year old water main to install a new valve. Representatives of the engineering press and Water Department officials watched them pounding away at that sturdy old pipe with chisels and sledges. Tough! Before it was cut through, diamond points and cold chisels were splintered and frayed as though they were tin.

On inspection, the removed length of pipe proved to be in excellent condition, indicating that this 90-year old cast iron main will continue to serve New York's taxpayers, and save them money, for many years to come.

⁂

How long *is* the life of cast iron pipe? For cost computing purposes, engineers rate the minimum useful life of cast iron pipe at 100 years, far beyond that of any other material. A writer in the May issue of the Journal of the American Water Works Association answers the question for himself by saying "Five hundred years or more."

In France, a cast iron pipe line from Marly on the Seine River to Versailles (about six miles) has been in continuous service for 267 years. In America, cast iron water and gas mains that were installed over a century ago are still giving satisfactory service.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains, and for sewer construction, that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains since rust will not destroy it.

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

⁂

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Send-Off

Continued from page 21

"a little?" I beseeched. "There is really no great hurry about it."

Sam vouchsafed no reply but staggered grimly on towards the railway station, where the electric trains, unknown to us, had been stalled in their own amperes for many hours, due to the heavy fall of snow. The railway station agent was covered with snow and in a bitter mood.

"Aren't the trains running?" Sam asked in his cheerful way.

"Can't you see?" roared the official.

We passed on to a stalled smoking-car, offered several strangers liquid refreshment against the weather, informed the passengers that here was a Belgian Congo expert starting for Africa, sang several stanzas of a marching song and were put off the train for making noises unbecoming a gentleman and a railroad.

WE ARRIVED in New York City about three o'clock in the morning, both carrying lanterns, hired a taxicab and went immediately to the Brawley boarding house, where two innocent women slumbered. We entered the house, turned on the lights and Sam fell over a hatrack, making it needless to call Mrs. Brawley. That lady appeared presently in the usual state of a boarding-house dame at three o'clock in the morning and looked at us severely.

"Well, if it isn't Augustus," she said coldly, "and full as a billy goat."

"Not at all," Sam said pleasantly.

"Shut your mouth, Sam Chandler," she said, turning upon him. She knew him quite well, having often had him in to dinner before he married the manicure. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Who ought to be ashamed of whoseself?" he asked.

"Taking Augustus out and getting him into this condition. No wonder your wife left you! You're older than he is and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you know what time it is?"

Mrs. Brawley's daughter, Melvina, now joined us, looking seven years older than Noah.

"I certainly do," Sam replied stiffly. "I know what day it is, too, and if you happen to want to know what month it is, I can still help you out." Mrs. Brawley scowled at him and sniffed, but Sam merely continued giving general information.

"The population," he said, "of Montreal was 495,000 in the year 1911, there are eight quarts in a peck, and to find the diameter of a circle, multiply first and then ask any good diameter man."

"I have never seen you like this before," sternly said Mrs. Brawley. "No wonder your wife went to Texas."

"LADIES," I said, "I have important news."

"You've been arrested again," Melvina ventured.

"No. . . . I am going far away. I am leaving the boarding house."

"Augustus is going to Africa," Sam announced importantly. "In pursuit of his life's career, he is going to the Belgian Congo, thus broadening out and making a man of himself."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brawley, choking.

"Augustus needs broadening," Sam added. "He needs culture. He needs travel."

"He needs sleep," the woman said sadly. "Both of you better go to bed, for you are not in your right minds."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Brawley," Sam rejoined. "After all, you are only his landlady. I am his manager, his friend, and the publisher of his little gems on Congo life, and I have ordered him abroad on business."

"Augustus," said Mrs. Brawley, breaking down and starting to cry, "is this true?"

"It certainly is."

"Augustus," said Melvina, "do you mean you would leave Mother and me?"

"I must do my duty as Sam sees it. . . . I must go out into the world, acquiring culture and intimate facts about rubber trees for Mr. Wheeler Murdock, the publisher."

"Abandon us?" murmured Melvina, starting to weep.

"Absolutely," I answered, firmly.

"If there was some hot water in the house," Sam observed, "a man might fling a toddy together while you ladies pack up Augustus."

The women moved away, sobbing in unison, and Sam followed them, explaining that it was all for the best and pointing to the age-old tradition that the women of a nation always remain behind and suffer.

Discourse continued until fifteen minutes after five, and the packing proceeded, with Sam out in the kitchen heating toddy water, breaking the Brawley china and singing snatches from a popular ditty of the day. It was a busy morning under the Brawley roof, and dawn found the expedition in marching order, with suitcases bulging, the ladies weeping softly and Sam calling up druggists to argue about remedies for *mal de mer*.

FRESH
COD/20
SOLE
/27
CRAWFORD
YOUNG

"I'll take the one with the sweet expression, Mr. Schmaltz"

Crawford Young

Despite their melancholy over losing a star boarder, the Brawleys finally brightened up and prepared a noble breakfast of ham and eggs, and, following the repast, Sam and I stepped into action.

"Now to rush downtown," Sam said, "and purchase your ticket on the Larkspur. I shall, of course, advance you small sums of money."

"You shall advance me large sums of money," I amended. "You don't picture me dashing off to the Belgian Congo on sixty-three dollars?"

"Money is of no consequence," said he, and we thereupon walked out into the snow again, looking for a taxi. The trip had started. Each time my courage ebbed entirely, which was quite often, Sam pulled me into an old-fashioned pothouse and we steamed up again. He was quite brave about it.

"Sure," I said, "but you wouldn't go abroad, would you?"

"I never travel," said he. "I am a home body. You are a Congo expert and have to go."

We arrived downtown at the large, impressive offices of the Larkspur Steamship Company soon after the doors opened for the day. We strode in briskly and found a ticket seller on duty, a sad-faced man singularly lacking in enthusiasm.

"Mr. Gulick," said Sam, pointing directly at me, "is going to Africa today on the good ship Larkspur. Dish him out a ticket."

"What makes you think he is?" asked the fellow, stifling a yawn.

"Don't try to get flip with me, young fellow," Sam said. "My friend sails today, so pull out a drawer and give him a room with or without bath. You want a bath, Augustus?"

"Sure, I want a bath."

"Wait a minute," the man interrupted harshly.

"What for?"

"Because this person is not going to Africa on the Larkspur."

Sam instantly bristled.

"The Larkspur," said the clerk, "has been sold out for a week."

Mr. Chandler glared at the ill-mannered chap. "Where is the president of this steamboat line?" he asked in icy tones. "My name is Chandler, and where is your president?"

"I don't care what your name is," replied the clerk, "and the official you mention is in Europe. The vice president also is abroad. The general manager will arrive in two hours, and in the meantime, if you will kindly step aside so that our regular business may continue, I will be much obliged to you both."

AT THIS point I felt certain Sam would crawl over the marble counter and assault the underling, for Sam is violent when crossed. I therefore led him out of the building at once and we leaned against the mahogany in a near-by barrel house and cursed the Larkspur Company in hearty tones. . . . In fifteen minutes we were back, looking for the general manager, and we became jammed in the front door, which happened to be of the revolving or squirrel-cage type. There we stuck momentarily in company with four strangers, who looked like an ordinary Cleveland, Ohio, family—father, mother and two daughters. We followed the little group to the marble counter, where the father spoke in a shamefaced way.

"We're not going," he announced.

"Not going where?" asked the ticket man, and I saw that he had but one manner and used it on everyone.

"Mother won't make the trip," said the old gentleman; "not in weather like this."

Further listening on our part brought information that the Ohioans had a cabin on the Larkspur and were now declining to go aboard, Mother fearing that the ship would sink before it could get out of the harbor.

"You want to cancel your passage?" inquired the clerk, unable to believe his ears.

"We do. Mother is a bit timid."

"I'll take that cabin off your hands," spoke up Sam Chandler in a loud voice, at a moment when I was beginning to feel sure heaven would step in and save me from a voyage in midwinter.

WE IMMEDIATELY purchased passage on the Larkspur, Sam buying the tickets. The clerk filled out the necessary papers and within thirty minutes we were on our way uptown to get luggage, rejoin the Brawleys and sail to the far side of the world.

We stopped off several times en route and arrived at the boarding house in a mellow mood.

"We will have to organize a little going-away party for you," Sam said, entering the Brawley domicile; and straightway he began telephoning friends, his friends and mine, announcing that Augustus was stepping over to the Belgian Congo on the noon ferry and would they please drop into Marchetti's Restaurant on West Twenty-second Street for a last farewell. Several persons promised. Sam called up the Murdock offices and informed the secretary that Mr. Gulick was sailing for the Congo to gather first-hand material. He inquired for the head of the concern, but Mr. Murdock was out of town and Miss Hemple was urged to send him a telegram.

Mrs. Brawley put on her old gray bonnet, Melvina stopped weeping and the four of us set forth for Marchetti's to meet our guests. We stopped several times en route so that Sam could telephone various people, and at each pausing place he picked up strangers who seemed to be genuinely surprised at the idea of anyone's going to the Belgian Congo.

Our little party consisted, therefore, not of four when we reached the Italian red-ink joint, but of eight or nine, and possibly more.

THAT departure party at Marchetti's will long remain one of the high spots in the red-ink business, and during the festivities Sam invited Signor Marchetti, a bandit, to come out to Garden City and live with him. Mrs. Brawley broke down shortly before noon and did nothing but sob into her spaghetti. Clerks arrived from drug stores, answering Sam's appeals for more *mal de mer* preventives, and the number of celebrants constantly grew. I shook hands with them all and promised to bring each an elephant tusk.

Our arrival at Pier 112 was something that pier officials say they will never forget and two of my guests fell at once into the North River and were saved from drowning by a policeman who later admitted he had made a mistake. . . . Hundreds were gathered on the pier head to say bon voyage to departing friends, flags waved merrily, bands played and whistles tooted.

There were dozens of interesting details, but I have never been able to recall any of them, on account of the sudden slipping of my memory, which is usually quite good.

Sam Chandler was, of course, the life of the party and was here and there

(Continued on page 34)

(*Continued from page 33*)

and everywhere, shaking hands with the captain and urging him to watch over me like a child. He told me to drink plenty of lemon juice when I reached the tropics, and nothing but bottled water, on account of the scurvy. . . . The last whistle finally blew and all was over.

The last I recall is that I was very weary and felt it would be better if I went to sleep immediately after the exciting events. When I awakened, many, many hours later, after a refreshing sleep, I naturally stared about me at the strange cabin, as a man will who rouses in new surroundings, surroundings with which he is utterly unfamiliar.

I gazed fixedly at everything in sight and saw that I had been given quite a large cabin, a very comfortable cabin, considering that the Larkspur was not a first-class transatlantic liner.

I ASSUMED that I must have slumbered around the clock, for it now seemed to be about noon. "Well," I said, shaking myself and waking thoroughly, "now for a nice bath and then I shall go down and ask the purser to point out my seat at the table, for I certainly crave a good, hearty meal."

It was at this precise instant that I noticed the telephone on its neat stand and I stared at it in fresh admiration, astonished to learn that a second-class ship like the Larkspur would have telephones in every cabin. I arose quietly, walked over to the window, pushed aside the waving curtain and stared out.

It happened that a funeral was passing by, followed by six open automobiles, a Fifth Avenue bus and a truck loaded with vinegar barrels, and I stretched a hand for the telephone.

"Where am I?" I asked a distant female.

"What number do you wish?" she asked me.

"I do not wish any number," I replied. "Where am I?"

"Are you trying to get fresh?"

"I am far from fresh," I merely stated. "I am pretty stale, if you must know, and that being settled, I still wish to know: where am I?"

"Room two hundred and three," she snapped.

"Is this a hotel?"

"Certainly it's a hotel. What do you think it is?"

"I'm not thinking. I'm just asking you a few playful questions. Somehow, this morning, I feel waggish, so would you mind telling me what hotel it is?"

"Hotel Wolverine," she answered bitterly, "and I suppose you're going to ask me what city that's in?"

"Yes, what city is that in?" I demanded.

"New York, United States of America." She then broke her end of the telephone into small pieces, judging by the sounds, and went home.

"THANK you," I said in a dazed way and I moved gently over to the bed and sat down, holding my head so that it would not roll across the room and get jammed under the radiator. I tried to think. I tried several little mental exercises, but without success. Through the fog I began to see that the plans of the preceding day had skidded at a vital point and in the confusion I had neglected to go aboard the Larkspur and was therefore in the Wolverine Hotel. It was clearly an accidental happening, and I experienced a momentary pang of joy as I thought of the Larkspur out there on the fretful winter Atlantic, tossing in the storm.

Instantly I began to worry. Sam Chandler would never forgive me for this bungle. Sam Chandler, my friend, was nevertheless my employer and he could be a stern, steely fellow. . . . I might even lose my job doing special work on the Belgian Congo, and in that event what would become of me and the Brawleys? And how about the unused tickets purchased by the Murdock Corporation? . . . I started to my feet in a tumult and telephoned the Murdock offices. Miss Hemple, the efficient secretary, answered the call.

"This is Mr. Gulick," I said in a low voice.

"Not Mr. Gulick!" she cried.

"Yes," I said. "I didn't go to Africa. I am here in New York. A terrible accident has happened, so please let me talk to Mr. Chandler."

"He is not here."

"No? What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock. Mr. Murdock has been looking for him high and low."

I sat back from the telephone and almost immediately there flashed a horrid thought upon me. What if Sam Chandler—? It was a terrifying speculation and I cast it from me, but it returned. I leaped to my feet and hurried into my clothes. I flew out of the Wolverine Hotel and down the street, and in twenty, I entered the familiar offices of the Murdock Corporation in the Murdock Building, 23 Murdock Lane. . . . Miss Hemple greeted me with a frightened smile and whispered something which I did not hear. Mr. McGillen, who is Sam's first assistant, seized me by the arm, and I saw he was pale as a ghost.

"Where is Sam?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"I dunno," I answered.

"Why didn't you sail abroad?"

"I dunno," I repeated.

"Where did you see Sam last?"

"I dunno," I muttered and for a moment I thought Mr. McGillen would bean me with a heavy inkwell which he had in his hand.

"Walk this way," he said finally and, grasping me more firmly, he pelted off into the offices of Wheeler P. Murdock, the only man in America today who is genuinely silly about the Belgian Congo. As we entered he turned upon me like a furious bull lion, which are common in the Congo.

"Gulick," he roared, "what does all this mean? Who told you to go to Africa? Where is Sam Chandler?"

"DON'T ask him, Mr. Murdock," McGillen interrupted. "He dunno."

"Gulick," the boss said in a loud voice, and I expected to be dismissed then and there. Fortunately, at this moment the door opened and an office lad trotted in with a message. It was for Mr. Murdock, who opened it and read it quickly and even dramatically. . . . He handed it without a word to Mr. McGillen, who also read it, turning whiter than ever.

"Shall I let him read it?" he asked.

"Let him read it," directed Murdock. So I read it and these were the words:

I AM DYING OUT HERE ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN THE WORST GALE IN YEARS I SHALL BE DEAD IN THIRTY MINUTES SEND INSTRUCTIONS WHAT TO DO WITH THE REMAINS WHEN SAME REACH AFRICA
SAM CHANDLER

I gave a faint groan and stood there trembling. Mr. Murdock, being a business man first, last and all the time, instantly reverted to business methods. "McGillen," he said, "you take Chandler's place till he returns, if he ever does, heaven forbid."

"Yes, sir," responded McGillen. "This way, Gulick."

I followed him out.

"Gulick," he said, the brisk note of the business man discernible in his voice and bearing, "I'm in charge here. Mr. Murdock wants a Belgian Congo special by the fifteenth inst. How soon can you get at it?"

"Immediately," I said, all business.

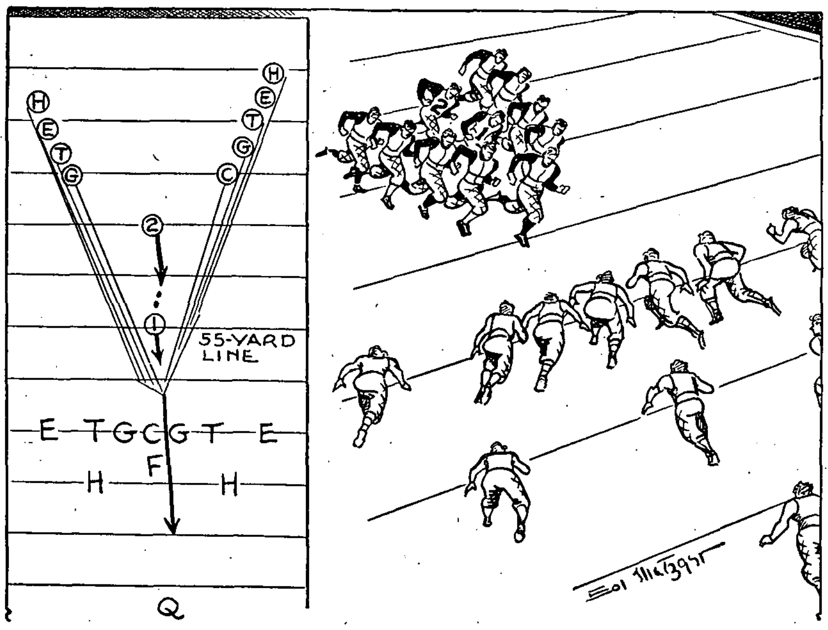
"Very good," said he, sitting down in Sam's chair and opening the drawer of Sam's desk. "Better get right at it. The time is short."

"Yes, sir," I said and, putting on my hat, I strode out of the office, glad to escape before I collapsed on the floor. I went uptown, heading for the Brawley boarding house, where two women would be glad to see me again, and mulling over in my mind a proposed sketch for Mr. Murdock entitled The Belgian Congo as It Is Today.

AS I passed a newspaper office, the bulletin boards informed a loitering public that out on the North Atlantic there was now raging the most furious gale since the year 1883. I thought of Sam Chandler, lying on his bunk, pale and shaking.

"Still," I said, "a little broadening won't hurt him."

I then hurried on uptown in the subway, surrounded by strange smells but no water.



V-Front

By Sol Metzger

CAPTAIN DICK HODGE, leading his Princeton team against Penn in '84, found his offense failing. Whereupon he called his eleven into the first huddle of record to explain an idea conceived on the spot. Executed, it pushed Penn all over the lot. Thus began the V-formation.

Later that fall the Tigers placed "Tillie" Lamar, of hallowed memory, near a side line when kicking off to Yale. The ball was dribbled ahead of him. While he was picking it up, a V formed about Lamar that carried him for thirty-five yards. The success story of the V, of the flying wedge's part in football, explains why linemen of today crouch low and charge hard.

Some credit the late Richard Harding Davis with the invention of the V. The '87 Lehigh team, on which he played, used it against Princeton. Curiously it failed here.

But the V became the rage. From scrimmage, either a center or a tackle formed its apex. Linemen on its flanks seized those ahead and pushed. At kick-off, with a ten-yard flying start, it was bone-crushing, terrifying. Backs ran protected within it. Defense was hard pressed. "Pudge" Heffelfinger, Yale's greatest, encountering his first V in the '88 Princeton game, flung his massive body over its top and decisively flattened the backs within his descending 194 pounds.

With '92 came rumors from New England. The Crimson, desiring Yale's blood, initiated overemphasis by indulging in secret summer practice in New Hampshine and in fall workouts behind a new high-board fence at Soldiers' Field. Also, Lorin F. Deland, an advertising counselor, who had never played, was hand in glove with Frank Stewart, Harvard's coach. The Crimson appeared for the Yale game at Springfield, Mass., in de luxe tailored leather suits costing $125 each. As Yale was ready with resin-covered hands, they were probably forewarned.

The first half was a draw. Starting the second, Harvard's captain and quarter, Bernie Trafford (1), held the ball at midfield. Charlie Brewer (2), fullback, was twenty-five yards behind him and midway between two lines of players twenty yards apart pointed at Trafford; four in one row, five in the other. Never its like before. Captain Vance McCormick cautioned his tense Elis not to be pulled out of position.

Suddenly the Crimson lines converged at full speed, in lockstep, upon Trafford. Then Bernie tossed the ball to Brewer, also running forward. Thus the famous flying wedge was launched. Yale's forwards charged headlong into the oncoming V, each grabbing all legs within reach. It struck them at an angle, caromed downfield twenty yards and died. Yale won 6-0.

Deland, originator of this play, credited high military authority as the inspiration. His initial diagram was labeled "Napoleon's No. 1 Principle." Judging by the casualties in its wake, it was war!

But Yale's low-charging line had killed the wedge. Gridiron strategists, just then coming to light, were thus forced to develop interference in other ways. Their next step—flying interference—is described next week.

DANGER! *The mercury has a way of dropping mighty suddenly. Even in a "mild" winter like last year's, cold waves hit hard and unexpectedly. Don't risk a frozen radiator! Put Whiz Gold Band in now.*

SAFETY! *"Thanks, Jim, I'm glad I found out about this kind of protection at such a reasonable cost."*

SAFEGUARD YOUR RADIATOR ALL WINTER LONG WITH ONE FILLING OF THIS ANTI-FREEZE!

$3.25 a gallon will give you perfect, all-winter protection from freezing

Under the illusion of saving money, many a motorist worries himself sick all winter about his radiator.

If the weather's cold: "Has the anti-freeze evaporated? Time to pay out cash for more?"

If there's a thaw: "Just when will the anti-freeze boil away? What's the cost of a new paint job?"

And yet all the time—and while spending less money, too—he could put this anxiety out of his head.

For *one filling* of Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze—at $3.25 a gallon—will protect any car from freezing *all winter long!*

The lowest temperature you'll ever meet can't freeze a radiator that has the correct amount of Whiz Gold Band in it. The warmest thaw cannot make Whiz Gold Band boil away or overheat your motor.

Harmless as water

And it's as harmless as pure water. It won't damage your car's finish—Duco or any other kind. It won't evaporate. It won't foam. It won't burn. It won't hurt metal or rubber. It won't cause a short circuit. It won't smell.

It will simply give you absolutely safe, sure protection all winter at the least possible cost.

No wonder it's cold Canada's choice! No wonder the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory gives it the stamp of its approval—as you can see by the certification tag on every can and drum.

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$3.25 PER GALLON
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Business is what you make it

Continued from page 11

striking was in Sacramento—the store of H. S. Ross, which had an interesting genesis. This man had a small meat market. It occupied not all of his floor space and very little of his wall space. He thought it would be a good idea to put in some groceries—canned goods—to use up that wall space and bring in a little money. He had the good fortune to fall into the hands of a salesman who immediately impressed upon him the importance of proper display. He put in shelves of the same type used by McKinney in Toledo—but just a very limited stock. But so rapidly did these shelves sell his little grocery stock that he kept enlarging it and adding shelves. In the end the grocery business swallowed the meat business. Here was a man who had no notion of developing a grocery business and who, because he got off on the right foot, almost without intending it, built up one of the prettiest stores in Sacramento.

It is perfectly amazing what simple ideas make great changes in business. I have described here the part which rearranging display has had in reviving the morale of independent grocers. An even more important movement has resulted from a new idea in building a grocery. Someone in Los Angeles—I was not able to learn who—conceived a very different plan for building a grocery store. In the past a site for stores, particularly on a corner, has always been looked upon as so valuable that in building no part of the real estate was to be wasted—every square foot of the ground was used to build on. However, some chap with a valuable building site visualized a wholly different approach. Instead of putting a building right on the corner and at the front of the lot, he made his building in the form of an L, but imposed it this way—┌—on the property. The whole corner space was left free, the building was built around it at the side and back. The front of the building was left open so that there were no show windows—the store was its own show window.

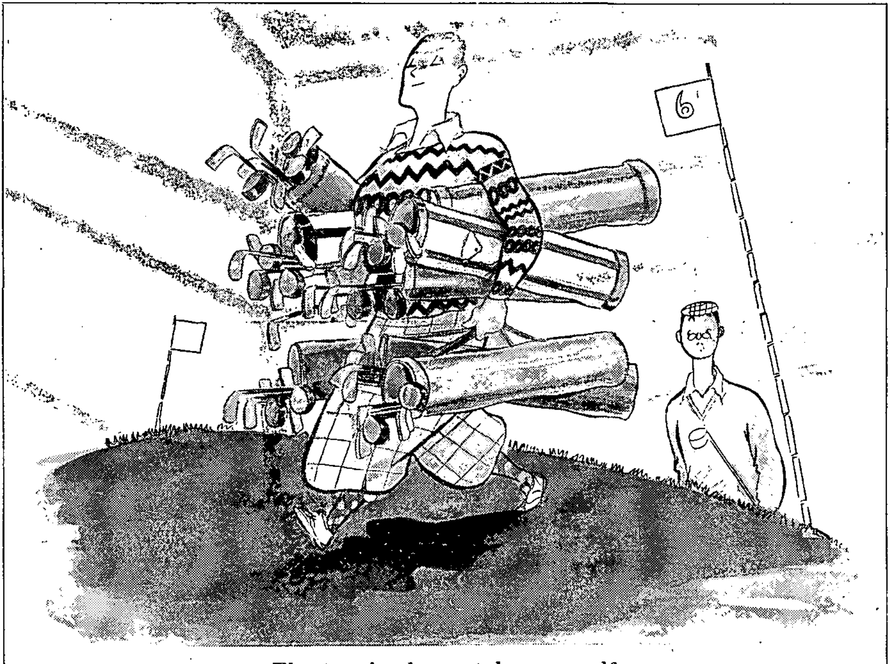
Drive-in Markets

There were in order a grocery store, a meat market, a dairy store, vegetable and fruit store, candy and confectionery store and other allied food lines. The whole open space was devoted to parking. Thus the market came to be called a drive-in or an open-air market, though it was really under cover. Here was a modern conception of a market, with a place to park the car and a complete stock of foods of all sorts.

The idea took root at once and spread all over southern California, so that now on all business streets these drive-ins can be found. And as they have advanced in number new features have been added in the way of make-up. Thus one of the handsomest is called the Mandarin. It is an elaborately ornamented affair, built in the Chinese style, with ornate pagodas rising at each end and in the center. And, bless your heart, as I drove around looking over these handsome markets, what should I come upon but one labeled The Willard Market—owned by no less a promoter and investor and pioneer than Jess Willard himself, former heavyweight champion of the world.

For a long time we have been saying the chains had taught the independents how to run the grocery business. But here, to even the score, the independents have retaliated with a new lesson. For many of the leading chains have been studying the results and methods of these stores and are already going strongly over to the market idea all over the country.

Indeed, the new trend to the market in many lines of selling is a most interesting phenomenon. In this very modern age the oldest device for selling goods reappears with surprising vigor. Even in the wholesale field we have such extraordinary institutions, for instance, as the Chicago Furniture Mart. In a few years this imposing enterprise seems destined to revolutionize the methods of selling furniture which have been in use for centuries. Built only a short time ago, it was until the erection of another colossal market the largest building in the world, in the matter of floor space. A magnificent Gothic structure which cost $15,000,000, it occupies a large city block, rises thirty-four stories in its tower and has nearly 2,000,000 square feet of floor space.



The tennis champ takes up golf

George Shanks

For many years Grand Rapids was the furniture capital of America. There are located mills or, better still, mills and shops making the finest furniture produced anywhere in the world. In the past many furniture dealers have gone to Grand Rapids twice a year—in January and July—to the market maintained there. Grand Rapids is still a great market, particularly for its own products. But Chicago is also one, the two great centers dividing the business.

More recently Marshall Field & Co. sponsored the building of another gigantic market—the Merchandise Mart—which has exhibitors of every kind of merchandise including a good deal of furniture. Here flock dealers from every part of the country to mill around and shop about for the goods they can buy best at the best price. All this is something like the New York Toy Market—though much larger—which is now the shopping center for toy-store dealers everywhere. Once it was the great toy market of Nürnberg in Bavaria; but now it is New York.

This whole business of developing trade through the market—which has always been a form of amusement—and the *fiesta*, is getting a lot of attention. For instance, Portland has recently inaugurated a Christmas festival. On the day following Thanksgiving Santa makes his triumphant entry into the city in a Fairy Tale Parade.

In Minneapolis, by the way, there is the best developed show of another kind—the Christmas lighting festival, sponsored by the electrical people. I don't know where this originated. It would be interesting to settle that point now. But I think it was first exploited in a large way in Minneapolis. The show provides a series of prizes for the most handsomely decorated and illuminated houses in the Christmas spirit. Last year about 8,000 houses were decorated.

Making Your Store Stand Out

This business of showmanship in retailing finds its way into all phases of business. I have said it covers scenery, make-up, cast and dialogue. It includes also the doing of certain unusual things which give character and individuality and personality and distinction to a store.

For instance, a store like the Seeley-Dresser grocery store in Portland, which has always led the way in modern packaging and beauty of atmosphere, has lately, in an effort to enlarge its volume, refused to handle any item that did not belong in the food classification. "Large groceries, seeking to increase volume," the manager told me, "branch out into all sorts of merchandising—cigars and tobacco, aluminum ware, electrical cooking fixtures, all sorts of things. These are merely side lines and immediately bring the store into competition with a large group of its most valued and profitable customers. We wanted to expand, so we looked for a mode of expansion in the food business." The result was to exploit a department of cooked foods. As I stood in the store at noon, I saw a shipment of 200 roasted fowl being sent out to homes in Portland and to some restaurants. Today that grocery employs twelve cooks in its kitchen and is doing more business than at any time in its history.

Another remarkable grocery store in Portland has built up a very special and distinct character for itself by keeping open all night. This is Delsi's Basket Grocery, which has been closed only four times in twelve years.

Then of course there is also the matter of dialogue. The importance of this you will observe from one little instance which occurred in Edwards, Kansas. A woman walked into a store to buy a dress for $30. She and the salesman in their talk got around to the depression. The salesman wanted to impress her with how cheap the dress was, so he kept laying on the depression with a thick brush. He warmed to his subject, made a picture of unemployment and distress, with the result that the woman walked out without buying. The case was followed up and the store found that the woman had gone out and bought the material for a dress and made one herself. That salesman had talked a cash customer out of buying.

We have always had handsome and ornate stores—in which the elaborate and extravagant use of the scenic art has been practiced with a prodigal hand. For the most part, however, this had been done with a view to attracting notice and even luring the curious. Something very much more intelligent is being done now. In an earlier article, I said that the store known as Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles is the most beautiful specialty store in the world. There are no stores anywhere, I think, to compare in beauty with the great shops of America. And this is, I venture to assert, the loveliest on this continent—not the largest or the greatest or the richest—but the most beautiful. It is not only that, but it is built on what seems like a sound though somewhat different idea of merchandising.

Building Life-time Customers

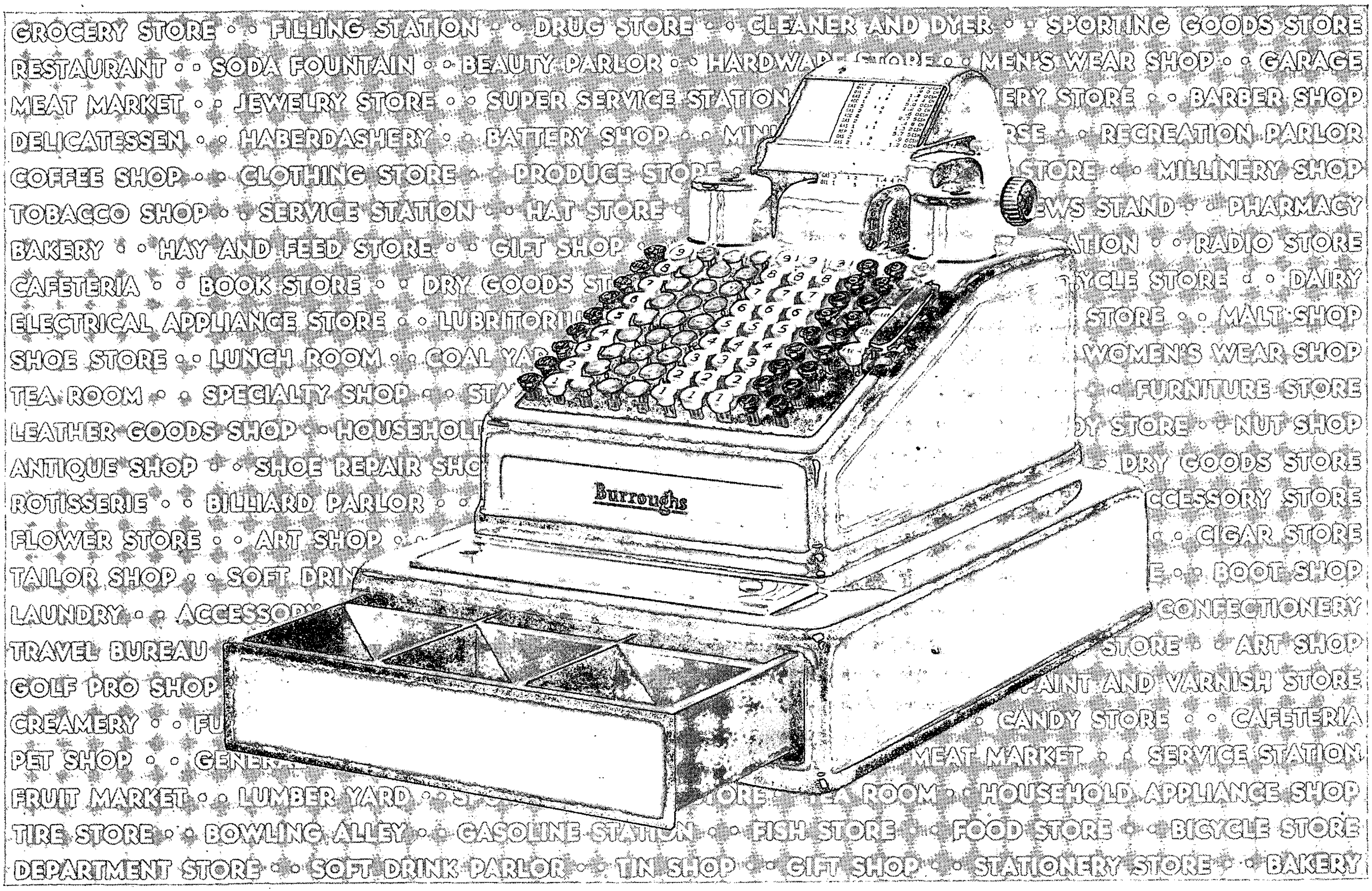
The fundamental idea of the store is to build itself into the lives of its clientele. It is not a single store but rather a series of stores; not, for instance, one woman's shoe store, but a series of shoe stores for the female of the species at the different periods of her life. On the fourth floor the young child is introduced to her own complete shop. She may continue the journey through the beautiful aisles of the store on through life until she finds herself at last in the complete department which specializes in the style wants of the mature woman.

Certainly one ought not to leave the subject of showmanship in business without noticing the extensive application of the scenic art to the small shops of the whole coast, but particularly in Los Angeles. Here what has been called the Cathedral of the Hot Dog rises to its most ecstatic proportions. The hot-dog stand, the orange-juice shop, the ice-cream parlor, the bakery and cake shop and wayside eating places have gone in for costume and make-up on an elaborate scale. The Round House Café looks, indeed, like a locomotive garage, with part of a railroad car sticking out, but it is in fact a café. There is the Brown Derby, which got its inspiration from Al Smith, a gigantic brown derby in form, in fact a restaurant. There is the Ice Cream and the Freezer, the Zep and the Betsy Ann, each taking on the appearance of the thing or person from which it gets its name. Most successful among these is the Van de Camp bakeries, neatly designed little windmills of brilliant Delft blue, but which are really a string of little bread and cake shops all over Los Angeles.

It comes down to the question of removing one's light from behind the well-known bushel and establishing it where it may be seen and then setting up some kind of disturbance in the immediate vicinity to be sure it is not overlooked. It may be that a better mouse trap hidden away in a dingly dell may ultimately be discovered by some enterprising Stanley exploring the jungles of business.

But one cannot live on the trade of the Stanleys. It is better to move the mouse trap out onto the main highway, with a good big sign over it, not overlooking the importance of having it finished in the newest and softest of lacquers and perhaps a velvet pedestal, a neon sign, a little spotlight and a mechanical mouse.

BURROUGHS *New* CASH MACHINE


GROCERY STORE ◦◦ FILLING STATION ◦◦ DRUG STORE ◦◦ CLEANER AND DYER ◦◦ SPORTING GOODS STORE
RESTAURANT ◦◦ SODA FOUNTAIN ◦◦ BEAUTY PARLOR ◦◦ HARDWARE STORE ◦◦ MEN'S WEAR SHOP ◦◦ GARAGE
MEAT MARKET ◦◦ JEWELRY STORE ◦◦ SUPER SERVICE STATION
ERY STORE ◦◦ BARBER SHOP
DELICATESSEN ◦◦ HABERDASHERY ◦◦ BATTERY SHOP ◦◦ MI
RSE ◦◦ RECREATION PARLOR
COFFEE SHOP ◦◦ CLOTHING STORE ◦◦ PRODUCE STORE
STORE ◦◦ MILLINERY SHOP
TOBACCO SHOP ◦◦ SERVICE STATION ◦◦ HAT STORE
EWS STAND ◦◦ PHARMACY
BAKERY ◦◦ HAY AND FEED STORE ◦◦ GIFT SHOP
ATION ◦◦ RADIO STORE
CAFETERIA ◦◦ BOOK STORE ◦◦ DRY GOODS ST
YCLE STORE ◦◦ DAIRY
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE STORE ◦◦ LUBRITORI
STORE ◦◦ MALT SHOP
SHOE STORE ◦◦ LUNCH ROOM ◦◦ COAL YA
WOMEN'S WEAR SHOP
TEA ROOM ◦◦ SPECIALTY SHOP ◦◦ ST
FURNITURE STORE
LEATHER GOODS SHOP ◦◦ HOUSEHOL
DY STORE ◦◦ NUT SHOP
ANTIQUE SHOP ◦◦ SHOE REPAIR SHO
DRY GOODS STORE
ROTISSERIE ◦◦ BILLIARD PARLOR
CCESSORY STORE
FLOWER STORE ◦◦ ART SHOP
CIGAR STORE
TAILOR SHOP ◦◦ SOFT DRI
E ◦◦ BOOT SHOP
LAUNDRY ◦◦ ACCESSOR
CONFECTIONERY
TRAVEL BUREAU
STORE ◦◦ ART SHOP
GOLF PRO SHOP
AINT AND VARNISH STORE
CREAMERY ◦◦ FU
CANDY STORE ◦◦ CAFETERIA
PET SHOP ◦◦ GENE
MEAT MARKET ◦◦ SERVICE STATION
FRUIT MARKET ◦◦ LUMBER YARD
EA ROOM ◦◦ HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE SHOP
TIRE STORE ◦◦ BOWLING ALLEY ◦◦ GASOLINE STATION ◦◦ FISH STORE ◦◦ FOOD STORE ◦◦ BICYCLE STORE
DEPARTMENT STORE ◦◦ SOFT DRINK PARLOR ◦◦ TIN SHOP ◦◦ GIFT SHOP ◦◦ STATIONERY STORE ◦◦ BAKERY
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There is a variety of Burroughs Cash Machines to meet the requirements of different types of business. For example, there are models that furnish totals of quantities as well as amounts—separate totals of cash and charge sales—totals by commodities, clerks or attendants—detail tape—enforced identification of clerks, order ticket numbers, etc. There are models that total customers' purchases and issue receipts—validate paid-outs, sales tickets, etc. Choice of totaling capacities and descriptive keys to meet individual requirements—hand or electric models.

Burroughs

Strong Enough

Continued from page 23

slow blow. Homer, who was quick, stepped smartly inside and banged him again to the wall with a neat clip on the chin.

For a moment the fellow seemed to hang there; then, with an uprush of filthy abuse, rushed forward, reaching out with his big hands.

Homer gave back a step, caught an outstretched hand, planted a foot firmly in the fellow's rather big stomach, and threw himself backward. The huge body came sailing over and past him, coming up with a thud head-first against a jog in the wall and lying there like a dead thing.

HOMER glanced up. Sure enough, there was Alice hanging over the stair rail; two great frightened eyes in a white face. "Better go into my room," he said, keeping his voice down. "Lock the door if you'd feel any easier. I'll be up in a minute." The white face disappeared. And then Homer stood, with a puzzled scowl, considering the problem on the floor.

The street door slammed, and a man came walking up; a noticeably well-dressed Italian with keen eyes and a cool, handsome face.

"Friend o' yours?" asked Homer, indicating the body.

"In a way," replied the Italian, impassively. "What have you done to him?"

"Threw him."

"You *threw* him!"

"Yes, my friend, I threw him. And you might tell him, when he comes to, that any time he'd like a little more of the same all he has to do is to come round and ask for it."

He went upstairs then and found Alice lying on his couch, sobbing. He patted her shoulder, awkwardly at first; but soon picked her up in his arms and kissed her tears away. She was so little!

"How on earth did it happen?" he asked, when she felt a little more composed.

"Oh, it was terrible! He simply dragged me in there as I was passing the door."

"Did he take anything? Rob you?"

She nodded. The tears came again. "Everything I had."

"I'll bring the police in."

"No! Don't do that! It'll just make trouble. I—I wouldn't want Bert to know about it—don't you see? She'd worry so."

"But, my God! . . . Lookahere! How much did he take?"

"All I had. The hundred dollars my mother sent me."

"Hm! A hundred, eh!" Homer didn't know that those arms of his were all but crushing her fragile chest. He stared at the pattern of the wallpaper.

"Look here!" he said, putting her down with a sudden abruptness. And from the wallet he kept in an inner pocket he counted out a hundred dollars and pressed it into her hand.

"But, Homer," she began, crying some more. . . . "It's wonderful of you but . . . my word! . . . I can't imagine allowing you to do such a . . . I'd simply insist on paying it back very soon. . . . Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man!" She clung to him.

"You're not paying anything back," he muttered—and left the room.

GIBBY wasn't due at the armory on Friday evening until eight, so the two young men sat long in a lunchroom. Homer, glowing with the incredible thrill of love and further excited by certain events of the day (with a bit less than three dollars in his pocket)—nervously quick to chuckle over nothing at all—struggled manfully to suppress self.

Fortunately Gibby, who hadn't a trace of selfishness in his somewhat bovine nature, suddenly gave him an outlet.

"See your man today, kid?"

"Mr. Cable? Sure! And, boy, believe me, something has happened! He was swell."

"Give you a job?"

"Well, not exactly. But he's giving me a chance. And that's all I ask. Oh, he told me the usual stuff—that there really aren't any jobs at all these days—account of the hard times, of course—but just the same he took me over himself and introduced me to the sporting editor."

"Billy McFee?"

"The same. He's older than I'd 'a' thought. Gray hair. And pretty gruff. You know, regular old newspaper man stuff. He advised me to follow up the sporting events and write anything that interests me and turn it in. Said they might buy some of it if it was good enough—at space rates. So I decided I'd cover the matches tonight." Exultantly Homer jingled the loose change in his pants pocket.

MARY HAD
A LITTULL
LAMMMM
IT'S FLEECE
WUZ WHITE
AS SNOW
Jay Irving

"Yeah, lady, I trained 'im myself"

Jay Irving

"But aren't you coming into the locker-room with me, Homer?"

"Sure! But I can see some of it, and I'll have a story in the office before midnight."

"Great stuff, kid!"

"Mr. Cable said one thing that gave me a kick. He said, 'Bear this in mind. You're a country boy. That's all right. So were most of us, a while back. The next time you walk around town and look up at all these exciting new big buildings—at the subway, the railway stations, the banks, the big stores, the newspapers—just bear it in mind that the big men who run all this came in as youngsters from somewhere or other and fought it through. They're the fellows who plunged into the battle of New York and won it. The losers just drop out. Go back home. Vanish somewhere. It's the city of winners. But just the same, New York needs new blood. Must have it, all the time. Win that battle, and twenty-five years from now you'll be one of the big men that are running things. If you've got nerve and guts, New York needs you. Never forget that!' Isn't that just about the real dope? Isn't it?"

"That," said Gibby, with solemnity, "is the real dope."

AT THE armory, they waited, in a curious hush, for Gibby's bout. Dressed only in his trunks Gibby sat on the bench in front of his locker with his hands clasped tightly between his knees, staring moodily at the floor. Homer lounged on the bench and tried to keep from grinning exultantly. He had now a dollar and ninety cents.

Gibby spoke without lifting his eyes. "Funny about this big-time wrestling," said he. "It's a show business, you see. The thing that goes big is what they call color. Take 'Slam' Thurston over there behind you. No, a little to your left, on the other side of the room. Big blond fellow. He's a dirty dog—bite your ear off if he figured he could get away with it—punch you in the stomach, gouge your eye, and if he slams you, you're out. That's color! Devil Dan always said I didn't have any color. That's why he let me go. But I'm in this game, and I've made up my mind to play it. I shan't start it, but if that's what this Albanian tramp asks for he's going to get it and get it plenty."

"How about the referee?"

GIBBY glanced up in surprise. "The referee? Didn't you know? He's on Carrigan's pay roll, kid. And the pair of 'em see to it that the crowds get what they want. Thurston, now, always draws a big booing the minute he steps into the ring. He counts on it. It's his meal ticket. More of your color."

Homer grinned. "Rather glad I'm not in the racket," he remarked.

Carrigan entered the room with an open telegram in his hand, a portly, hard-faced man. The hangers-on gathered about him. But the showman waved them aside.

"The Swede's out," he muttered to the alert young fellow who, said Gibby, was his press agent and general assistant. "Got a belly ache. That bird's yellow. I'm about through with him. Let's see"—his cold blue eyes swept the room—"he was wrestling Thurston. I'll have to stick somebody in." The blue eyes rested on our two friends. He came straight over and looked down at Homer, weighing him up. "Here's a break for you, kid," he said in his crisp way. "I'm going to stick you in against Thurston. You'll have to take it, of course—I've got plans for that fellow—but I'll tell him to carry you for a while." He shouted, "Thurston, come over here!"

The blond man rose and crossed the room. Homer rose too. He was saying, "It's kind of you, Mr. Carrigan, but—" when his eyes fell full on the huge body and small head before him. Both stared—a long moment—and then Thurston scowled and, in evident contempt, spat.

"Here, Slam," said the boss, "the Swede's off the bill, and I'm going to stick this boy in. Give him fifteen to twenty minutes before you throw him. Let him show his holds. Understand? Now, kid, give me that name again."

"Jim Henry," said Homer, without a quiver.

"How about it, kid?" asked Carrigan. "Are you game?"

THERE was an odd, long silence. Both Carrigan and Gibby watched the pair, who were eying each other like two strange dogs.

Homer finally spoke; spoke exactly three words: "I'll do it." After which he coolly turned his back on the mighty "Slam" and began undressing.

"What's this all about?" asked Gibby, when the others had gone. And though his speech was slow Homer knew from his eyes that he was burning with sudden curiosity and excitement. "Know that bird?"

"It's queer," Homer replied, musingly. "I bumped into him yesterday and we had a few words. I didn't know who he was." And went quietly on with his undressing like a man in a trance.

Gibby poured low-voiced advice into his ear. "He's slow, kid, but strong as an elephant. Don't forget you're giving him more'n thirty-odd pounds. He'll likely try to open with an armlock. If he gets it, he'll twist it into a bar. Remember what I've told you about that. If he gets your arm, hit him on the jaw. Just be careful not to use your fist. The heel of the hand is almost as good anyway. And watch his legs. If he puts the body scissors on you he's likely to crack a rib or two."

"I don't care what he does," said Homer gravely.

Gibby wrestled the big Albanian the full twenty minutes to a draw, exchanging blow for blow, elbow for elbow, knee for knee. And the crowd liked him. They were of no two minds about that.

Then Homer went out, with Thurston following two or three minutes later.

Homer looked about the immense hall with interest as he walked up the aisle. It was packed, floor and gallery, with excited men and a sprinkling of women. Without even a momentary flutter of the nerves he mounted the steps and ducked in through the ropes. He wasn't afraid of the redoubtable Slam Thurston. He stood, a graceful, slim-appearing figure even in his borrowed bathrobe, leaning back against the ropes.

A mighty booing struck his ears. Yes, there were the big shoulders and small

(*Continued on page 40*)

"I'll see it through if *you* will!"

"THEY tell me there's five or six million of us—out of jobs.

"I know that's not your fault, any more than it is mine.

"But that doesn't change the fact that some of us right now are in a pretty tough spot—with families to worry about—and a workless winter ahead.

"Understand, we're not begging. We'd rather have a job than anything else you can give us.

"We're not scared, either. If you think the good old U. S. A. is in a bad way more than temporarily, just try to figure out some other place you'd rather be.

"But, until times do loosen up, we've got to have a little help.

"So I'm asking *you* to give us a lift, just as I would give one to you if I stood in your shoes and you in mine.

"Now don't send me any money—that isn't the idea. Don't even send any to the Committee which signs this appeal.

"The best way to help us is to give as generously as you can to the Unemployment Emergency Committee *in your own town*, as well as to the established welfare, charity and relief organizations there.

"That's my story, the rest is up to you.

"I'll see it through—if *you* will!"

—Unemployed, 1931

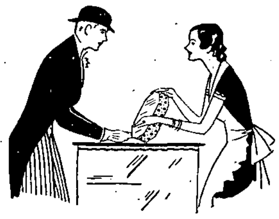
THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Walter S. Gifford
Director

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Chairman

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.



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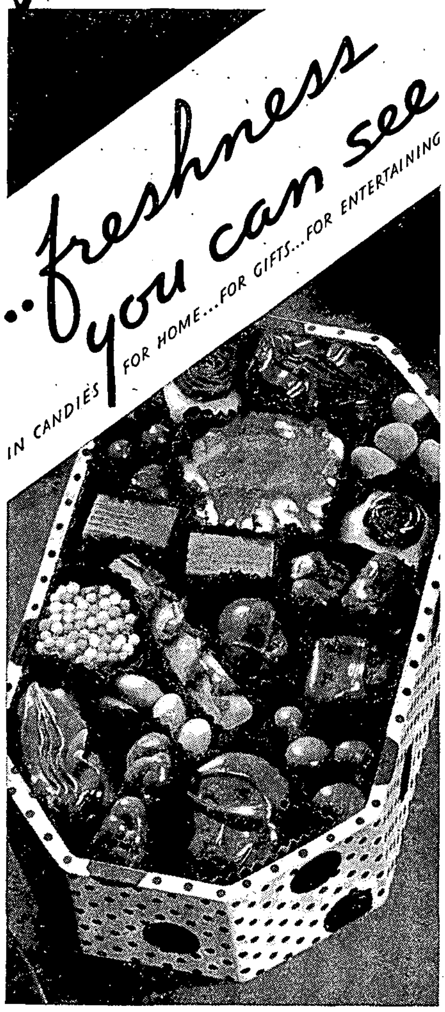

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IN CANDIES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS...FOR ENTERTAINING

TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride . . . but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies *ever?* . . . now that Johnston offers *freshness you can see.*

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.

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ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name....................

Address....................

City....................State....................

Strong Enough

Continued from page 38

head of the widely hated favorite coming through the crowd. He entered the ring and waved both arms contemptuously at the roaring crowd.

The referee called them together at the center of the ring for the impressive little conference that was merely—Homer knew now—part of the show. Window dressing. Then they went back to their corners and threw off their robes. The bell rang. Homer sprang out. The referee shouted at them to shake hands, but both men ignored him.

Homer knew exactly how slow the huge Thurston was. And as he leaped in there, he made a quick decision.

THURSTON, Homer was sure, figured on the usual pawing and mauling about the head as a preliminary to securing a hold. He would then try one of two things, an armlock or a headlock. Neither would be pleasant. As they circled, reaching, Homer abruptly stopped and stood erect. Thurston, surprised, scowling, did the same. And then, like a two-hundred-pound bullet, Homer dove. As his head smacked into the rather full stomach his hands grabbed for the two huge, hard thighs, and Thurston landed with a crash on the back of his head, with both shoulders flat on the mat. He was out.

The roar of the crowd almost deafened Homer. He had made no effort to pin his man, but stood quietly aside, pointing at the inert figure and speaking to the referee. That person, scowling, ignored the facts and pushed Homer back.

A new note of primitive anger colored that roar.

Slowly the great Thurston opened his eyes, grimaced in pain, somehow got to his feet and stood in a weak crouch, rubbing a crimson stomach; while that unhappy referee stood squarely between them.

"Stand back, you fool!" said the referee, guardedly.

"Raw as this, eh?" grunted Homer.

The referee moved a step aside, waving the crowd to be quiet (for what reason heaven alone could divine) and still held one arm out between the contestants.

Homer deliberately struck that warning arm down and dove again, and again the mighty Thurston crashed on the back of his head. This time Homer dove after his man and, sitting astride his stomach, simply pressed the two shoulders down with his hands.

The crowd was now frantic. Faintly Homer heard the gong clanging.

The referee, failing to catch any sign from the boss, and frightened by the yells of the mob, could do no less than slap Homer on the back and point to him as the winner.

Homer leaped to his feet and, with a last derisive wave toward the muddled official, grabbed his bathrobe and ran through the aisle toward the locker. He was, suddenly—oh, he caught it!—a hero. Men waved their arms, threw their hats, slapped at him in frantic admiration as he passed. In the doorway, Carrigan glared without a word.

Homer didn't know that Gibby, still in his bathrobe, was running beside him into the locker-room. Without waiting for the usual shower—for that matter he had hardly begun to sweat—he tore into his dressing. Gibby helped him.

"It's a miracle!" cried Gibby. "But you get out of here quick. Carrigan'll be crazy." He hesitated, awed by that odd glitter in the boy's eye. But after a moment he said this:

"There's a queer story going round back here, kid. Something about Thurston being sore because you were interested in his wife. I told 'em they were cockeyed. But whatta you know about that?"

Homer's fingers stopped dead. They seemed to go limp. He turned a bewildered face to his friend. Then, as abruptly, he caught his breath with a strange little gasp and finished dressing.

"Do this, Gibby," he said, in a quick, husky voice. "Stay here and make a few notes on the rest of it, then come fast to the room. If there's any money coming to me, collect it. I've got to write my story." With which, jamming on his hat and snatching up his overcoat, he hurried out, and went across town by taxi. That cost sixty cents.

It was Bert, the little dark girl, who answered his sharp knock. He could see Alice, wrapped in a pretty kimono, playing solitaire on the center table under the drop light; but he didn't give her so much as a second glance. Instead he drew the dark girl out into the hall and shut the door.

As he faced the light she saw the look on his face and lost her smile. "Listen!" he broke out, in that new husky voice. "I'm going to ask you just one question. Is Alice married?"

The girl nodded. "Oh, yes. Been married years. It wasn't a success. She has a boy four years old living with her people in Ohio."

"Who's the man?"

"His name is Thurston. But what on earth . . ."

Homer, she saw, was trembling. He left her there. Went into his room and shut the door. A moment passed, and then she heard his typewriter clicking.

An hour and a half after that Gibby came in with his notes. And he laid a check on the bureau. "He's giving you fifty, kid. From the talk back stage I didn't think he'd pay a cent. I had it made out to your real name. Not so many men have crossed Paul Carrigan and got away with it. I wouldn't go up to the gym right off if I was you. He's bound to be sore. You see, he was rubbing up Thurston for a go at the champion. Well, me for bed, kid. And don't you dare call me before noon tomorrow."

BUT Homer didn't call him at all. He breakfasted at seven in a small restaurant, with the Clarion folded back to the sporting pages, propped up against a sugar bowl.

Over and over he read it:

THURSTON TOSSED BY UNKNOWN

SURPRISING UPSET IN WRESTLING CIRCLE DRIVES CROWD TO DELIRIUM

If Referee David Toller hadn't finally come to his senses and slapped the young and utterly unknown Jim Henry on the back at the Ninety-eighth Armory last night it is likely that a frenzied mob would have made short work of him. As it is, there are reports about that Paul Carrigan, who was known to be grooming the gigantic Mr. Thurston for a heavily ballyhooed go at the champion, nearly passed out from the shock. Two separate times Mr. Thurston's hitherto mighty shoulders lay flat on the mat. Referee Toller, who should visit an oculist at once, couldn't, to save himself, see what some seven thousand excited persons had no difficulty in discerning, and even then was seen to glance helplessly at the statuesque and frowning Mr. P. Carrigan, before he finally decided to bow his bald head to fate. This Jim Henry will be heard from again.

A summary of the other bouts followed, with a pleasant word for another unknown, one Tornado Tanner. And over and over and over again Homer read it all.

He could never have told how he passed the morning. Noon found him sitting patiently beside the sporting editor's desk in the offices of the Clarion.

At one-thirty there was an odd incident. He asked if Mr. McFee would help him cash a check. This was easily arranged. And he collected four dollars and forty cents for his story.

"Well," said McFee, in his brusque way, "you've started well. You knocked out our regular man on this job. You hit on the real story; he muffed it." His eyes suddenly narrowed, but he didn't go on.

One of the reporters sauntered over, his eyes on Homer. "How are you?" he said. Then added, "I've known you somewhere or other. Your face . . ."

"Look here!" broke in McFee. "If you don't mind my asking, what were you doing with a fifty-dollar check from Paul Carrigan?"

Homer hesitated, then compressed his lips.

The reporter snapped his fingers with a report like the crack of a whip. "Got it!" he cried, with a grin. "You're the Jim Henry fellow that took big Thurston last night. And, boy, what you did to him! You're the fastest thing ever seen here."

"So!" mused McFee. "You're Jim Henry, eh! The simple country boy *with* ideas about publicity. Hmp! . . . Well, I'll say you win. But don't try to fool us again."

HOMER, a little later in the afternoon, telephoned Gibby at the gym and suggested a meeting at six-thirty.

At an old Broadway hostelry the pair dined expansively.

"Well," remarked the big fellow at last, with a grin, "don't know as I can hold back any longer. What do you think Carrigan said today? He said: 'Tell that young smart aleck I'm giving him a good spot at the Garden next week. I'll pay him two hundred and fifty. And I'll let him wrestle. The kid's got color!' Whatta you know about that!"

Homer smiled faintly. "I may do it," he replied. "But not for two-fifty. He'll pay five hundred."

Gibby started. "Hmm, kid! Want me to tell him that?"

"No. I'll tell him."

"Gosh!"

Gibby sat thinking. "Well . . . I'm on the bill, too, kid. He's offered me a hundred and fifty. Looka here, kid! Whatta you say? Maybe there's room for us in this man's town. If we stick to our guns—no liquor, no tobacco, no women."

"Sure!" Homer slumped in his chair and twisted a fork.

"I'll own up I've worried about you the last couple o' days, kid. I couldn't help thinking that maybe the blonde—"

The boy banged a firm flat hand on the table.

"The blonde," he cried huskily, "is out! . . . You see, Gibby, here's how it is—New York needs us."

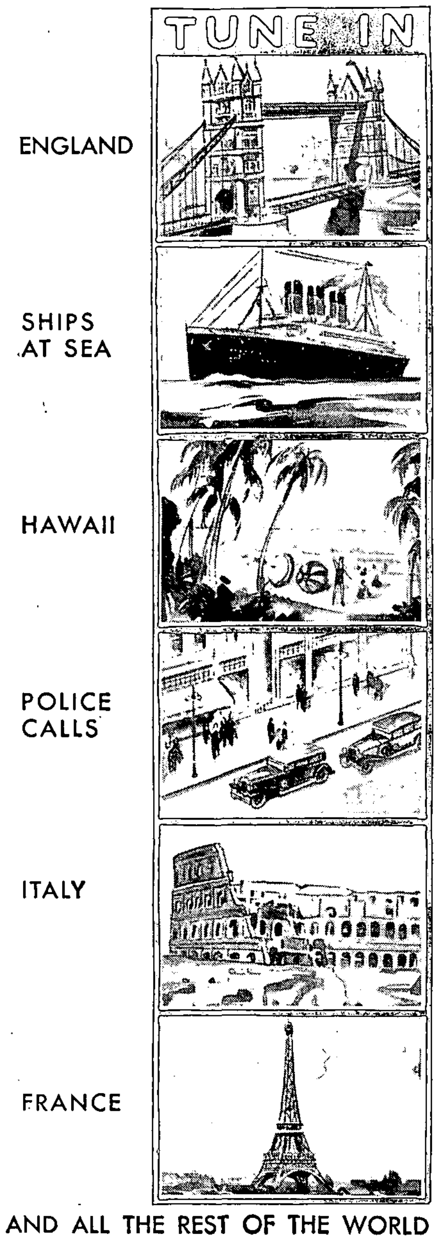
"If Carrigan'll pay your price," mused Gibby.

"He's a showman," said Homer brightening. "He'll pay."

And it is to be recorded that Carrigan paid.

ALL THE WORLD *at your command!*

NOW . . . *with the* New Stewart-Warner Radios you have available FOREIGN as well as U. S. Stations . . . also police calls, airplanes, and ships at sea . . .



In view of the marvelous programs—costing millions of dollars—now being broadcast on *standard* wave lengths, it might seem that radio reception has reached the ultimate in entertainment and instruction. But, there exists still another field of tremendously fascinating broadcasts—but which are *below* the range of a standard radio alone. These are the broadcasts transmitted today on *short wave* lengths, by almost 200 stations here and abroad.

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This new world-wide reception is radio's latest, greatest thrill. It is available now, for the first time in radio history, in one complete set—the new Stewart-Warner Silver Jubilee Models. These remarkable new radios—offered in commemoration of Stewart-Warner's 25th anniversary—not only bring you *improved* reception of your favorite *standard* wave stations—but also permit you to tune-in on the thrilling broadcasts in the *short wave* band.

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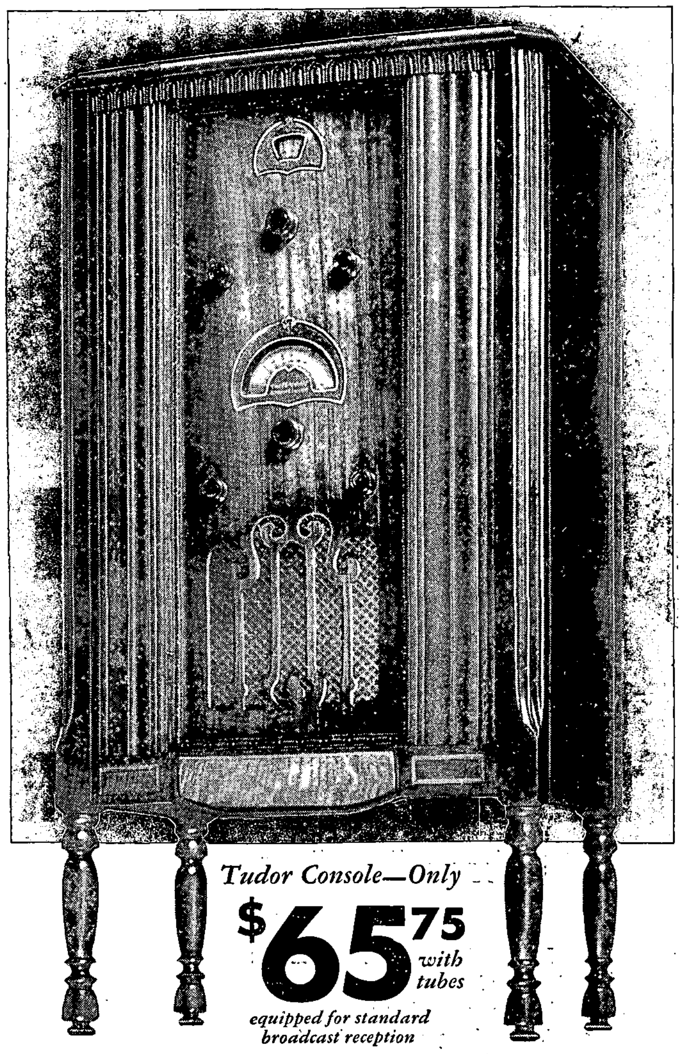

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$65.75 *with tubes*

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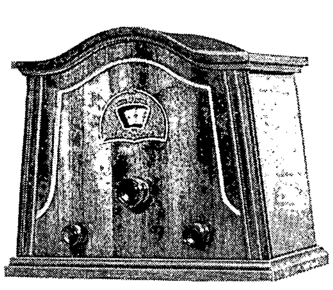

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BUY YOURSELF
$200.00 A MONTH
...as long as you live

THE PROVIDENT PROVIDOR
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FOR YOU it provides a guaranteed retirement income of $200 a month beginning at age 60 or 65 and continuing as long as you live. Total payments of at least $20,000 are guaranteed, although double that amount or more may be paid depending upon your length of life.

You can arrange for a Provident Providor which will pay you from $50 to $2500 a month. If you desire, a cash sum may be substituted for the income feature at the maturity of the contract.

FOR YOUR WIFE and children, or other dependents, it provides $20,000 in cash, payable in the event of your death prior to the maturity date. An especially attractive feature of the Provident Providor is that you may select a somewhat reduced income at age 60 or 65 with the guarantee that the Company will pay an income to your wife *and* yourself as long as either shall live.

A HELPFUL PROVISION. The difficulty with most savings plans is that they come to an end in case you are disabled. The Provident Providor overcomes this handicap by guaranteeing to pay all premiums for you during prolonged total disability which occurs before the age specified in the contract.

AN ILLUSTRATION For a premium amounting to less than $60 a month a young man of 35 can obtain $200 a month starting at age 65, and insurance protection of $20,000 until he reaches that age. Furthermore, he will be entitled to such annual dividends as are allotted from the Company's earnings. These dividends not only *decrease* the annual premiums considerably, but other dividends declared after maturity will *increase* the monthly payments to you.

TODAY, while you are insurable and can spare the money, let us show you how small an annual premium deposit will put the Provident Providor into action for you and yours. Protection starts at once.

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Please send full information and quote premium rate for a monthly income of $______. It is understood that this places me under no obligation.

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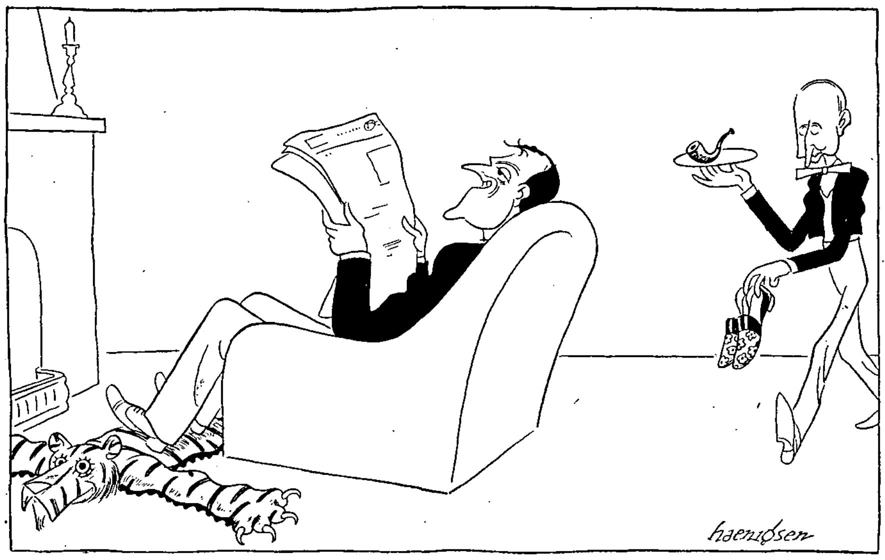

Mr. Curry's Favors

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

IF ANY proof was needed of what a feeble and inept leader of Tammany Hall John F. Curry is, it was furnished by his dealing with the Roosevelt candidacy. Governor Roosevelt is now in a position where, if he wishes to do so, he may kick Tammany in the face amid the plaudits of a nation looking about for a new hero.

It was always necessary for Curry to keep the New York governor, as an aspirant for the Presidency, feeling dependent upon Tammany's good will. Tammany cares very little about who is the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, but hampering the investigation of its government of New York City is almost a matter of life and death to it.

So we may take it that Curry's one idea was to keep Roosevelt friendly to Tammany. There were two ways to do this. One was to do everything possible to promote the governor's ambition to be the Democratic nominee for President. The other was to keep the governor fearful of what Tammany would do to him as a candidate for President if he did not play the game with Tammany in regard to the Seabury investigation.

It is almost the first rule in politics to keep the other fellow guessing. A strong leader of Tammany like Murphy would have worried the governor as to the position he would take as to the governor's candidacy; he would have played the game with his hand held close to his chest.

Shouting Secrets

A weak leader counts not upon fear but upon gratitude. And there isn't any such thing as gratitude where political ambitions are involved. Curry has tried for gratitude and all he has succeeded in doing is in convincing Roosevelt that he (Roosevelt) is invincible, the best evidence of that being, to his mind, the subservience of Curry.

The key to Roosevelt's progress as a candidate for the Democratic nomination was the attitude of the New York delegation. So long as Tammany made it doubtful whether the New York delegation would be for him, then the big states which usually coöperate with Tammany to dictate Democratic nominations would hold off and favorite-son delegations in the West and South would stand firm to await the break-up of the probable deadlock. Tammany was then in a position to exact terms from the governor instead of fawning upon him and seeking his gratitude by its obsequiousness.

It is amusing to see how Curry lent himself to building up Roosevelt to the point where the governor was no longer dependent upon Curry's favor. When the big Democratic leaders from states like Illinois, for example, which usually coöperates with Tammany in national conventions, came to Albany to give the governor the once-over, there was Curry always present, smiling and ingratiating, to assure the bosses that Roosevelt was sure of Tammany's support in the coming convention.

When the boys came in from the sticks, where Tammany is not popular, the amiable political shopkeeper perhaps was not there. One can hardly imagine the saturnine Murphy being there on exhibition, especially when it was essential that Tammany's intentions should be kept dark until the last moment.

Tiger Troubles

One still hears on occasion that Tammany is angry with Roosevelt and threatens trouble. The most recent example at this writing was given when Governor Roosevelt called a special session of the state legislature to give Seabury power to compel testimony from Tammany witnesses at the New York City investigation just after Boss Curry had called upon one of his judges to save one such witness from testifying.

But what can Tammany do if it does get angry now? The Roosevelt candidacy now, thanks to Curry, has gained such impetus that it could probably run over Tammany like a tank car, as the Cleveland candidacy ran over Tammany in the eighties.

Tammany's natural allies in the big states are now at least inclined for Roosevelt. The favorite-son candidacies are now pretty well demoralized.

In the beginning there were two men who might have made formidable opponents of Roosevelt, Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith and Owen D. Young. Neither is a candidate, and it is pretty late for either of them to become a candidate.

Tammany might raise some enthusiasm among the genuine wets of the big cities for Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, but that looks at present like a slender hope.

It is of course months before the Democratic nomination for President will be made, and accidents may happen which would upset political predictions made now. But as it stands today, Governor Roosevelt should win the Democratic nomination on the first ballot, at least the first ballot after the favorite-son states have cast their complimentary votes and have scrambled for the band wagon. When there is only one man in a race he is pretty sure to win.

The Hideaway

Continued from page 15

"Time's up," the sheriff repeated.

"Listen, George," Elsie said, still clinging to his hands. "I want to see an expert—a man who knows rifles. Where'll I find him?"

"There's a man over in Springfield I've heard about," George said. "He's supposed to be the best gunsmith in the country—he used to be a foreman at the government arsenal—Cal Hawkins."

The sheriff grasped Elsie's arm. "You'll have to go, Miss Fuller," he said.

"Good-by, George," Elsie said, and kissed him.

ELSIE FULLER drove the forty-five miles to Springfield in a little more than an hour. She found Calvin Hawkins, gunsmith, in the telephone book. A policeman told her how to go there. The door of the shop was open. Elsie walked in.

Halfway down the long room Elsie saw a very tall old man bending over some work on a bench. Elsie walked down to his bench. The old man glanced at her and went on working.

"Well?" he said at last. Elsie told him why she had come.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I dunno," he said. "Those gov'ment bullets are pretty hard. They ought to show something even after they've been through a young oak tree."

"But you don't think so much of it—of that kind of evidence?"

"It would convince me," Cal Hawkins said. "But I've been working with rifles for more than fifty years. I know something about 'em. The average man don't know anything about 'em and you can't tell him anything about 'em. They cal-calate to get average men on a jury."

He bent over his stock again, cutting a long, perfect groove that began on one side of the grip and went clear around to the other side.

"Oh," Elsie said, "would you come over to Winchester with me?"

"What could I do?" Cal Hawkins asked.

"You could come to the place where Danforth was shot and figure out where the man stood when he shot him."

"He won't be standing there now," Cal Hawkins said.

"But suppose he left footprints?"

Cal Hawkins laid down his checkering tool and put on a coat. He took a rifle from a rack. The rifle had a long, dark blue metal tube on top of the barrel.

"We'll go in my car if you don't mind, Miss," he said.

He led the way out of the shop. An old flivver with a roadster seat and a short express body stood in the yard. Cal Hawkins wrapped the rifle in an old blue blanket and strapped it to one of the sideboards of the express body.

The old man drove carefully, steadily, at a good pace. There was a deputy sheriff guarding the Danforth gate. He let them through and pointed out the way across the fields to the place where Danforth had been found.

As they came close, Elsie saw that they were on a high plateau. To the left the land pitched sharply down into a deep, narrow valley, heavily wooded. The opposite ridge was half a mile away.

The deputy at the oak tree was eager to talk. He showed Cal Hawkins where Danforth's body had been found and how Danforth must have been standing. The deputy posed with a stick as a golf club.

"He must've been standing like this," the deputy said. "Sort of sidewise to that clump of brush yonder on the ledge. He must have raised his club like this"—the deputy swung his stick high as though driving with a golf club—"the second before he was shot. Because the bullet struck him under the right shoulder blade, high up."

The deputy straightened up and pointed with his stick. "You see that ledge with them cedars and junipers? That's exactly a hundred yards. Sheriff Wilson measured it with a steel tape. Orton must've been hiding in them cedars."

Cal Hawkins walked over toward the ledge of rock. The deputy followed him. Elsie lagged a little behind. The deputy pointed down into the valley.

"He couldn't've been anywhere down there—he couldn't have seen Danforth from anywhere below this level. And the way the bullet came he must have been standing higher than Danforth."

Cal Hawkins looked out across the valley. The deputy saw the look. He chuckled.

"He couldn't've been anywhere but right here," the deputy said. "Because the land pitches right down and it doesn't rise again till you get clear over yonder—half a mile away."

"Hmm," said Cal Hawkins.

He went back to the oak tree and tried, squatting down, to line up by eye the course of the bullet through the oak tree.

"Well," he said to Elsie, "I guess we better be going."

They thanked the deputy and walked back toward the Danforth gate. Cal Hawkins said nothing. Elsie refrained from asking him any questions. They got into his flivver. Cal Hawkins drove slowly down the road.

"Do you know your way around these parts?" he asked.

"Not very well," Elsie said.

"Well," Cal Hawkins said, "I reckon there is a road around to t'other side of the valley."

HE DROVE ten miles before he stopped. He parked the flivver beside the road, at a barway. There was a No Hunting or Fishing sign with the name R. Miller at the bottom. Cal Hawkins unstrapped his rifle, tucked the blanket in which it had been wrapped under the seat, and climbed over the barway. Elsie followed him.

"There's the place," Cal Hawkins said.

Elsie followed the line of his arm. She could see the oak tree. After a moment she thought she saw the deputy sheriff standing beside it.

Cal Hawkins dropped down on his stomach, pushing the rifle out in front of him, aiming at the oak tree. He put the rifle to his shoulder, supporting it and his body on his elbows. He sighted through the tube on top of the barrel.

He got up again and studied the ground as he walked slowly forward. He was, Elsie saw, looking for a place from which he could see the oak tree when he was lying down.

"Hmmmph!" he said suddenly—so sharply that Elsie could have screamed.

"What did you find?" she asked.

Cal Hawkins got down on the ground again, pushing the rifle out in front of him. He hunched himself forward a little, settled into a comfortable position. After a long minute he laid the rifle carefully on the grass and got up.

"There's where Danforth was shot from," he said.

He pointed to the ground. There were two slightly scooped-out places in the turf of the old pasture—a foot or so apart and one a little ahead of the other. It looked as if somebody had

(Continued on page 44)

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(*Continued from page 43*)

kicked a hole in the turf with his heel.

"You lie down there," Cal Hawkins said, "and put one elbow in each of those holes."

Elsie got down on her stomach and raised her head and placed her elbows. Cal Hawkins squatted beside her.

"Now pick up the rifle and put it to your shoulder and look through the tube."

He helped her support the rifle and get it in position. The tube was, she realized, a telescope with a thin perpendicular line crossing at right angles a thin horizontal one.

"Find the oak tree," he said.

Elsie twisted a little.

"See it?" Cal Hawkins asked.

"Yes," Elsie said. She laid the rifle down and scrambled to her feet. "But you don't mean anybody could have shot the man at that distance from a strained position like that."

"It isn't a strained position," Cal Hawkins said. "It's the regular prone position—one of the best positions there is for a long shot. It only seems strained to you because you aren't used to it."

"But it must be half a mile," Elsie protested.

"Eight hundred yards, I cal-calate," Cal Hawkins said.

"Could anybody actually hit a man at that distance?"

Cal Hawkins nodded. "He could—if he was a real rifleman."

HE TURNED and walked back toward the barway where they had left the flivver.

"You mean that you're sure that's where the shooting was done?" Elsie cried.

"I know it," he said. "Elbow holes just right for the prone position don't grow naturally in old pastures—somebody made 'em. And when you get into the prone position and put your elbows in those holes your rifle is lined up on that little oak tree they found the bullet in. You think that's an accident?"

He looked up at the No Trespass sign. "Who is R. Miller?" he asked.

"I haven't the least idea," Elsie said.

They drove on down the road. After a quarter of a mile they came to an old stone house with freshly painted shutters and a tidy dooryard.

"Summer people from New York," Elsie said.

"Staying late, aren't they?" Cal Hawkins said. He stopped the flivver. "I'd sort of like to stop and ask them if they've seen anything of a man with a telescope-sighted rifle in this neighborhood but I guess 'twouldn't be any use."

"Let me run up," Elsie said. "I won't ask them that. But I'd like to see what sort of people the Millers are."

She jumped out and walked up the path to the front door. She raised the knocker. While she waited, a little nervous, she noticed the shutters. The front door had long shutters like those for the windows. Old houses were often fitted with shutters for the front door and when they hadn't been, summer people often put them on. No one came in answer to the knocker. Elsie raised the knocker a second time. There was something odd about those shutters. They didn't look as if they were made of wood. Elsie tapped the nearest shutter with her knuckle. It wasn't wood. It was heavy iron or steel.

The door opened. She saw a plump, black-haired, brown-eyed man, well-dressed in the Broadway manner.

"Mr. Miller?" Elsie asked.

"Mr. Miller ain't here just now," the man said.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you," Elsie said. She made a gesture toward the flivver and Cal Hawkins. "My father and I have lost our way. Could you tell us the road to Winchester?"

"You've got me, lady," the brown-eyed one said. "But if you keep on going you will hit a paved road."

"Thank you so much," Elsie said. She turned and went back to the flivver.

"New York people?" Cal Hawkins asked.

"I'd say lower East-Side New York," Elsie said. "Greek or Italian."

"Hmmm," said Cal Hawkins.

"I'm going to New York," Elsie said. "I'm going to find out who R. Miller is."

"I would," Cal Hawkins said. "While I was about it I'd find out all about this man Danforth."

After a lot of telephoning that evening she found the real estate agent who had sold the stone house to R. Miller. The agent even had the man's New York address and gave it to her. Elsie took the early morning train to New York and called on the city editor of the New York Express.

"I'll put Raymond on this," the city editor said. "He knows a lot."

Mr. Raymond listened to her story. He took down only the names and addresses she gave him.

"Now," he said, "where could I find you in case I want you later this afternoon or tomorrow?"

"I'll wait," Elsie said.

"All right," he said.

Elsie sat in the anteroom until midafternoon, when he came back.

"If you don't mind," Mr. Raymond said, "I'll take you to a speakeasy over in Forty-sixth Street."

"Very well," Elsie said.

The speakeasy was on the first floor of a comfortable old brownstone house. In a corner were two thick-set, pink-cheeked men having lunch. Raymond led the way to their table. The two men got up, their napkins in their hands.

"Riley," young Mr. Raymond said, "I want you to meet Miss Fuller."

"Pleased to meet you," Mr. Riley said.

"Callahan," Mr. Raymond said to the other, "I want you to meet Miss Fuller."

"Pleased to meet you," Mr. Callahan said.

They all sat down at the round table. Young Mr. Raymond ordered lunch for Elsie and himself.

"Riley," he said, "who's got a hide-away up in the Berkshires?"

Riley glanced at Callahan.

"I dunno," he said.

YOUNG Mr. Raymond told them the facts briefly. He had been looking up Danforth. There wasn't any record of a Danforth in the paper's morgue—except the clippings of the last two days telling of his murder. The address R. Miller had given the real estate agent when he had bought the stone house didn't exist.

"You might know this bird if you saw him—this Miller."

"Yeah," Mr. Riley said. "I might."

"What we've got to find," Elsie said, "is a man who's a crack long-range rifle shot."

Mr. Riley glanced at Mr. Callahan. "Pass me one of those rolls, Frank," he said. He turned again to Elsie. "I don't get you, Miss," he said.

She told him about Cal Hawkins' theory.

"I never heard of a crook or a gangster who could shoot," young Mr. Raymond said. "They go in for sawed-off shotguns at close range."

Mr. Riley pushed his plate back.

"I guess we better go up there, Frank," he said.

"Yeah," Mr. Callahan said. "We better get the car and go up there."

"Of course," Mr. Riley said, "we've got no authority up there in the wilds of Connecticut or Massachusetts or wherever this is. But maybe the local sheriff will come across."

"I'll call him up," young Raymond

said. "I'll tell him the New York Express wants to know."

"You might get this Hawkins you've been talking about, Miss Fuller," Riley said.

"Oh, I'd be glad to," Elsie said. "I'll call him up and ask him to be at the sheriff's office in Winchester."

They started half an hour later in a big black seven-passenger limousine with the insignia of the New York Police Department on the radiator.

Elsie sat back in one corner of the big car and watched their pink, imperturbable faces. The sheriff was waiting for them at Winchester, with Cal Hawkins. It was arranged that the sheriff and Cal Hawkins would call at R. Miller's. They would ask R. Miller to come down into the pasture where Cal Hawkins had found the elbow holes. Mr. Riley and Mr. Callahan would wait there for them.

"I guess, Miss," Mr. Riley said, "I guess you'd better stay here."

"But I can't bear to," Elsie cried. "I've got to be there."

"Well," Mr. Riley said. "It's no place for a girl."

"Who's going to show you where the place is?" Elsie cried.

"Well," Mr. Riley said, "you can sit in the car."

Elsie directed them to the barway where Cal Hawkins had parked his flivver. She led the way into the pasture to the place Cal Hawkins had found.

"Now, Miss," Mr. Riley said, "you go back and sit in the car."

Elsie went back a little way, until she was out of their sight. She crept forward again in the shelter of a small cedar. She got down on her hands and knees to watch.

The sheriff and Cal Hawkins and the plump man and another who might have been his double came down the pasture. Elsie saw the slight start the two strangers gave when they came face to face with Riley and Callahan.

"Holloa, Al," Mr. Riley said.

"Holloa, Joe," the plump man said. He made a slight, uneasy gesture.

"I wouldn't do that if I was you, Al," Mr. Riley said.

The plump man looked over his shoulder into the barrel of a police revolver. The police chauffeur had him covered.

MR. RILEY and Mr. Callahan each produced a pair of handcuffs and applied them. Elsie ran back to the big limousine in the barway and waited for them. Mr. Riley and Mr. Callahan put their captives in the big car and left the chauffeur to guard them and went up to the stone house. They found two sub-machine guns and several sawed-off shotguns and finally a Springfield rifle with a telescope mounted on the barrel and some bandoleers of government cartridges.

"Who are they, Riley?" young Mr. Raymond asked.

"Al Scarpio and his brother," Mr. Riley said.

"Who did the long-range shooting?"

"That was his brother—Jim Scarpio. He was a sniper in the war."

"Who was Danforth?"

Mr. Riley shook his head. "I don't know—yet. But these birds got him and there was a reason. It looks as if they'd picked on this for a safe hideaway—from their own friends. Al told me last spring he was quitting the racket."

"Listen," Elsie Fuller cried. "Does this mean that George is free?"

"It's up to the prosecuting attorney," the sheriff said.

"You needn't worry," young Mr. Raymond said. "Except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"You oughtn't to talk to any other newspaper man until tomorrow."

"As if I would!" Elsie Fuller cried.

This Way Up

Continued from page 24

disease. She who sells bonds, insurance, real estate or even silk stockings, pounds the pavement for hours and comes home at night often too tired to eat. Even the slender, graceful movie star must be strong as an ox to stand the strain. So must the dancer, the actress, the celebrated concert singer. Some women thrive on work of this kind. Others have a better chance for survival at a desk job. The strain on the nerves may be no less but at least she can rest her feet.

No. 3: Will I enjoy the work? Am I suited for it temperamentally?

Many women stay in low-paid professions because they are refined.

Defies Public Opinion

But there is the bird of a different feather who snaps her fingers at public opinion. Politics may be her forte. When she mounts a soap box to make a speech she may be called a rowdy—but what does she care? It gives her a thrill.

Still different is the social worker, who gets an inner glow from the feeling that she is doing good. The creative artist may remain poor, but her joy in her work makes her content. The free-lance writer prefers potluck and a precarious income to a steady job where her heart is not.

The artist or creative genius is of the "lone worker" type. She will not make a good executive and should not try to be one.

Question No. 4 should be: How about the wanderlust?

The girl with the itching heel is usually unhappy at a desk job. On the other hand, if her interests are bound to one community, she should not take a position where advancement means change of locality.

Questions like these can open the eyes and keep square pegs out of round holes.

Yet even vocational experts admit that the path to business success is seldom one straight, upward-swinging line. One may have to curve round to find it. The girl who hasn't money for rent can't sit and cool her heels until the psychological job comes along. She must take the best thing she can get.

"But if she is clever," says Miss Houghton, "she will not forget her goal but keep a weather eye cocked for the first opening that presents itself in her own line. Then go to it.

"Many girls go into business in a haphazard, temporary mood of 'Isn't it amusing! I've got a job, my dear.' They plan to be married shortly, or are counting on an inheritance. Then life plays a trick upon them and they have to work for years. Those girls usually pay for their own mistakes, but by knowing her own mind many such a girl has pulled herself out of business mediocrity or failure."

At a conference of vocational workers held in Richmond in 1929, it was agreed that the same general qualities are essential to success in all lines, whether one's line be financial control or selling over the counter. These main essentials are summed up in Benjamin Franklin's Three I's—industry, intelligence, integrity.

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● When the first sharp blast out of the north is answered by the shrill of a football referee's whistle . . . it's full brogue weather. Time to change from your light-weight, summery-looking shoes to Walk-Over brogues. Sporty perforations and a collegiate swing to the wing tip. Made of plumper, meatier leather. Triple soles from the toe through the heel insure snug comfort though the ground freezes underfoot. The DRURY is shown in black ebonite calf. $8.50

● *Featuring the Fashion Welt*

Walk-Over is acknowledged to lead the world in welt shoe making. The DRURY oxford, shown at the right, advances that reputation. Made by the new Walk-Over Fashion Welt construction it will fit your foot with extra snugness at the arch. Imported black or brown calf. $8.50

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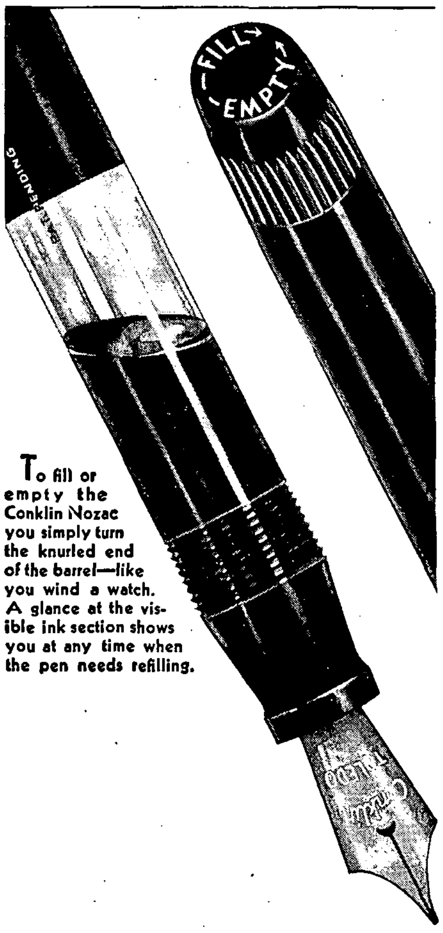

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STEP into any store where pens are sold and ask to see the Conklin Nozac—the new fountain pen that "winds like a watch." Here indeed is the super-pen for school, office and personal use. The new filling device that "winds like a watch," gives the Conklin Nozac 35% greater ink capacity by eliminating the rubber sac within the barrel. Available with visible ink section or with all-opaque barrel, as desired. Be sure to put the Nozac on your Christmas gift list. Everybody wants one. Two beautiful models. Sensibly priced at $6 and $10. Pencils to match $3.50 and $5. Other Conklin pens—new shapes, new colors, $2.75 to $8. Pencils $1 to $4.50.

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Continued from page 19

> higher wages, he wouldn't do it for any man, and yet he wants me to work on two farms and he only gives me ten dollars a month. Gracious life, a woman get more than ten dollars a month for housekeeping. I would rather be a housekeeper than work on two farms for ten dollars a month.
>
> I am not outdone yet, Captain. I'll stand for my rights and obey your rules which will bring the good results in future because there is no life in world without protoplasm. I have my life with a protoplasm and I am not outdone. Some people think around here to themselves that the Indians have no protoplasm whatever, but I think that even if the Indian have no physical basis of life he still struggles on even if the temptation and the hardships are placed before him he struggles on, on, on and on until he is able to feed himself, until he is able to work and support himself like people surround him.
>
> I am your school-son,
> PETER YELLOWJACKET

Another rule of the school required each pupil to write home at least once a month and, as the letters had to be inspected before mailing, those referring to football were passed on by me. One boy, a player on the scrubs, wrote this letter to his mother:

> I have been played in football. I played on second team here at Carlisle. I used to play at left halfback and could do better there but they put me in the right end and I have a hard time trying to ketch who got the ball, but sometimes I get a chance to ketch him. Sometimes I have to do to throw myself down when they come around on my side and they all fall on top of me. But as school book say, genius capacity for taking infinite pain.

Another sent this encouraging work to his parents:

> We had a hard time playing football last Saturday. We play with Quaker team at Philadelphia. They were pretty good play and heap much bigger but we beat him anyhow us Indian boy side. We too slick for him. Maybe white men better with cannon and guns, but Indian just as good in brains to think with.

Our First Citizens

It is the popular idea that education does nothing for the Indian, and that he reverts to sloth and the blanket after leaving school. Out of my own personal knowledge I can brand this a lie. We kept track of every graduate, and of the four thousand who finished the course at Carlisle 92 per cent went into the trades, the professions or agriculture. As for the football boys, many members of the various teams still keep in friendly and affectionate touch with me to this day, although sixteen years have passed, and it has ever been my pride to note their progress.

Frank Mount Pleasant, quarterback and Olympic athlete, went to Dickinson College after leaving Carlisle, and won high scholastic honors. After graduation he coached at Franklin and Marshall College, but when America went to war in 1917, he gained an officer's commission and served with distinction in France.

Bemus Pierce, one of the greatest guards that ever played the game, coached at Carlisle for a while, and after that was a successful farmer for many years in western New York. He is now connected with Sherman Institute, a government Indian school at Riverside, California, where he has charge of athletics. All reports prove him a fine father and a worthy citizen.

Walter Matthews, one of my best ends, has been a successful rancher in Oklahoma, but is now retired and living in Los Angeles with his family. Ed Rogers, another famous end, afterward went to the University of Minnesota, where he was elected captain of his team, and is now a prominent lawyer in that state.

Joseph Shoulder has been in the Government Indian School Service for many years and is connected with the Sherman Institute. Emil Hauser, whose Indian name was Wauseka, is now on the teaching staff of the Chemauwa Indian School in Oregon. James Johnson, All-America quarterback, went to Northwestern University after graduating from Carlisle, and for many years has been a prominent surgeon-dentist in San Juan, Porto Rico.

Political Football

Isaac Seneca, one of Walter Camp's All-America selections and a wonderful halfback, is in the government service. James Phillips, a fine guard, graduated from Dickinson College Law School and then built up an excellent practice in Aberdeen, Washington, and such was the esteem in which his neighbors held him, that he was first sent to the legislature and then elected to a place on the bench.

Sam McLain, whose Indian name was Man-Afraid-of-a-Bear, is in the Indian Service and has had charge of athletics along with his other work at the government school in Pierre, South Dakota. Wilson Charles, a halfback, is athletic director of the Flandreau Indian School in South Dakota. William Dietz, or Lone Star, a great tackle, afterward assisted me at Carlisle and is now head coach at Haskell Institute, the largest of our Indian schools. Last season his boys played a hard schedule against college teams and lost only one game.

Charlie Dillon, who won fame by running the full length of the Harvard field with the ball hidden under his jersey, settled in Montana and ranched his way to wealth. Meeting with reverses in recent years, he has started all over again at fifty-one, and is breaking in a 1,200-acre allotment in the Big Horn country. Frank Cayou went to the University of Illinois from Carlisle and won distinction both in his studies and in athletics. He coached at St. Louis University for many years, but when I heard from him last, he was a popular vaudeville star. He was about the only boy at Carlisle with a good singing voice.

Sam Bird, who captained his team, is a wealthy sheep rancher in Montana. Wallace Denny is a trainer at Stanford, and Gus Welch, a quarterback, coached for several years at Washington State and is now with some college in Virginia. Joseph Guyon, one of our best halfbacks, afterward became an outstanding player at Georgia Tech, and in recent years played ball with Louisville. He is now coach at a Southern school.

To my dying day I will maintain that Carlisle was a great and helpful institution, and that nothing was ever more cruel and stupid than its abolition. From its very inception, however, the school was fought by a type of politician who sees the Indian only as an opportunity for exploitation and plunder.

Although Western senators and representatives were loud in their insistence that the school was a needless extravagance, and that the pupils could be handled more cheaply on their various reservations, figures gave the lie to this contention, for the average per-capita cost per student was around $250 a year. Instead of being sent home for the summer vacation, both boys and girls were placed on farms under what was called the "outing system," and their annual earnings usually totaled around $30,000. In addition to this, the school maintained its own shops and industries for its emphasized manual training, and some years the value of the products amounted to $100,000.

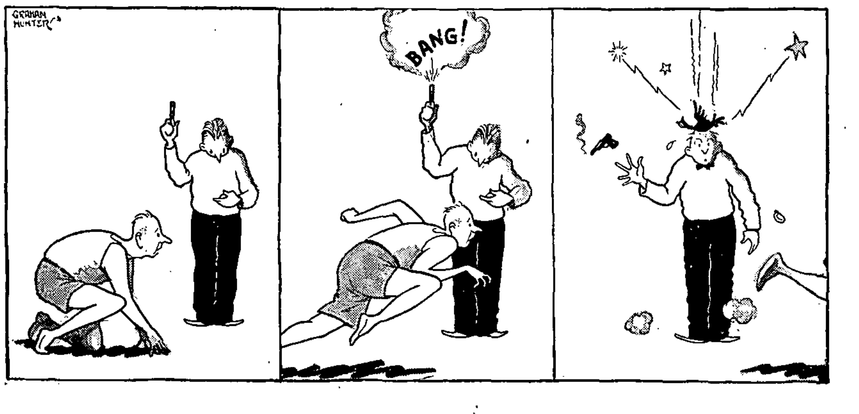
The outing system not only gave the Indians a chance to earn their keep and a nest egg, but furnished practical experience and also afforded them the advantages of white home life. Many of the pupils sometimes remained with a kindly employer for a full year, attending a public school during the winter months. No better and more inexpensive training could have been desired, but the politicians kept up the clamor, demanding that the pupils be returned to their reservations, where profiteers could have a better chance at them.

Another Indian Defeat

Major Pratt, Carlisle's able and devoted founder, defeated every attack while he remained in charge, but no such capable fighter followed him. Western political powers redoubled their efforts, and when America went to war in 1917 these groups insisted that Carlisle Barracks was needed as a hospital, and forced the War Department to take it over. So ended the famous Carlisle Indian School. It is now used by the army for medical training.

I foresaw the end as early as 1914. A new Commissioner of Indian Affairs took an antagonistic attitude from the start, and as investigating committees began to arrive in droves, many of the students lost heart and left for their homes. We played the University of Pittsburgh that year, and when Pittsburgh authorities offered me a contract after the game, I accepted, seeing Carlisle's abolition as inevitable.

The third article of this series, Red Menaces, will appear in next week's Collier's.



The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 28

held out her hand for his lips in her usual somewhat languid fashion, and introduced him to her companion—an elderly man, clean shaven, with "lawyer" written all over his personality and even indicated by his attire.

"This is Mr. Pedler, my lawyer, whom you missed when you called the other day in Arundel Street," she said. "Mr. Reuben Argels, who is taking an interest in the film."

The two men shook hands. Argels declined a chair.

"I must not stay," he explained. "I have a young lady with me. I just came up to pay my respects to Madame Kotinzi."

"I was telling Mr. Pedler," Ambouyna remarked, "that he would receive a check on account from you within the next few days."

"A deposit of a tenth part of your interest," the lawyer said; "that is to say, ten thousand pounds."

Argels smiled.

"I mailed you a check for the lot tonight," he announced—"a hundred thousand pounds. It didn't seem worth while sending it in driblets."

The lawyer was impressed. Even Ambouyna, to whom money meant nothing, could scarcely refrain from a little gasp.

Argels smiled as he took his leave.

ON THE following day the storm burst. The morning papers were full of the break on the New York market, which, it turned out, was a far more serious thing than anyone had imagined. Even Argels was staggered as he saw the registered prices of many of the standard shares at the close of a day of feverish selling.

With a private telephone at each elbow, and connection with New York continually established from what seemed to be a shabby-looking telephone box in the corner of his shabby little office, Moran Chambers organized and conducted the greatest "bear" attack which had ever been made upon the English market. Andrew Pulwitter writhed in his chair as he became aware of what was going on. During the luncheon hour, ignoring for the first time his pseudo-nephew's urgent request, he made his way into Moran's office. Moran Chambers, who was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, merely glanced up at his entrance.

"What the devil do you want, Andrew?" he demanded good-humoredly. "I thought you'd promised to stay away."

"My young friend," Andrew pleaded, "you're going too fast—too fast for an old jog-trotter like myself. A good solid reaction now—and they say that Washington has called for a meeting of the bank managers—would wipe us off the face of the earth."

"A good solid reaction," Moran Chambers repeated, "is just what isn't coming to pass, Andrew. I'm not so reckless as you think. Any news in the City of our friend?"

Andrew shook his head sorrowfully. "That's what I'm here to tell you. He's buying."

"My God, he's asking for it!"

"Or are we?" Andrew Pulwitter rejoined gloomily. "Christophers and Bennetts, Endells, and all the rest of them, were actually on the upward move half an hour ago. They say that he has spread out his buying orders amongst half a dozen brokers, so that no one shall know the whole thing's coming from him. He is buying, I tell you."

"Let him," was the younger man's indifferent comment. "He won't pay."

"How do you know that?" Andrew Pulwitter demanded. "Christophers are up a point already. That's a matter of five thousand loss to us."

"Run away and play with your ball, you silly old dear," Moran Chambers begged, as he leaned over the telephone. "Go up to Curzon Street and have some lunch with Ambouyna," he went on a few minutes later, when he had finished a brief conversation. "Do what you like, but don't interfere. Sit tight, and I'll make your fortune. I'll make your fortune," he added, the steely light flashing in his eyes—"my own, too—at the same time that I ruin Reuben Argels."

AT THE Berkeley, Reuben Argels certainly did not lunch like a man faced with any possible disaster, or even with a serious struggle on his hands. He and his companion, Sir Edward Lambert, the governor of the United Bank, ate caviar, followed by small, imported *poussins*, and pineapple salad, and drank Berncastler Doctor of a rare vintage. Sir Edward at times envied his client's indifference to the battle which was raging only a mile or so eastward.

"You take things coolly, Argels," he observed. "It's the only way, I suppose."

The latter shrugged his shoulders.

"Why get flustered about nothing? It's only these hand-to-mouth speculators who have anything to fear. I'm a large borrower, I know, but I have nearly three millions margin, and nobody will ever convince me that the shares I hold are going to drop to that amount."

"You're a large holder of Eagles, aren't you?" Sir Edward inquired.

"I should think I own half the shares," Argels replied.

Sir Edward twirled his little gray mustache.

"They're being sold very freely," he remarked.

"If they're being sold cheap enough, I'm buying them," was the prompt rejoinder. "My brokers have a list of limits. At thirty shillings I'm a buyer of all the Eagles that come on to the market."

Sir Edward moved uneasily in his place.

"It isn't my business, of course," he acknowledged, "to give advice unless I'm asked for it. Eagles have an account with us. So have you."

"Well?"

"I'LL be frank," Sir Edward decided, sipping his wine luxuriously. "I didn't like their last balance sheet. I told their accountant so."

"Why not?"

The banker sighed.

"I can't tell you that," he pointed out, "without committing a breach of confidence. Then there's Huddlestons—you took up half their shares, didn't you?"

"I took up all I underwrote," Argels answered. "I could have sold them at six shillings a share profit at any time since."

"Almost a pity you didn't," Sir Edward murmured. "They were very weak this morning, and I've always understood that their timber stock was terribly overvalued."

"It was taken in at cost," Argels declared, "and ten per cent was written off that. Surely that's fair enough."

Sir Edward coughed.

"In an ordinary way, of course, my dear Argels," he admitted—"of course. Still, there have been rumors—you naturally have heard them, too—that the whole of the stock which came in one ship was infected by a poisonous wood

(Continued on page 48)

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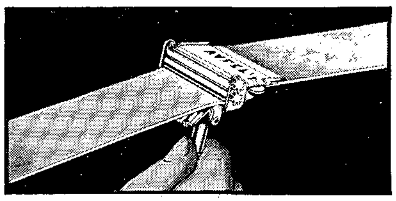

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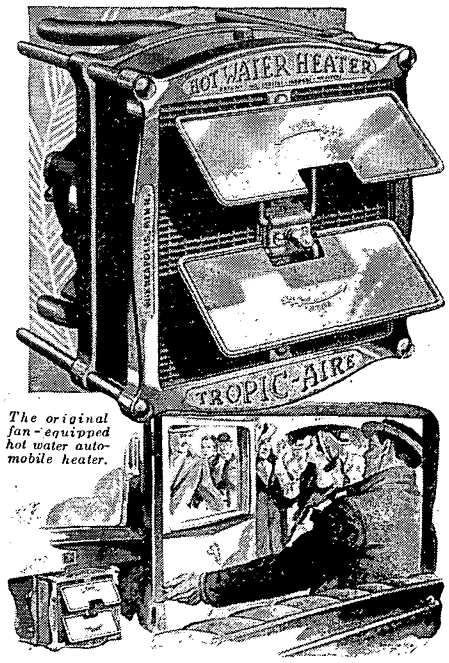

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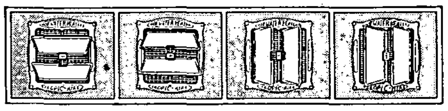

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(Continued from page 47)

maggot. Ninety thousand pounds' worth of timber absolutely rotten. It's a nasty business to face, that."

"There isn't a word of truth in it," Argels asserted confidently.

"I daresay not," the banker agreed. "Anyhow, why do we talk business? This is one of the most delicious wines I have ever tasted."

They finished their luncheon with slight further reference to current topics. When they strolled out afterwards, smoking cigars, to where Argels' car was waiting for them, a good many people glanced at them enviously. Two interesting men, these. Wealth that could disregard a crisis of this sort was a marvelous thing. Argels—Reuben Argels—an American who had opened up business here well under a year ago and was already a multimillionaire, and Sir Edward Lambert, the great banker, the dispenser of millions. People gossiped about them freely.

"IF YOU wouldn't mind," Sir Edward suggested, "you might drop me at my West End branch in Cockspur Street. I want to talk to my manager there, and they'll have the cables from America."

Argels nodded, and gave a direction through the speaking tube.

"By the bye," he ventured casually, as the car slowed up, "my margin's big enough for another fifty thousand or so, I suppose, if I want to draw it."

"We'd rather you didn't, Mr. Argels," his companion confided. "Don't look upon this as a business interview. I'm not in my office and I can't make you a direct reply, but I can tell you this—until things settle down we can't extend our loans."

"I see," Argels acquiesced. "Well, I don't suppose I should have needed the money anyway. The only thing is there'll be some bargains if America should have a panicky week. I'll get all I want somehow or other, though."

Sir Edward looked thoughtful. The car had come to a standstill outside the very magnificent West End premises of the bank.

"You're not thinking of unloading at all, Mr. Argels?" he inquired.

His client laughed at him.

"My dear Sir Edward," he expostulated, "do you think I'm that sort of a business man? I'm a large dealer, and every share I hold is worth its money, and it will be a long time before I'm obliged to sell, unless I want to."

"Would you like to come in and hear the American news?"

"I'll get it at my office," Argels replied. "We're through to America every afternoon."

"Thanks for an excellent luncheon," Sir Edward said, as he descended.

"Thanks for your company, you old Shylock," Argels laughed, as the car started off. . . .

The news from America was there on his desk. Astounding! Incredible! Argels, determined not to be flurried, read it line by line and tested several quotations. They were keeping away from him down below, and he was alone in the room. The cables spoke of a feverish storm of selling, selling at any price. Some of the best-known shares on the market were thirty or forty points down. The day-by-day speculators were being wiped out like flies. Argels touched his buzzer, and summoned Gascoigne. The latter arrived, pale and disheveled.

"I wish to God you were in the House yourself, sir," he cried. "I never want to look on such a scene again. People went perfectly crazy when the earlier American cables began to arrive."

"Silly sheep!" Argels scoffed. "Look here, Gascoigne, get this into your head, will you?"

"I am listening, sir."

"We are very large holders of stocks, some of which, as it happens, are tumbling down. Let them tumble, and be damned to them. When they go low enough, we buy and average."

Gascoigne looked uncomfortable.

"This disturbance, which you call panic," his master continued, "exists largely because no one has the courage to try to stop it. If five hundred people are trying to sell, and there isn't a single buyer, they squeal themselves into a state of terror. Go across to the House now, and buy me two thousand Endells. Get them at the best price you can, and bring me in a note of the transaction. They were quoting them at thirty-six this morning. If, as you say, the market is six or seven points down, you ought to get them now at about thirty."

"I shall get them at thirty all right," Gascoigne groaned. "The trouble is whether they're worth more than twenty."

"Do the best you can. In the meantime, send up Miss Withers," his employer enjoined.

Gascoigne took his leave. Presently the door opened and closed quietly. Violet made noiseless entrance.

"Mr. Gascoigne said that you wished to see me, Mr. Argels," she said.

He pointed to the chair beside his desk. Then, for a few minutes, he studied the list which he had pinned to his blotter. Finally, he looked up.

"You brought me a list of fourteen shares, the other day," he reminded her—"shares which you told me had been selected personally by Mr. Van Pleydell for purchase by Andrew Pulwitter."

She nodded.

"You have spoken of this already," she pointed out, with some irritation. "They have all gone down, I suppose. So has every other share in the market."

"Quite so," he admitted, "but, curiously enough, those shares—the whole fourteen of them, mind—have been subject to a strong 'bear' account. What made you bring me that list?"

"I brought it to you in accordance with our arrangement," she replied, without flinching. "You are paying me for information concerning Mr. Pulwitter's business because you consider him to be a shrewd and cautious dealer. If he or Mr. Van Pleydell made a mistake, I can't be responsible for it."

"Do you mind coming a little nearer to the table?" he begged.

SHE rose to her feet, and moved leisurely up almost to his side, standing where a stray gleam of sunlight glimmered upon her hair. There was nothing flabby about Argels at that moment. He was studying her with a fierce and penetrating gaze.

"Have you been doing, I wonder, what the criminals call a double-cross?" he demanded.

"I don't know how criminals talk," she rejoined. "What does that mean?"

"Deceiving me, while all the time you are pretending to deceive Andrew Pulwitter."

"Don't be so foolish," she remonstrated impatiently. "Do you suppose Mr. Pulwitter would enter into any plot of that sort? He is shrewder than people think, but he is at least honest."

"And I am not?"

"Of course you're not," she answered, a touch of scorn in her tone. "Neither am I. Mr. Pulwitter gave me that list, written out on the Van Pleydell notepaper, with his own hand. 'Copy it carefully,' he told me, 'and send it back to Van Pleydell's. Copy very carefully the figures in pencil I have put before each item. All you need say is that those are the stocks I desire to operate.' The number of shares he bought, as I told you before, was not very large, but then he doesn't do business on your lines."

"He gave you nothing more definite in the way of instructions than that?"

"Nothing," she assured him. "His words were—'say that these are the stocks which I desire to operate.' "

"You can't suggest any explanation of the fact then," he persisted, his eyes fixed upon hers, "that these shares have suffered more severely than any others?"

"I certainly cannot," she replied. "I know nothing about stocks and shares. I have never looked up a price in my life, except when I have been told to. I am very sorry indeed, Mr. Argels," she added, her voice softening a little, "but there is no explanation which I can offer you at all."

"I will offer you one then," he said. "I will tell you precisely what has happened. Andrew Pulwitter's information was exceedingly good, but his instructions were to sell these shares, and not to buy them."

She thought it out, standing immovable by his side. Gradually her fine eyebrows came a little closer together. There was a cloud in her eyes.

"That may have been so," she admitted. "He simply told me to use the word 'operate,' and of course he must have arranged with Mr. Van Pleydell before that he was to sell and not buy. I am sorry."

HE TOOK her hand. She yielded it unresistingly. It was very soft, and beautifully kept. He drew her even a little closer.

"Violet," he said, "I have trusted you a good deal. I can understand that Andrew Pulwitter might wish to keep his business secret, but was there anything else behind that enigmatic message? Did he suspect, do you think, that you were in communication with me?"

In that few yards of space around his desk, where passion had surged more than once, where Argels had writhed in a paroxysm of fear, and where hell had loomed up before him, Violet, too, seemed for a moment stretched upon the rack. Nevertheless, her quavering found only for a moment external expression. Even as his eyes held hers, a smile broke from her lips, and it was a smile worth seeing.

"How could he suspect anything of the sort?" she rejoined soothingly. "Please do not have such foolish ideas. Mr. Pulwitter is not a schemer. I am sure—"

"Stop!" he interrupted.

He took her other hand, and he drew her now almost facing him.

"There is no one else you know of," he insisted, "no one else you could think of who might be behind Andrew Pulwitter, who might have woven these schemes, which, after all, I am willing to believe, may not have been schemes at all, but may be sheer misfortune? Nevertheless, you shall answer me that question, Violet. This Australian nephew, for instance?"

She laughed scornfully.

"You are absurd," she told him. "Mr. Phayle hasn't spoken to his uncle for a week because he wouldn't invest five hundred pounds in an Australian mine."

"You are honest, Violet?" he questioned. "I can continue to trust you? I'll make light of matters here, but I have a battle to fight. I can do it so long as I can be sure that you have not deceived me, that there is no one working in the dark against me, that no hideous miracle," he added, with a little shiver, "is likely to torment me."

Again her laugh was exquisitely reassuring. Her fingers even returned his pressure.

"You mustn't begin all that over again Mr. Argels," she begged. "Miracles do not happen. I will do my best to help you if times are difficult."

It was a great moment for Argels He rose to his feet, and his smile was

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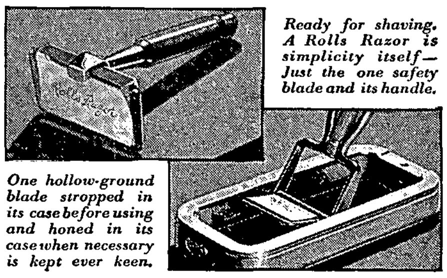

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one of triumph. He visualized before him the physician's face. He saw the movement of his lips—

"Moran Chambers is dead," he said firmly.

ALL the lords of finance who were not too selfishly occupied in mourning over their own losses praised the gallant fight put up by the City Trust Limited against the slump in prices. Pessimists, day by day, pointed out that it was a hopeless struggle, and that good money was being thrown after bad, but the optimists found something splendid in the way in which Argels, with the whole of his fortune, was trying to stem the flood of selling. There was no doubt but that during the first week he was partially successful. There was a relaxation of panic, followed by a brief spurt in New York, reflected almost at once upon the London Stock Exchange.

Other large financiers—some seeking advertisement, and some for personal reasons—came into the market, but the shares they bought were mostly international issues, or in companies whose intrinsic value was beyond dispute. It was still Argels who was left to fight for the newer and smaller industrial issues, the shares in undertakings, sound enough in many respects, but which had yet to prove themselves, and were therefore regarded as speculative.

The banks looked on cautiously. With few exceptions, they held very considerable margins and, though they watched these becoming smaller day by day with great uneasiness, they hesitated to increase the panic by calling in their loans. At the end of ten days the battle was still in abeyance. On paper, Argels had lost a million and three quarters, but he was holding a large quantity of shares which could only be described as unproven, shares in his various flotations, which he had too liberally underwritten, and been forced to take up. He fought his battle with Gascoigne always at his side, and with unexpected assistance from Violet, who suddenly developed an aptitude for finance and a knowledge of Stock Exchange methods which amazed him.

His courage in having held on to his own "bear" account of Christophers and Bennetts was a distinct triumph in the midst of disaster, as a loss of a hundred and forty thousand pounds, which had been amongst his liabilities, was almost wiped out by his courageous persistence. He closed the account one day, in fact, with almost a nominal payment, and was the recipient of many congratulations.

HIS one remaining fear, although he always refused to admit it, was the banks. For a time they left him alone, but the morning came when he found himself by appointment in the dreaded parlor of the United Bank, with Sir Edward, no longer his debonair luncheon companion, but a very serious and official person, seated opposite to him. In an easy-chair between the two was an elderly man with horn-rimmed spectacles, Lord Porlester, the chairman of the bank, whom Argels had never before met. After the introduction had been effected, Sir Edward explained his presence.

"I thought it best, Mr. Argels," he said, "that our chairman, Lord Porlester, should be present at our interview this afternoon, so that you should fully understand that the decisions we have come to have only been arrived at after the gravest deliberation."

"The very gravest," Lord Porlester put in, removing his glasses for a moment. "I am sure Mr. Argels will understand that, in a time like this, we wish to do nothing to embarrass our clients. It is our duty, in fact, to do all that we can to help them."

"I have the same idea," Argels agreed. "That was why I was rather surprised to get your letter."

Lord Porlester coughed.

"You must realize, Mr. Argels," he said earnestly, "that we have our own shareholders to consider. Banking business is very largely a mathematical procedure. We are compelled to put aside all prejudices, and to conduct our business automatically."

"All of which, I presume, is leading to something personal," Argels observed impatiently. "You two gentlemen are so much immersed in affairs yourselves that you will, I am sure, forgive me if I suggest that we get at it."

Sir Edward leaned forward.

"Quite so, Mr. Argels," he assented. "We know that you are a very busy man, and we don't wish to take up a minute more of your time than we can help. We sent for you because we preferred to communicate to you *viva voce* the decision arrived at by a meeting of the directors yesterday. We, in company with the principal banks operating in the City, have decided that it is our duty to call in a considerable part of the loans—temporary loans, I mean, of course—which we have granted to clients upon the collateral security of stocks and shares."

Argels nodded pleasantly. He showed not the slightest signs of discomfiture. He had taken to wearing an orchid in his buttonhole instead of a red carnation, and he certainly continued to patronize one of the best tailors in London.

"I think your decision was a very wise one, Sir Edward," he acknowledged. "You have been rather spoiling us, as a matter of fact. In America, I should have had my loans called up long ago."

SIR EDWARD was taken aback; Lord Porlester was no less surprised. A more casual way of receiving what they looked upon as a very serious announcement, neither of them had ever encountered.

"How do you wish us to deal with the matter, Mr. Argels?" Sir Edward inquired. "Do you wish us to place your collateral security upon the market through our own brokers? Such a course would, I am afraid, result in a very heavy loss to you. On the other hand, we cannot continue to hold shares the value of which—perhaps I should say the face value of which—is depreciating every day."

"For God's sake, don't think of selling the shares," Argels exclaimed. "Quite unnecessary."

"The exact amount of your overdraft, Mr. Argels," Sir Edward announced, glancing at the strip of paper before him, "is a hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds."

Argels reflected for a moment.

"Supposing I reduce the overdraft fifty thousand pounds tomorrow, without touching the collateral," he suggested, "and I'll see you again next week."

Sir Edward and his director exchanged quick glances. To say that they were surprised was putting it mildly. Lord Porlester cleared his throat.

"I believe I should be justified in saying, Mr. Argels," he replied, "that my fellow directors will agree with Sir Edward and myself that such a course would be satisfactory to us."

"Very well," Argels agreed. "Fifty thousand pounds shall reach you by means of an open draft on the Bank of England perhaps this afternoon, certainly before midday tomorrow. I am on my way at the present moment, as a matter of fact," he added, "to collect a considerable sum of money from a Trust where it has been lying ever since I arrived in this country."

(To be concluded next week)

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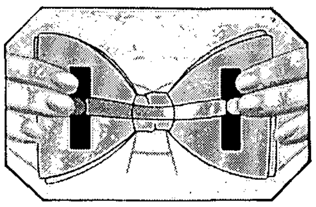

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Name..
Street..
City.......................... State..............
Color of your hair?..

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 17

4. Station WBLA: Audition: Bill Grimes, Larry Barnes and Mr. Hutzpah.

Are they standing by up in B, Bill?

All ready, Larry. Waiting for old man Hutzpah to show.

Is the wire clear to Wheeling?

Yes, we've got it till five o'clock.

Funny, old Hutzpah isn't down there in his plumbing factory listening to it with his board of brass hats.

He wanted to sit in on the audition here so he can discuss it with us as it goes along. He'll probably come to in the middle of it, Larry, and wonder how you ever sold him your Great Lovers for New Art Plumbing Fixtures.

Your bathroom tenor wasn't such a hit. We had to do something to hold them for thirteen weeks more.

Gosh, I wish television were here. I'd certainly love to do Tristan and Isolde in a bathroom.

Maybe you should have picked Romeo and Juliet to write about for the first sketch, Bill. More people know about them.

More people know about Maggie and Jiggs for that matter. I'm counting on old man Wagner to put this one over.

I thought it was over. What is this audition for anyway?

The board of directors down at Wheeling wanted to hear it once more before it goes on the air tonight. Thought they might have some good suggestions. I bet they will, too.

Here comes somebody, Bill.

How do you do, Mr. Hutzpah.

How do you do, Mr. er. . . .

Grimes. And this is Mr. Barnes . . . Larry Barnes.

Oh, yes, I remember. Are we all ready?

We were waiting for you, Mr. Hutzpah.

Call upstairs, Bill, and find out if they're all ready down in Wheeling for us to start. We're piping it down there on a direct wire, Mr. Hutzpah, so your board of directors can hear the program under regular radio conditions.

All ready in B, Larry. And they're waiting in Wheeling.

Tell them to shoot.

Let's go, boys!

. . . What is this thing called love? This funny thing called love? . . . And so to the strains of that ever popular song, What Is This Thing Called Love? the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company of Wheeling, West Virginia, brings to you tonight the first of a series of great love dramas, Tristan and Isolde, by the immortal Richard Wagner. . . .

Now you are listening to the beautiful strains of Liebestod, played for you by the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel.

Tristan and Isolde, those two famous lovers, are reposing on a bank of flowers in oblivious ecstasy. . . .

List, beloved Tristan!
Let me die thus, Isolde.
O might we then together die,
Each the other's own for aye!
Never fearing,
Never waking,
Blest delights of love partaking,
Each to each be given;
In love alone our heaven!

(Telephone rings)

Hello. . . . Who? . . . Mr. Hutzpah, call from Wheeling for you.

Hello. . . . Yes. This is Mr. Hutzpah. . . . What? . . . Just a minute. . . . The advertising manager wants to know how long this goes on without an announcement of New Art Plumbing Fixtures.

Tell him we couldn't possibly interrupt a love scene with a commercial announcement.

He says you can't interrupt a love scene with a commercial announcement. . . . What? . . . I'll ask him. He says the directors think the orchestra is too highbrow and couldn't a good jazz band play the same music and pep it up a little?

Ask them if we couldn't call them back when the program is over and discuss it at length then? We're going to miss too much of it this way.

Just a minute. They say here to let it run and we'll talk about it after it's finished. . . . Check up with the directors and see if it's all right with them. . . . I'll hold on.

O endless Night!
Blissful Night.
Those whom thou holdest,
Lapped in delight,
How could e'en the boldest
Unmoved endure thy flight?
How to take it?
How to break it?
Joy existent,
Sunlight distant.

What? . . . I'll tell them. Most of the directors think it might be better if they sang to each other instead of talked. Could you telephone upstairs and tell them to sing it?

We'd have to get singers, Mr. Hutzpah. These are actors.

Well, haven't you any singers around here? Wait a minute. . . . What did you say, Sol? . . . All right, I'll tell them. He says maybe it would be all right to speak it up to here and then sing it the rest of the way.

We could try it for the one next week, Mr. Hutzpah. But it's too late now to do anything about this one.

He says it's too late to do anything about this one, Sol. . . . What? . . . All right, I'll call you back. Good-by.

Thou Isolde,
Tristan I.
No more Tristan
No more Isolde.

It sounds all right. But it doesn't seem to make much sense. Seems to me if these two—what's their names?

Tristan and Isolde.

Well, if they talked like the people talk today—you know—the people who buy bathroom fixtures? I'm kinda worried, Mr. Barnes.

I can show you statistics, Mr. Hutzpah, that prove where class leads, the mass follows. When you combine the "class" appeal with the "love" appeal, as you do here in Tristan and Isolde, why you've got a pushover.

I'm worried just the same. And they all sounded worried down in Wheeling, too.

Never spoken,
Never broken,
Newly sighted,
Newly lighted,
In our bosoms gleam
Love delights supreme!

And so we leave those two immortal lovers, Tristan and Isolde, in each other's arms, tasting love delights supreme. But you need not envy them, for you too can enjoy delights supreme when you install in your home the new modernistic shades which New Art Plumbing brings to you in a triumphant blending of sanitary engineering and modern decorative beauty. Ask your own plumber or write direct to either the station you are listening to or the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company, Wheeling, West Virginia, for our new brochure in full colors, entitled Your Bathroom: The Heart of Your Home. . . . At this same hour, ten o'clock next Tuesday night, another Great Lovers drama will be brought to you through the courtesy of New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company, Wheeling, West Virginia, with the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel. Your announcer, Buddy Law. Adieu! Until this same hour next week. Adieu!

5. Clayton's Penthouse Apartment: Sally and Honey.

Gee, Sally, Mr. Clayton must have a lot of girls coming up here for parties with all the supplies he keeps on this dressing-table.

No, he keeps all this for his Jap. Don't be Middletown all your life, Honey.

Boy, what a place! It was darn sweet of you to have the judge bring me up here with you for dinner.

Say, Clayton is glad to meet a pretty girl any time. Don't look too grateful.

Oooh, look at all the different kinds of powder and mascara. And look—silver eye shadow. How would it look on me?

Don't worry about it. The less you have to do with that sort of stuff the better off you are. What men are going to like about you, Honey, for the next few years, is that you look fresh and young. And don't they go for the young ones in this town!

Yes?

Like cannibals. When you start having shadows under your eyes, that'll be time enough to put shadows over them.

My nose is a sight. Did I tell you, Sally, that Larry Barnes wanted to give me an audition right away?

Oh, Big Lover! Don't tell me he's coming out of his trance.

Nothing like that at all. I had hardly talked a dozen words with him today when he said I had a beautiful voice, and while I was waiting for an opening on Broadway, he thought he could get me some work at the station doing small parts.

Yeah? Well, don't waste too much time on Larry. He's a nice kid but he can't do much for you. Why do you think I had George take us out to lunch today? I knew he'd fix it up for you to meet Clayton. And here you are.

Do you think Mr. Clayton could really get me into a show or something?

That's funny! Do you know who Clayton is? He's the senior partner of Clayton and Logan. That's all.

Never heard of them.

Well, they're in on every amusement stock in this country—theaters—motion pictures. Get you into a show! He could build a theater for you if he liked you enough.

Oh boy! He must have tons of money.

Clayton and Andy Mellon have most of it between them. Not so much lipstick, Honey. I think he likes you, too, the way he's been looking at you.

Do you think so?

Sure—but keep your head. You've had enough cocktails already. Watch the wine through dinner. And don't

(Continued on page 52)

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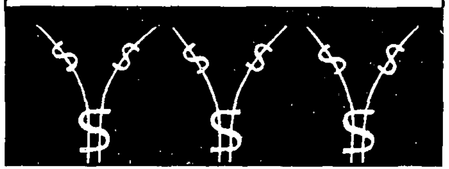

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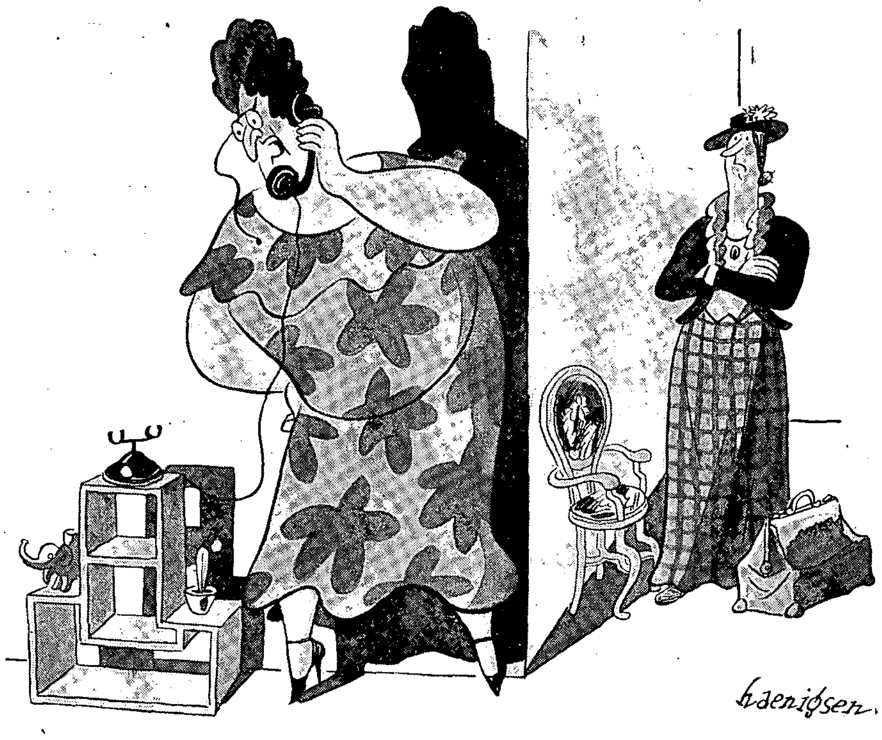

"Hello! Acme Employment Agency? See here, what do you mean by sending me a cook who can't play contract?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. Q-10-4
H. A-Q
D. J-9
C. A-9-6-5-3-2

West
S. 9-8-6-5-3
H. 8-7-3
D. K-7-5-2
C. 7

East
S. K-J-7-2
H. K-J-6-5
D. 8-4-3
C. K-8

South (Dealer)
S. A
H. 10-9-4-2
D. A-Q-10-6
C. Q-J-10-4

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Contract Bridge, and South was somewhat perplexed when selecting his original bid. The singleton Ace was not a No Trump asset; but one No Trump seemed better to picture the character of such a hand than one Diamond.

After South's bid of one No Trump and West's pass, North bid three No Trumps.

When the hand was played, West opened with the Five of Spades, the Declarer played dummy's Four, and East, subtracting five from eleven, knew that there were exactly six Spades higher than the Five which were not held by the leader and he could see five of those six in dummy's hand and his own. Consequently he knew that exactly one of the six was in closed hand, which might also hold the Trey of Spades or the Trey might be in the leader's hand. As far as the lead indicated, South might hold the Ace, Nine, Eight or Six singleton or accompanied by the Trey. If West held the Trey of Spades, it was clear that South must have the Ace, as he would not have bid No Trump with a worthless singleton.

It was equally clear that East should play the Seven rather than the Jack, otherwise dummy would stop the running of the suit by the adversaries.

South's Spade Ace winning, Declarer figured that his Club holding guaranteed five tricks, with a possibility of six, and that with the Spades still stopped—as he hoped would prove to be the case—he would have no difficulty in making game with the help of his Ace-Queen in both the red suits. Clearly his play to trick 2 was to lead the Queen of Clubs from the South hand and finesse when West played small. But the finesse lost, East winning with the King.

East's job now was to put West in position to run his Spades. One way would be for East to cash the Spade King and lead the Jack, taking out dummy's Queen and unblocking the suit; then if West could secure the lead, all would be well—unless (as was most probable) Declarer would be able to take home his game without relinquishing the lead after obtaining it with dummy's Spade Queen. Therefore East decided to put West in with a Diamond—if possible—to kill North's Spade Queen by leading through it. East selected the Eight of Diamonds.

Declarer now could count as assured one Spade, one Heart, one Diamond and five Clubs—one under his contract. The Diamond lead indicated that West had the King of Diamonds and that East could capture dummy's Spades. By playing the Ace of Diamonds and running his Clubs and dummy's Ace of Hearts, he could be sure of eight tricks, but would give up all hope of game. Or he could win with the Ace of Diamonds, lead two Clubs from South, and then take a Heart finesse which would give him game if successful but would only increase the number of adverse tricks if unsuccessful.

East might be underleading the King of Diamonds; if so, Declarer might secure all the remaining tricks by passing the trick up to dummy's Diamond Jack. So Declarer played small, West won and the adversaries cashed four Spades, setting Declarer two tricks.

Next week's hand is given below: determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-7-2
H. 6-5-4-2
D. A-Q-8
C. A-Q-7

East
S. A-4
H. K-Q-8
D. K-J-10-7
C. K-J-10-8

West
S. 9-8-6-5-3
H. None
D. 9-6-4-2
C. 9-5-4-3

South (Dealer)
S. K-Q-10
H. A-J-10-9-7-3
D. 5-3
C. 6-2

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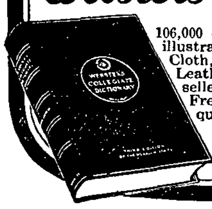

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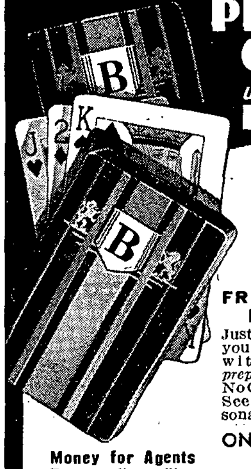

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★ Sunday Night Suggestion ★

Tune in Collier's Radio Hour — broadcast direct from the current issue of Collier's.

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Cincinnati	WLW	New York	WJZ	Seattle	KOMO
Cleveland	WGAR	Pittsburgh	KDKA	Spokane	KHQ
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Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

From Coast-to-Coast

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 50

take drink for drink with the men.

You do, don't you?

I don't know any better, Honey. All I can think of on a party is when a glass is full you empty it, and when it's empty you fill it.

Don't you think we ought to go back to the terrace, Sally?

Let them wait. George and Clayton will want to talk you over a little longer.

Is anyone else coming to dinner?

No. Just the four of us. Not so much mascara, Honey. George said more were dropping in after dinner.

Well, I certainly don't see anything wrong in a smart little dinner party like this. What was Laura squawking about this evening when we were dressing?

Oh, she's always squawking. She doesn't have any fun herself and doesn't want us to have any. I don't pay any attention to her anymore. I go out and have a good time. To heck with it! What else is there in this town?

Oh, I don't think that, Sally. Fun is all right, but a career is more important.

Oh yeah? Well, after you've been down in this town a while you'll learn how much a career, as you call it, amounts to.

Boy, you can see the whole island from up here. Gee, Sally, wouldn't it be marvelous to really live in a place like this?

Don't get ideas, Honey. The big boys who keep triplex playhouses don't marry sweet little girls from Middletown. This is all in fun.

Oh, Clayton doesn't look so dangerous to me.

No? Well, just be your age and you'll be all right. If he starts making passes—which should be around ten P. M., don't get indignant. Look as though you expected him to take a rabbit out of his hat. When you're young and cute, that always goes big with the old boys.

6. The Grimes Home: Bill and Alice.

Now you are listening to the beautiful strains of the Liebestod, played for you by the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel.

Tristan and Isolde, those two famous lovers, are reposing on a bank of flowers in oblivious ecstasy.

List, beloved Tristan!
Let me die thus, Isolde.
O might we then together. . . .

A fine anniversary!

Stop yapping, will you, Alice? I have to listen to this.

. . . dinner at home and then sitting around all evening listening to one of Mr. William Grimes' masterpieces on the radio. Junk, I call it.

You like the money my junk brings in.

Yes, such a lot of money!

Enough that you keep sticking around for it.

What do you expect me to do—work and slave for years and help you get a home—

A home!

. . . yes, a home, and then be thrown out on the streets so you can bring your precious Laura in here. I'll see her rot first, and you, too.

No danger of her wanting to come to such a place.

No, you'd fix up a real place for her—but this dump is good enough for your wife—after ten years—a fine showing after ten years of slaving and—

Oh, shut up. I've got to listen to this program, I tell you. It's the first night on the air.

And probably the last, too, if I'm any judge.

Oh, shut up.

Blest delights of love partaking,
Each to each be given;
In love alone our heaven!

That isn't any better than the other junk you write up there at that station. It's a wonder they keep you.

I'm in great shape to write something good after an evening like this with you.

Well, whose fault is that? I wanted to go out to dinner—our tenth anniversary and everything—but no, we have to stay at home so you can tune in a plumbing program—Great Lovers! A lot you know about love. Although I suppose you're quite a great lover outside of your home. Your wife can stay home and starve for affection.

A lot you stay home and starve for affection. I suppose you stay home nights when I'm working at the station?

Why should I?

Well, then, don't talk about staying at home. You're never home, if you can help it.

No, but Laura's home every night, isn't she? Sitting around in that filthy little apartment waiting for you when you should be home with your wife where you belong.

Oh, shut up, for Heaven's sake, will you?

O endless Night!
Blissful Night!
Glad and glorious lovers' Night!

7. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura and Bill.

What am I supposed to do? Sit around here in this dinky little room and wait for you all night? You took your time getting here, Bill. You could have telephoned at least. I told you Honey would be out all evening. You were going to take me to dinner. You didn't even telephone. I've been sitting around here waiting and waiting.

But I told you, Laura, I didn't think I could get away.

Bill, you're a liar! You didn't tell me anything of the kind. Do you think I'd sit around here all evening and wait? The first night I've had free from the studio and the first night Honey's been out.

Don't jump on me, Laura. I had to be home tonight.

So that's where you were!

Of course. I told you. I had to be home—anniversary dinner and everything. Alice would have—

Oh, so you had to be home with Alice! It was your anniversary! And I can sit here all alone and chew my fingers and wait for you. Well, what are you coming over here for now? Why don't you go home and stay with your Alice?

Laura, darling, don't be like that. I've had a terrible evening.

I suppose I've had a grand evening! I'm sick of all this. I'm tired of it.

Well, what have I done?

I don't care what you've done. I don't care what you do.

All right. If you feel like that.

It's exactly how I feel. I'm all fed up—fed up with you and Alice and anniversaries and sitting around alone night after night or else sneaking around with you. I'm tired of sneaking. I'm tired of your damned Alice and your mixed-up marriage and you and all the rest of it.

Say, listen, I didn't come over here to be jumped on. I get enough of that at home.

Don't stay if you don't like it.

All right. I won't.

And if you go now, you can stay.

That's O. K. with me. Good-by.

Where are you going? Bill! BILL! Well, go and be damned to you go back to your Alice and your anniversary a fine anniversary you can have it and I'll have one too I'll start tonight I'm through sitting around and waiting I'm through waiting waiting for what what am I waiting for what have I been waiting for all these years that's all over. Thank God that's finished but is it sure it is, what is it getting me but heartaches on and on and on—oh, Lord, but I'm sick of it all.

. . . bringing you from the roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City, another hour of merry syncopation. . . .

8. Taxi: Sally and Honey.

Come on, Honey. Straighten up. Come on. We can't ride around in this taxi all night. It's over three dollars now. Come on, will you?

I'm all right. Feel fine. Feel swell.

Come on. Snap out of it. I told you not to mix that champagne with highballs. Laura's going to be waiting up and she'll give it to me bringing you home like this. Now, come on. Snap out of it, will you? Sit up and shut up, will you? Stop that singing.

Whacha sittin' over there for. Whacha givin' me air for? Aw, c'mon, less get fren'ly.

We're home. Keep quiet, Honey. You can't go into the lobby singing like that. Come on, get out. Walk straight. Of course you had to break a heel! Well, you've got to walk straight anyway. Come on. In we go.

Aw, c'mon, less get fren'ly.

I'll "fren'ly" you if you don't keep quiet. Shhh. Everybody's looking at you, Honey. Keep quiet now in the elevator. Won't you? Please.

I'm all right. Stop pickin' on me. I'm all right.

Twenty-one, please. Keep quiet, will you, Honey? Shhh. You can't dance in here.

Aw, c'mon, less get fren'ly.

Shhh. Honey, shhh. Getting out, please. Come on now, Honey. Straight-n up. Get a hold of yourself. I don't want to get hell from Laura the very irst night I take you out. She'll never et me take you out again.

. . . continuing this merry hour of syncopation from the Roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City, another group of three popular dances, Would You Like to Take a Walk?, When I Take My Sugar to Tea and Ho-Hum.

Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm. Would you like to take a walk? . . .

9. In-a-dor Apartment: Sally, Honey and Laura.

Now, come on, Honey, I'll go in first. Keep quiet—don't talk, and get into bed as quick as you can. Hello, Laura. Where's Bill? Isn't Bill here?

'Lo, Laura! Whoops! Listen to music —wanna take a walk—boop—boop—boop—do you s' gonna rain?—boop—boop—boop—are you tired of th' talkies?

What's the matter with her, Sally? She crocked?

She isn't.

She is, too. Look at her walk.

Boop. Boop. Boop. Do you wanna take a walk?

Shut up, will you, Honey, will you?

Why did you let her drink like that, Sally? Haven't you any sense, you idiot?

Who's an idiot! She didn't have hardly anything—a little champagne with dinner and a highball after. I told her not to mix them. Come on, Honey. Lie down here and I'll slip off your shoes.

Aw, c'mon, less get fren'ly. What bands 'at?

When I take my sugar to tea. . . .
All the boys are jealous of me. . . .
Oh, I never take her where the gang goes. . . .
When I take my sugar to tea.

When I take my sugar tea. Tha's a band! When I take my sugar tea. Wheee! When I take my sugar wheee! Ooooh, look my toe's comin' through—isn't 'at funneeee? Isn't 'at funneee? Aw, c'mon, less get fren'ly.

Lie down, Honey. Come on, be a good girl. That's a good girl. Here, sit up so I can slip your dress off over your head.

Well, I hope you're proud of yourself, Sally.

I couldn't help it, Laura. Honest, I couldn't. Gee, you know that, Sis. You know I wouldn't do anything like that. I kept telling the kid all the time but she was so excited and I couldn't do anything with her, and then Clayton was making such a fuss over her.

Who's he?

Oh, he's a Wall Street man. A friend of George's. Don't be sore at me, Laura.

I'm not sore at you. It's all right. Maybe if she's sick enough, she'll learn a lesson.

Gee, that's sweet of you, Laura. Why, Laura, what's the matter? You're crying.

Nothing.

Come on. Tell me.

It's nothing, I tell you.

Is it Bill?

Do you think I'd cry over him? Why should I cry over him? That's finished.

So that's what you're crying about! You're a darn' fool to cry over him. He isn't worth it.

I know he isn't.

I'm glad you realize it. You've wasted too much time on him. You haven't met anybody new for years. Look, the kid's asleep.

Get her nightie, Sally, and we'll put her to bed.

Here you are. I'm going to mix myself a little snifter. Let me fix you one too, Laura.

All right, but give me a hand here first, will you? I'll hold her up and you unhook this.

You should see the fuss the men made over her tonight. Clayton was crazy about her.

Clayton's too old for her. Probably married, too.

No, he isn't married.

Straight for me. . . . She's not going to get mixed up with any married man if I can help it. All that means is grief and plenty of it.

I'm glad you and Bill are through. Let's drink to it!

Looking at you!

Want another?

Sure.

Feel better?

I don't feel anything. I don't think I'll ever feel anything again.

Aw, come on, Laura. Snap out of it. Listen, why don't you get into some clothes and trot back to the party with me?

What party?

The one I just brought Honey home from. Say, it was just beginning to be a party when I got worried about her and had to bring her home.

But how about leaving her now?

She'll be all right. She'll sleep there till morning. You need something to cheer you up, Laura. You're not going to sit around all night singing the blues, are you? If you're going to start a new life, you might just as well start it right now. Come on, I'll mix you another while you put on some make-up. Or do you want it straight?

Straight. I better put on a different dress. I've been sitting around in this all evening, waiting.

You look sweet in that green. Come on, let's go.

I don't like to leave Honey.

Oh, she'll be all right. Come on.

Well, I'll open this window and let some air in.

And radios. Do you want to wake her up?

She can't sleep in a close room like this. She'll be sick enough in the morning.

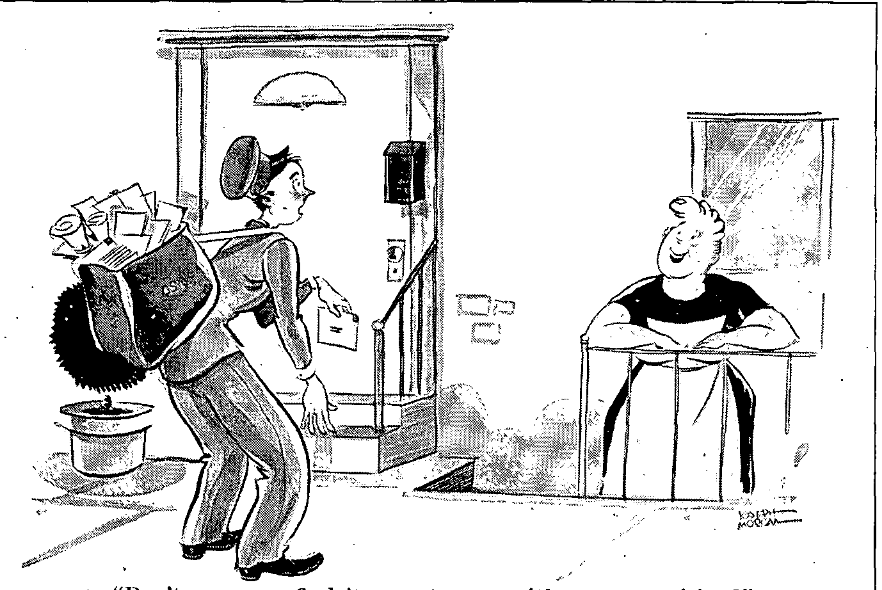
. . . . got rhythm
I got music
I got my gal.
Who can ask for anything more?
I got daisies
In green pastures. . . .

I told you, Laura. Listen to that. Thousands of them!

Can't be helped, Sally.

. . . . Buddy Law announcing and wishing you good night . . . Station WBLA, New York. It is exactly ten seconds after midnight. Good night. All's well. Are you listening?

(To be continued next week)



"Don't you ever find it monotonous with no competition?"

Joseph Morgan

HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO
CHEER UP FACE
THE WAR IS THRU
Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN

be safe
Insist on
RED CROSS GAUZE
The standard of hospitals and physicians the world over.
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ESTERBROOK & CO.
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Has the Soul of a Buccaneer

IT marches across the page with a challenge, it stops with a flourish. An apology penned with 442 looks like an ultimatum; a suggestion becomes a command. 442 does not invite confidence, it assumes it. A firm, bold stub, it signs itself TRULY YOURS.

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Managing Editor

It's Time for a New Deal

GERARD SWOPE, president of the General Electric Company, recently made a speech which only a few years ago would have seemed to be dangerously radical to most Americans. He suggested that individual businesses in various industries be brought together into national trade associations of great power and that the Federal government supervise them.

Just a little while ago such ideas were denounced as Socialistic. Mr. Swope, however, is no radical. He is one of the most highly respected of our industrial leaders. In the midst of the depression just prior to this one he was offered, and refused, a salary of more than a million dollars a year to take charge of another large corporation whose owners felt the need of such talents as he possesses.

Ideas which seemed revolutionary, say in 1910, appear sound in 1931 because of the changes through which we have passed. In business perhaps the biggest change is expressed in these words of Mr. Swope:

"Consumption is by the mass of the population, not by the few, and the great mass of the population is made up of wage earners and their dependents."

This is fundamental but it is new. Until lately economists and business leaders and others who do our thinking were convinced that there was only enough to give comforts to the few and a bare subsistence to the many. A "living wage," meaning the least at which life could be maintained in health and decency—and not much health and decency at that—was the great goal as recently as 1921.

Of course not everybody has reached that goal, especially in these times, but no longer is it the port toward which industry sets sail.

Modern business is big business and big business must have mass consumption. Henry Ford taught the world that truth. So long as motor cars were for the privileged few, the automobile industry was small and relatively unimportant. When wage earners and their families could afford cars, automobile manufacturers grew in power and riches.

Big business must have millions of customers and customers must have money to spend. The important customers are wage earners and their dependents. When unemployment comes, customers can't go to market.

Obviously, then, any intelligent industrial leader is vitally concerned in preventing unemployment and in eliminating the fear of unemployment. Customers must be numerous and solvent. Because the best customers are wage earners, work must be found.

Mr. Swope had the courage and the imagination to offer a plan. It will be examined critically before it is adopted and numerous obvious objections to it will be raised. It will be modified by the ideas of others. But in essentials it points the way to the future.

Twenty years hence some such plan will characterize our industry. The trend of the times is bearing us in that direction.

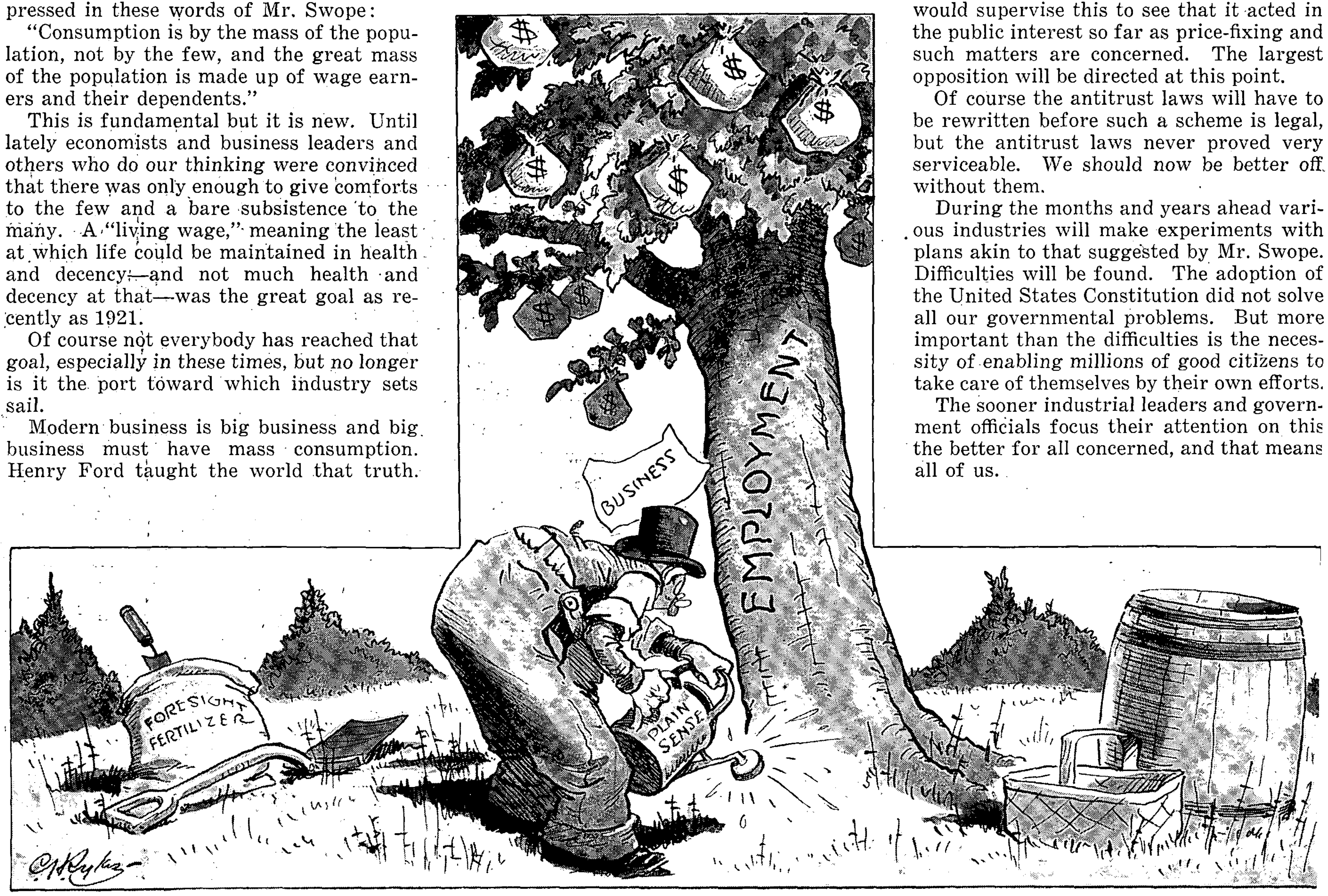
In politics anarchy is a term of reproach. To call a man an anarchist invites a suit for libel. In business, however, hitherto anarchy—or the absence of government—has been preferred. The contrast between politics and business has been wide and ludicrous. Anarchy is not good anywhere except on a Robinson Crusoe's island. Where more than one person lives organization and rules begin or there is trouble.

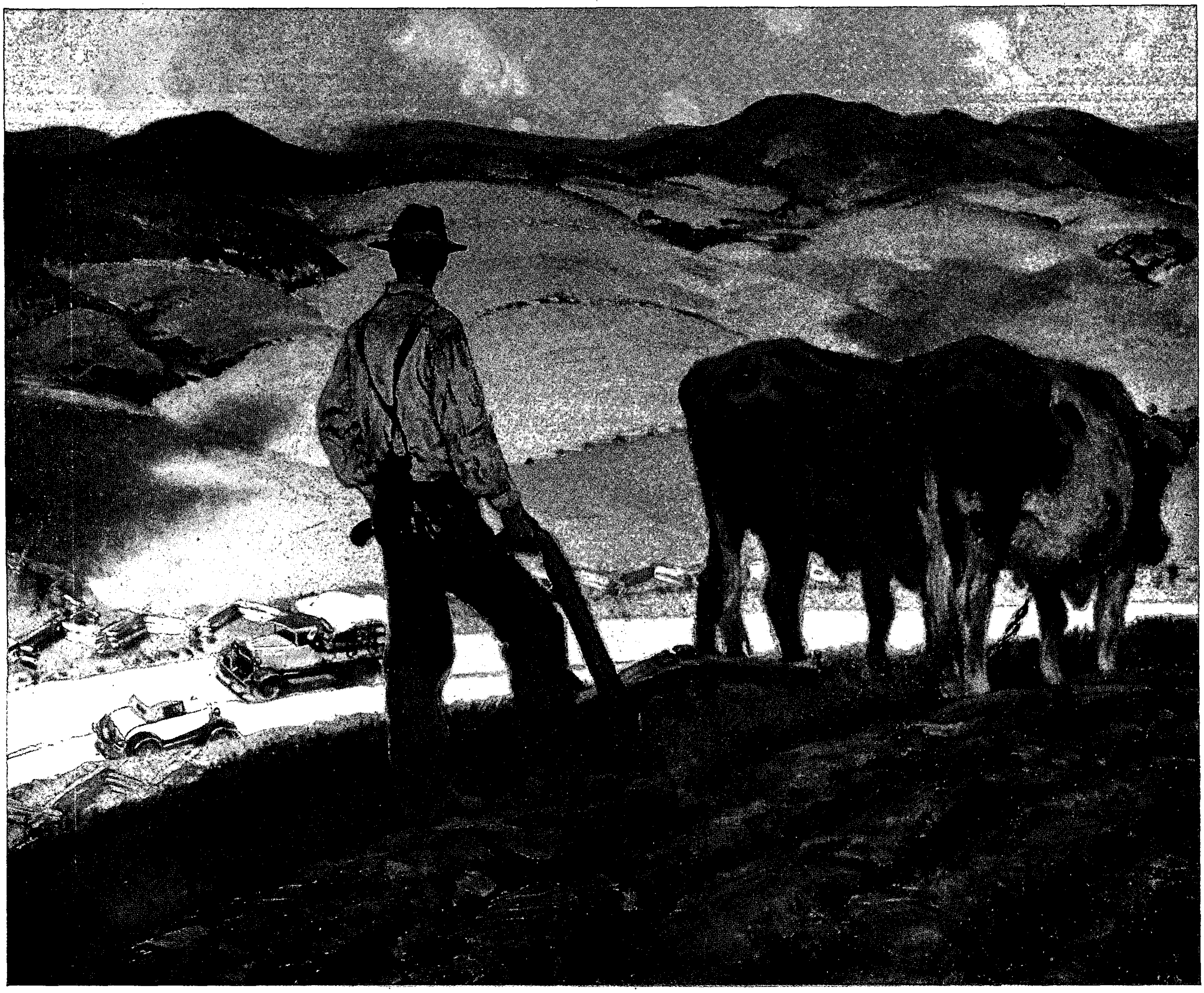
Mr. Swope proposed to displace anarchy with self-government in industry. Concretely he suggested trade associations formed of the business houses in each important national industry. Together the trade associations would choose a national economic council. The Federal government would supervise this to see that it acted in the public interest so far as price-fixing and such matters are concerned. The largest opposition will be directed at this point.

Of course the antitrust laws will have to be rewritten before such a scheme is legal, but the antitrust laws never proved very serviceable. We should now be better off without them.

During the months and years ahead various industries will make experiments with plans akin to that suggested by Mr. Swope. Difficulties will be found. The adoption of the United States Constitution did not solve all our governmental problems. But more important than the difficulties is the necessity of enabling millions of good citizens to take care of themselves by their own efforts.

The sooner industrial leaders and government officials focus their attention on this the better for all concerned, and that means all of us.





GROUNDWORK

"Mankind passes from the old to the new on a human bridge formed by those who labor in the three principal arts — agriculture — manufacture — transportation"

THESE WORDS are carved above the doorway of the Ford Engineering Laboratory. That they are not idle poetry must be plain to all who have driven over the country roads of America. For everywhere swift, economical transportation is freeing the chained energy of the nation as heat releases energy imprisoned in a conglomerate mass.

Much of the nation's natural wealth still remains buried and impotent waiting for new roads and swift transportation to awaken them to life and usefulness. The hands of the producer of raw materials, the maker, and the carrier still have immeasurably profitable work to do when they learn to co-operate.

The Ford car was planned with the idea that growth and progress are in the hands of all the people, and not of any specially favored class. If an economical means of dependable rapid transportation could be placed at their disposal, it was believed people of moderate means would recognize its value to them individually, and use it.

To date, over twenty million Fords have rolled out of the factories to run incalculable miles over the face of the earth doing service to mankind in a thousand ways!

The Ford today is as naturally a domestic factor in American private life, and in American business, as the horse was in another generation. It is regarded with even greater confidence, for time and use have demonstrated the correctness of Ford's intention to make the very best possible mechanical unit of transportation at low cost.

The horse, introduced by Spaniards, released the Indians from a cramped primitive village life to the freer existence of nomads, who could follow their source of food and clothing, the bison, and pass from woodland to plains and over the mountains without hardship. In similar manner, the Ford car opens up the remotest sections of the country to all!

And business of every kind moves forward at a faster, more productive pace because of it.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

UNBALANCED RADIO
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
WLW
WOR
WGN
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

Just as the picture above represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of an unbalanced radio — the "station strip" with the picture shows the gaps, the overlapping of stations found on an ordinary set

BALANCED PHILCO
KFI
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
CKGW
WLW
WOR
WGN
CKAC
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

Here you see the *undistorted* tone plus selectivity secured with every Philco Superheterodyne built with balanced units. Each station is distinct and separate — each program clear and vivid on the new Philco

IN ALL THE WORLD...NO RADIO TO MATCH I

A strong claim—yes! The Philco dealer invites you to prove it in your home

The 11-Tube Philco Superheterodyne-Plus was deliberately designed to give more performance than the average owner needs.

It was built and balanced to excel the ability of any radio in existence—in tone, selectivity, and distance. It is the first and only circuit to combine eleven tubes, with Superheterodyne selectivity, Screen Grid power, Balanced-Unit construction and Automatic Volume Control.

With more than six hundred stations to enjoy—here are power and performance to span the whole country almost as easily as you do a city. Automatic Volume Control makes this vast power enjoyable. It counteracts "fading." It prevents the nerve-shock of "blasting" from strong local stations when tuning from one station to another.

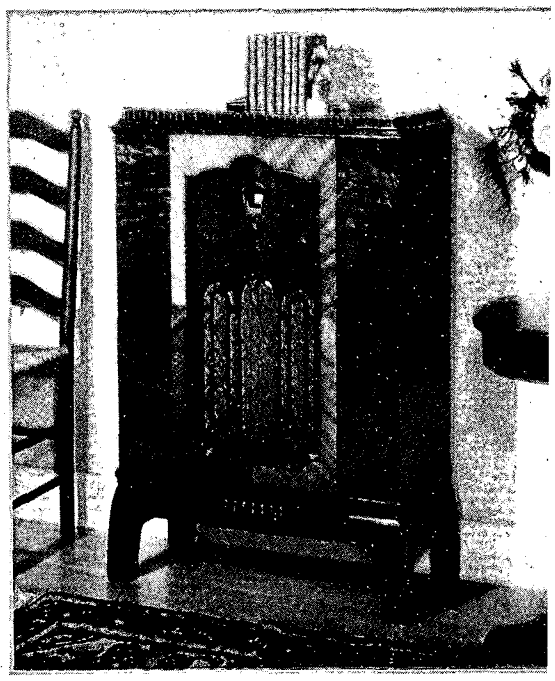
And, in addition, Philco Tone-Control gives you at will, four degrees of tone quality—"Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" or "Deep."

Then to give it supreme desirability, Norman Bel Geddes, foremost American designer, has created furniture of exquisite taste and distinction.

No matter what you pay, you cannot elsewhere get such performance, beauty and value. Yet the price is extremely moderate, for it is made by Philco, the world's largest radio manufacturer. Why not call on your Philco dealer today? Philco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

11-TUBE LOWBOY (as illustrated) in richest woods, finest workmanship, complete with tubes	$149.50
11-TUBE HIGHBOY, complete with tubes	169.50
11-TUBE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, with Automatic Record Changer, complete with tubes	295.00

(Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West)



ELEVEN TUBE **PHILCO** ELEVEN TUBE

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ELEVEN-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLU